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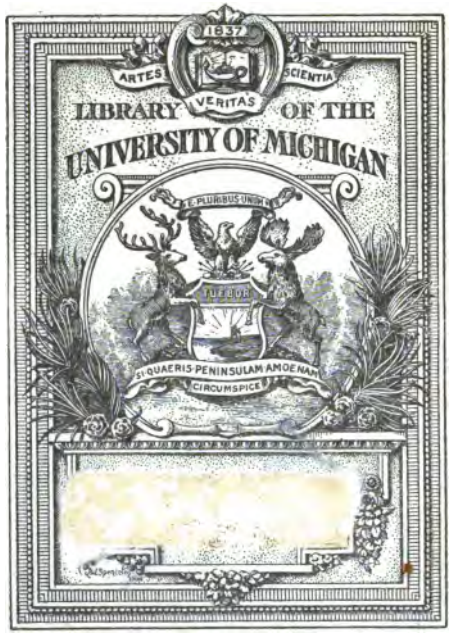
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THE

WORKS

OF THE

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AUTHOR

OF THE

NIGHT-THOUGHTS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY HIMSELF.

VOL. I.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Dodsley, C. Dilly, T. Cadell, J. Nichols, G. G. J. and J. Robinson, H. Baldwin, F. and C. Rivington, J. Sewell, W. Otridge and Son, Ogilvy and Spears, S. Bladon, Hookham and Carpenter, and S. Hayes.

M.DCC.XCII.

9-16-19. EHW?

ADVERTISEMENT

OF THE

AUTHOR.

*I THINK the following pieces in * four volumes to be the moſt excuſeable of all that I have formerly written; and I wiſh leſs apology was needful for theſe. As there is no recalling what is got abroad, the pieces here republiſhed I have reviſed and corrected, and rendered them as pardonable, as it was in my power to do.*

* The firſt edition was in four volumes, but is now comprized in three.

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A POEM

A

POEM

ON THE

LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Venit summa dies. — — VIRG.

VERSES

TO THE

AUTHOR.

NOW let the *Atheiſt* tremble; Thou alone
Canſt bid his conſcious heart the Godhead own.
Whom ſhalt thou not reform? O thou haſt ſeen,
How God deſcends to judge the ſouls of men.
Thou heard'ſt the ſentence how the guilty mourn,
Driv'n out from God, and never to return.
Yet more, behold ten thouſand thunders fall,
And ſudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature ſunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou ſaw'ſt the boundleſs ruins of the world.
When guilty *Sodom* felt the burning rain,
And ſulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The *patriarch* thus, the fiery tempeſt paſt,
With pious horror view'd the deſart waſte;
The reſtleſs ſmoke ſtill wav'd its curls around,
For ever riſing from the glowing ground.
But tell me, oh! what heav'nly pleaſure tell,
To think ſo greatly, and deſcribe ſo well!
How waſt thou pleas'd the wond'rous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could riſe ſo high?

Beyond this world the labour to purſue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?
But thou art beſt delighted to rehearſe
Heav'n's holy dictates in exalted verſe:
O thou haſt power the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raiſe, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the ſoul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;
By ſtricter rules well-govern'd life to ſcan,
And practiſe o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Coll.
Oxon.

T. WARTON.

To

To a LADY, with the LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, ſacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The proſpect of a future ſtate unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view diſplay,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author ſcorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthleſs praiſe.
Full of her glorious theme, his tow'ring muſe,
With gen'rous zeal, a nobler fame purſues:
Religion's cauſe her raviſh'd heart inſpires,
And with a thouſand bright ideas fires;
Tranſports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the ſtrait limits of *mortality*,
To boundleſs orbs, and bids her fearleſs ſoar,
Where only MILTON gain'd renown before;
Where various ſcenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.
Thus did the muſes ſing in early times,
Ere ſkill'd to flatter vice, and varniſh crimes:
Their lyres were tun'd to Virtue's ſons alone,
And the chaſte poet, and the prieſt, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant ſtate,
They ſooth the wanton pleaſures of the great:
And from the preſs, and the licentious ſtage,
With luſcious poiſon taint the thoughtleſs age;
Deceitful charms attract our wond'ring eyes,
And ſpecious ruin unſuſpected lies.

So the rich ſoil of *India*'s blooming ſhores,
Adorn'd with laviſh nature's choiceſt ſtores,
Where ſerpents lurk, by flow'rs conceal'd from ſight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.

Theſe purer thoughts from groſs alloys refin'd,
With heav'nly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raiſe a giddy ſhort-liv'd joy,
Whoſe falſe allurements, while they pleaſe, deſtroy;
But bliſs reſembling that of ſaints above,
Sprung from the viſion of th' Almighty Love:
Firm, ſolid bliſs, for ever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing ſweetneſs, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your ſparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten ev'ry grace.
By theſe ſecur'd, you will with pleaſure read
Of future judgment, and the riſing dead;
Of time's grand period, heav'n and earth o'erthrown;
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan.
Theſe, when the ſtars and ſun ſhall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form reſtore:
Then ſhall you ſhine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

Pemb. Coll.
Oxon.

T. TRISTRAM.

TO THE AUTHOR,

On his LAST DAY and UNIVERSAL PASSION.

AND muſt it be as thou haſt ſung,
Celeſtial bard, ſeraphic YOUNG?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this ſpacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of light, muſt they decay?
On nature's ſelf, deſtruction prey?
Then fame, the moſt immortal thing
Ev'n thou canſt hope, is on the wing.
Shall NEWTON's Syſtem be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall ſouls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or ſhall they quote the pictur'd age,
From POPE's and Thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue loſe their name
In deathleſs joy, or endleſs ſhame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius ſhall be ſeen:
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For HOMER, HORACE, POPE, or THEE?
Thro' life we chaſe, with fond purſuit,
What mocks our hope, like *Sodom*'s fruit:
And ſure, thy plan was well deſign'd,
To cure this madneſs of the mind;

First, beyond time our thoughts to raiſe;
Then laſh our love of tranſient praiſe.
In both, we own thy doctrine juſt;
And fame's a breath, and men are duſt.

1736. J. BANCKS.

THE

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK I.

Ipſe pater, media nimborum in nocte, coruſca
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugêre feræ! et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis ſtravit pavor. VIRG.

WHILE others ſing the fortune of the Great;
Empire and Arms, and all the pomp of State;
With *Britain*'s Hero * ſet their ſouls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inſpire;
I draw a deeper ſcene: a ſcene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gaſping nature's laſt tremendous groan;
Death's antient ſceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.

* The Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

'Twixt

'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold deſign,
And aſk my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done
Within the ſight of conſcious ſtars or ſun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the ſplendors of the *Britiſh* crown.
This globe is for my verſe a narrow bound;
Attend me, all the glorious worlds around!
O! all ye angels, howſoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place, and kind,
Hear, and aſſiſt, a feeble mortal's lays;
'Tis your *Eternal King* I ſtrive to praiſe.
But chiefly Thou, great Ruler! Lord of all!
Before whoſe throne archangels proſtrate fall;
If at thy nod, from diſcord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon ſparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me; all inward tumults quell;
The clouds and darkneſs of my mind diſpel;
To my great ſubject Thou my breaſt inſpire,
And raiſe my lab'ring ſoul with equal fire.
Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face:
See ſpring's gay bloom; ſee golden autumn's ſtore;
See how earth ſmiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies ſail.
Here, foreſts riſe, the mountain's awful pride;
Here, rivers meaſure climes, and worlds divide;
There, vallies fraught with gold's reſplendent ſeeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes, in their beds:
There, to the ſkies, aſpiring hills aſcend,
And into diſtant lands their ſhades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets; of fleets the pride,
See *Europe*'s law, in *Albion*'s channel ride.

View

View the whole earth's vaſt landſkip unconfin'd,
Or view in *Britain* all her glories join'd.
Then let the firmament thy wonder raiſe;
'Twill raiſe thy wonder, but tranſcend thy praiſe.
How far from eaſt to weſt? The lab'ring eye
Can ſcarce the diſtant azure bounds deſcry:
Wide theatre! where tempeſts play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath diſcharge.
Mark how thoſe radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the ſeaſons, and the year controul:
They ſhine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray:
See This grand period riſe, and That decay:
So *vaſt*, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal ſpace;
So *bright*, with ſuch a wealth of glory ſtor'd,
'Twere ſin in heathens not to have ador'd.
How great, how firm, how ſacred, all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all muſt drop, as autumn's ſickleſt grain,
And earth and firmament be ſought in vain:
The tract forgot where *conſtellations* ſhone,
Or where the STUARTS fill'd an awful throne:
Time ſhall be ſlain, all *nature* be deſtroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.
Sooner, or later, in ſome future date,
(A dreadful ſecret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wiſdom knows,
Or when ten thouſand harveſts more have roſe;
When ſcenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth;
While other *Bourbons* rule in other lands,
And (if man's ſin forbids not) other ANNES;
While the ſtill buſy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thouſand years before,

Thoughtleſs

Thoughtleſs as thoſe who *now* life's mazes run,
Of earth diſſolv'd, or an extinguiſh'd ſun;
(Ye ſublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and ſhake!)
Thick clouds of darkneſs ſhall ariſe on day;
In ſudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the ſcatter'd foreſts rend;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted ſhore;
A ſanguine ſtain the ſilver moon o'erſpread;
Darkneſs the circle of the ſun invade;
From inmoſt heav'n inceſſant thunders roll,
And the ſtrong echo bound from pole to pole.
When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation ſhake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
Oh pow'rful blaſt! to which no equal ſound
Did e'er the frighted ear of nature wound,
Tho' rival clarions have been ſtrain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal thro' the ſky,
Tho' God's whole enginery diſcharg'd, and all
The rebel Angels bellow'd in their fall.
Have angels ſinn'd? and ſhall not man beware?
How ſhall a ſon of earth decline the ſnare?
Not folded arms, and ſlackneſs of the mind,
Can promiſe for the ſafety of mankind:
None are ſupinely good: thro' care and pain,
And various arts, the ſteep aſcent we gain.
This is the ſcene of combat, not of reſt,
Man's is laborious happineſs at beſt;

On

On this ſide death his dangers never ceaſe,
His joys are joys of conqueſt, not of peace.
If then, obſequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human ſtate,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty ſmiles, or grandeur ſpreads her charms,
The conſcious ſoul would *this* great ſcene diſplay,
Call down th' immortal hoſts in dread array,
The *trumpet* ſound, the Chriſtian banner ſpread,
And raiſe from ſilent graves the trembling dead;
Such deep impreſſion would the picture make,
No pow'r on earth her firm reſolve could ſhake;
Engag'd with angels ſhe would greatly ſtand,
And look regardleſs down on ſea and land;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could reſtrain,
And death might ſhake his threat'ning lance in vain!
Her certain conqueſt would endear the fight,
And danger ſerve but to exalt delight.
Inſtructed thus to ſhun the fatal ſpring,
Whence flow the terrors of that *day* I ſing;
More boldly we our labours may purſue,
And all the dreadful image ſet to view.
The ſparkling eye, the ſleek and painted breaſt,
The burniſh'd ſcale, curl'd train, and riſing creſt,
All that is lovely in the noxious ſnake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake:
The ſting once drawn, his guiltleſs beauties riſe
In pleaſing luſtre, and detain our eyes;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And ſtrong averſion ſoftens into love.
Say then, my muſe, whom diſmal ſcenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The laſt extremes of terror and deſpair;

Oh

Oh ſay, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackeſt moment ſince the world began.
Ah mournful turn! the bliſsful earth, who late
At leiſure on her axle roll'd in ſtate;
While thouſand golden planets knew no reſt,
Still onward in their circling journey preſt;
A grateful change of ſeaſons ſome to bring,
And ſweet viciſſitude of fall and ſpring:
Some thro' vaſt oceans to conduct the keel,
And ſome thoſe watry worlds to ſink, or ſwell:
Around her ſome their ſplendors to diſplay,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world ſo great, of joy the bright abode,
Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her Father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkneſs and deſpair.
No ſun in radiant glory ſhines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the ſky:
Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers loſt,
And all into a ſecond chaos toſt:
One univerſal ruin ſpreads abroad;
Nothing is ſafe beneath the throne of God.
Such, earth, thy fate: what then canſt thou afford
To comfort and ſupport thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How muſt he bend his ſoul's ambition down?
Proſtrate, the reptile own, and diſavow
His boaſted ſtature, and aſſuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curſe his form,
That ſpeaks diſtinction from his ſiſter worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why doſt thou forſake, whom thou haſt made?
Who can ſuſtain thy anger? who can ſtand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?

It flies the reach of thought; oh ſave me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of fate haſt ſtood,
And in thy dreadful agony ſweat blood;
Thou, who for me, thro' every throbbing vein,
Haſt felt the keeneſt edge of mortal pain;
Whom death led captive through the realms below,
And taught thoſe horrid myſteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! Oh ſave me, Pow'r
Of pow'rs ſupreme, in that tremendous hour!
From eaſt to weſt they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring ſhelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming ſeas to ſweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compaſſionately deep:
Seas caſt the monſter forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but priſon up for wrath to come.
So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death ſits threat'ning in his prince's frown,
His heart's diſmay'd; and now his fears command,
To change his native for a diſtant land:
Swift orders fly, the king's ſevere decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the ſea;
The port he ſeeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted ſword.
But why this idle toil to paint *that* day?
This time elaborately thrown away?
Words all in vain pant after the diſtreſs,
The height of eloquence would make it leſs;
Heav'ns! how the *good* man trembles!—
And is there a *Laſt Day?* and muſt there come
A ſure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?
Ambition ſwell, and, thy proud ſails to ſhow,
Take all the winds that *vanity* can blow;
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing ſtand,
And reach an *India* forth in either hand;

Spread

Spread all thy purple cluſters, tempting *vine*,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright *beauty*, ſhine;
Shine all; in all your charms together riſe;
That all, in all your charms, I may deſpiſe,
While I mount upward on a ſtrong deſire,
Borne, like *Elijah*, in a car of fire.
In hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To ſmile at death! to long to be diſſolv'd!
From our decays a pleaſure to receive!
And kindle into tranſport at a grave!
What equals *this?* And ſhall the victor now
Boaſt the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomleſs delight!
Thou, Thou art all; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own ſoul.
For ever then, my ſoul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praiſe him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And fluſh my conſcious cheek with ſpreading ſhame?
They all for him purſue, or quit, their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r ſuſpend;
In ſolid heaps th' unfrozen billows ſtand,
To reſt and ſilence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monſters that infeſt the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirſt for blood,
His will can calm, their ſavage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkneſs round him all her horrors ſpread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head?
When now the thunder roars, the light'ning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous riſe;

When

When now the foaming ſurges, toſt on high,
Diſcloſe the ſands beneath, and touch the ſky;
When death draws near, the mariners aghaſt,
Look back with terror on their actions paſt;
Their courage ſickens into deep diſmay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguiſh, melt away;
Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempeſt can appeaſe;
Now they devote their treaſure to the ſeas;
Unload their ſhatter'd barque, tho' richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold; but oh, the ſtorm ſo high!
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.
The trembling prophet then, themſelves to ſave,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
Down he deſcends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows cloſe; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye juſt! attend, ye virtuous few!
And the bright paths of piety purſue)
Lo! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks ſmiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his ſervant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempeſtuous nature ſilent ſtand;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a ſoft embrace:
He bridles in the monſters of the deep:
The bridled monſters awful diſtance keep:
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
And guiltleſs gaze, and round the ſtranger play.
But ſtill ariſe new wonders; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
And calls the great leviathan: the great
Leviathan attends in all his ſtate;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the ſea ſhake, and heav'n and earth reſound;

Blackens the waters with the riſing ſand,
And drives vaſt billows to the diſtant land.
As yawns an earthquake, when impriſon'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous ſize;
The prophet views the cavern with ſurprize;
Meaſures his monſtrous teeth, afar deſcry'd,
And rolls his wond'ring eyes from ſide to ſide:
Then takes poſſeſſion of the ſpacious ſeat,
And ſails ſecure within the dark retreat
Now is he pleas'd the northern blaſt to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear;
Or falls immers'd into the depths below,
Where the dead ſilent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the ſhelving mountain's dreadful ſhade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides ſerenely thro' the paths of death.
Two wond'rous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rocks and ſands, he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It ſees the king of waters riſe and pour
His ſacred gueſt uninjur'd on the ſhore:
A type of that great bleſſing, which the muſe
In her next labour ardently purſues.

THE

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK II.

———Ἐκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν ἐς φάος ἐλθεῖν.
Λείψαν ἀποιχομένων· ὀπίσω δὲ θεοὶ τελέθοῦσαι.

PHOCYL.

i. e.

——*We hope, that the departed will riſe again from the duſt: after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.*

NOW Man awakes, and from his ſilent bed,
Where he has ſlept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the ſlumber of ten thouſand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the raſh, adventure coſt,
In wide ETERNITY I dare be loſt.
The muſe is wont in narrow bounds to ſing,
To *teach the ſwain*, or *celebrate the king*.
I graſp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and ſing to *human kind*:

I ſing to men and angels; angels join,
While ſuch the theme, their ſacred ſongs with mine.
Again the trumpet's intermitted ſound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An univerſal concourſe to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air:
In ſome wide field, which active whirlwinds ſweep,
Drive cities, foreſts, mountains, to the deep,
To ſmooth and lengthen out th' unbounded ſpace,
And ſpread an area for all human race.
Now monuments prove faithful to their truſt,
And render back their long committed duſt.
Now charnels rattle; ſcatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obſequious to the call,
Self-mov'd, advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The diſtant head; the diſtant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, ſee through the duſky ſky
Fragments of bodies in confuſion fly,
To diſtant regions journeying, there to claim
Deſerted members, and compleat the frame.
When the world bow'd to *Rome*'s almighty ſword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confeſs'd her lord.
Yet one day loſt, this deity below
Became the ſcorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's ſacrifice was made,
And ſmok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's ſound, no gaſping army's yell,
Bid, with due horror, his great ſoul farewel.
Obſcure his fall! all welt'ring in his gore,
His trunk was caſt to periſh on the ſhore!
While Julius frown'd the bloody monſter dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This ſever'd head and trunk ſhall join once more,
Tho' realms now riſe between, and oceans roar.

The

The trumpet's ſound each fragrant mote ſhall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,
Obey the ſignal wafted in the wind,
And not one ſleeping atom lag behind.
So ſwarming bees, that on a ſummer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen ſound, their wand'rings end,
And, gently circling, on a bough deſcend.
The body thus renew'd, the conſcious ſoul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or midſt the burning planets wond'ring ſtray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpſe was laid;
Or rather coaſted on her final ſtate,
And fear'd or wiſh'd for, her appointed fate:
This ſoul, returning with a conſtant flame,
Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, ſo high is wound,
The ſprings maintain an everlaſting round.
Thus a frail model of the work deſign'd
Firſt takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the ſtructure firm with laſting oak,
And marble bowels of the ſolid rock,
Turns the ſtrong arch, and bids the columns riſe,
And bear the lofty palace to the ſkies;
The wrongs of time enabled to ſurpaſs,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of braſs.
That antient, ſacred, and illuſtrious * dome,
Where ſoon or late fair *Albion*'s heroes come,
From camps, and courts, tho' great, or wiſe, or juſt,
To feed the worm, and moulder into duſt;
That ſolemn manſion of the royal dead,
Where paſſing ſlaves o'er ſleeping monarchs tread,

* *Weſtminſter Abbey.*

Now populous o'erflows: a num'rous race
Of riſing kings fill all th' extended ſpace:
A life well ſpent, not the victorious ſword,
Awards the crown, and ſtiles the greater lord.
Nor monuments alone, and burial-earth,
Labours with man to this his ſecond birth;
But where gay palaces in pomp ariſe,
And gilded theatres invade the ſkies,
Nations ſhall wake, whoſe unreſpected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious ſons.
The moſt magnificent and coſtly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No ſpot on earth but has ſupply'd a grave,
And human ſkulls the ſpacious ocean pave.
All's full of man; and at this dreadful turn,
The ſwarm ſhall iſſue, and the hive ſhall burn.
Not all at once, nor in like manner, riſe:
Some lift with pain their ſlow unwilling eyes:
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bleſs the grave, and call for laſting night.
Others, whoſe long-attempted virtue ſtood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the ruſhing flood,
Whoſe firm reſolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their poſture frown;
Such, in this day of horrors, ſhall be ſeen
To face the thunders with a godlike mien;
The planets drop, their thoughts are fixt above;
The centre ſhakes, their hearts diſdain to move:
An earth diſſolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
A yawning gulph, and fiends on every ſide,
Serene they view, impatient of delay,
And bleſs the dawn of everlaſting day.
Here, *greatneſs* proſtrate falls; there, *ſtrength* gives place;
Here, *lazars* ſmile; there, beauty hides her face.

Chriſtians,

Chriſtians, and *Jews*, and *Turks*, and *Pagans* ſtand,
A blended throng, one undiſtinguiſh'd band.
Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expir'd,
With zeal for their diſtinct perſuaſions fir'd,
In mutual friendſhip their long ſlumber break,
And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.
But none are fluſh'd with brighter joy, or, warm
With juſter confidence, enjoy the ſtorm,
Than thoſe, whoſe pious bounties, unconfin'd,
Have made them public fathers of mankind.
In that illuſtrious rank, what ſhining light
With ſuch diſtinguiſh'd glory fills my ſight?
Bend down, my grateful muſe, that homage ſhow,
Which to ſuch worthies thou art proud to owe.
WICKHAM! FOX! CHICHLEY! hail, illuſtrious * names,
Who to far diſtant times diſpenſe your beams;
Beneath your ſhades, and near your chryſtal ſprings,
I firſt preſum'd to touch the trembling ſtrings.
All hail, thrice honour'd! 'Twas your great renown
To bleſs a people, and oblige a crown.
And now you riſe, eternally to ſhine,
Eternally to drink the rays divine.
Indulgent God! Oh how ſhall mortal raiſe
His ſoul to due returns of grateful praiſe,
For bounty ſo profuſe to human kind,
Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
Shall I, who, ſome few years ago, was leſs
Than worm, or mite, or ſhadow can expreſs,
Was Nothing; ſhall I live, when ev'ry fire
And ev'ry ſtar ſhall languiſh and expire?
When earth's no more, ſhall I ſurvive above,
And thro' the radiant files of angels move?

* *Founders of* New-College, Corpus Chriſti, *and* All Souls, *in* Oxford; *of all which the author was a member.*

Or, as before the throne of God I ſtand,
See new worlds rolling from His ſpacious hand,
Where our adventures ſhall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how MICHAEL ſung or fought?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of *Love divine!*
But oh! before this bliſsful ſtate, before
Th' aſpiring ſoul this wond'rous height can ſoar,
The Judge, deſcending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is ſummon'd to the Bar.
This mighty ſcene I next preſume to draw:
Attend, great ANNA, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known ſucceſsful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts:
Fiction, be far away; let no machine
Deſcending here, no fabled God, be ſeen;
Behold the GOD of *Gods* indeed deſcend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend!
Lo! the wide theatre, whoſe ample ſpace
Muſt entertain the whole of human race,
At heav'n's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age, and nation, pours along;
NIMROD and BOURBON mingle in the throng:
ADAM ſalutes his youngeſt ſon; no ſign,
Of all thoſe ages, which their births disjoin.
How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been ſwell'd, what time been ſpent,
To fix a hero's birth day, or deſcent!
What joy muſt it now yield, what rapture raiſe,
To ſee the glorious race of ancient days!

To

To greet thoſe worthies, who perhaps have ſtood
Illuſtrious on record before the flood!
Alas! a nearer care your ſoul demands,
CÆSAR un-noted in your preſence ſtands.
How vaſt the concourſe! not in number more
The waves that break on the reſounding ſhore,
The leaves that tremble in the ſhady grove,
The lamps that gild the ſpangled vaults above:
Thoſe overwhelming armies, whoſe command
Said to one empire, *Fall*; another *Stand*:
Whoſe rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on:
Great XERXES' world in arms, proud *Cannæ*'s field,
Where *Carthage* taught victorious *Rome* to yield,
(Another blow had broke the fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal *Blenheim*, fam'd *Ramillia's* hoſt,
They All are here, and here they All are loſt:
Their millions ſwell to be diſcern'd in vain,
Loſt as a billow in th' unbounded main.
This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
For judgment, judgment, ſons of men, prepare!
Earth ſhakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell through all her trembling realms reſound.
Whoe'er thou art, thou greateſt pow'r of earth,
Bleſt with moſt equal planets at thy birth;
Whoſe valour drew the moſt ſucceſsful ſword,
Moſt realms united in one common lord;
Who, on the day of triumph, ſaidſt, Be thine
The ſkies, JEHOVAH, all this world is mine:
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my muſe,
How art thou loſt! what numbers canſt thou chuſe?
A ſudden bluſh inflames the waving ſky,
And now the crimſon curtains open fly;

Lo!

Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works ſurvey,
Creates, ſupports, confounds! Where *time*, and *place*,
Matter, and *form*, and *fortune*, *life*, and *grace*,
Wait humbly at the footſtool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-ſuſpended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.
Thence iſſuing I behold (but mortal ſight
Suſtains not ſuch a ruſhing ſea of light!)
I ſee, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heav'n's everlaſting Son;
Crown'd with that majeſty, which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, *dominion*, *praiſe*, *omnipotence*,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night ſhades the ſolemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where-e'er ſerene, he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradiſe:
But if reſentment reddens their mild beams,
The *Eden* kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, *knowledge* ſhines in pureſt light;
On one, the ſword of *juſtice* fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in ſport, preſent the reed;
Now tell the ſcourg'd Impoſtor he ſhall bleed!
Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the ſource
Of life and death eternal bends his courſe;

Loud

Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play;
Th' angelic hoſt is rang'd in bright array:
Some touch the ſtring, ſome ſtrike the ſounding ſhell,
And mingling voices in rich concert ſwell;
Voices ſeraphic; bleſt with ſuch a ſtrain,
Could *Satan* hear, he were a god again.
Triumphant King of GLORY! Soul of Bliſs!
What a ſtupendous turn of fate is this!
O! whither art thou rais'd above the ſcorn
And indigence of *him* in *Bethlem* born;
A needleſs, helpleſs, unaccounted, gueſt,
And but a ſecond to the fodder'd beaſt!
How chang'd from *him*, who meekly proſtrate laid,
Vouchſaf'd to waſh the feet himſelf had made!
From *him* who was betray'd, forſook, deny'd,
Wept, languiſh'd, pray'd, bled, thirſted, groan'd, and dy'd;
Hung pierc'd and bare, inſulted by the foe,
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below!
And was't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vaniſh'd,—I am wholly thine.
Miſtaken CAIAPHAS! Ah! which blaſphem'd;
Thou, or thy Pris'ner? which ſhall be condemn'd?
Well might'ſt thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
But God is good! 'Tis wond'rous all! Ev'n He
Thou gav'ſt to death, ſhame, torture, dy'd for Thee.
Now the deſcending triumph ſtops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raiſe
Diſtinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
One fix'd on earth, and one in ſea, and round
Its ample foot the ſwelling billows ſound.

Theſe

Theſe an immeaſurable arch ſupport,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the pureſt ſky,
Stream from the chryſtal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the baſis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.
Here high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the ſun burns beneath his awful feet.
Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his ſilver ſtaff of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the *Chriſtian* flag, which waving flies,
And ſhuts and opens more than half the ſkies:
The Croſs ſo ſtrong a red, it ſheds a ſtain,
Where-e'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main;
Fluſhes the hill, and ſets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.
Oh formidable GLORY! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty ſight.
Ah turn, unwary muſe, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not, (to make the *Sun* ſhrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wiſh it all a dream;
Wiſh, or their ſouls may with their limbs decay,
Or GOD be ſpoil'd of his eternal ſway.
But rather, if thou know'ſt the means, unfold
How they with tranſport might the ſcene behold.
Ah how! but by Repentance, by a mind
Quick, and ſevere its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceaſing care,
And all the pious violence of Pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I caſt my heart before th' eternal throne,

In

In this great temple, which the ſkies ſurround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound.
" O Thou! whoſe balance does the mountains weigh,
" Whoſe will the wild tumultuous ſeas obey,
" Whoſe breath can turn thoſe wat'ry worlds to flame,
" That flame to tempeſt, and that tempeſt tame;
" Earth's meaneſt ſon, all trembling, proſtrate falls,
" And on the boundleſs of thy goodneſs calls.
" Oh! give the winds all paſt offence to ſweep,
" To ſcatter wide, or bury in the deep:
" Thy pow'r, my weakneſs, may I ever ſee,
" And wholly dedicate my ſoul to Thee:
" Reign o'er my will; my paſſions ebb and flow
" At thy command, nor human motive know!
" If anger boil, let anger be my praiſe,
" And ſin the graceful indignation raiſe.
" My love be warm to ſuccour the diſtreſs'd,
" And lift the burden from the ſoul oppreſs'd.
" Oh may my underſtanding ever read
" This glorious volume, which Thy wiſdom made!
" Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry pride?
" Who calls forth Summer, like a ſparkling bride?
" Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
" And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
" Not the Great Ottoman, or Greater Czar,
" Not *Europe*'s arbitreſs of peace and war.
" May ſea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
" To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
" When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
" May thoughts of Thy dread vengeance ſhake my ſoul!
" When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly ſhine,
" Adore, my heart, the Majesty *Divine!*
" Thro' ev'ry ſcene of life, or peace, or war,
" Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!

" Shine

" Shine we in arms? or ſing beneath our vine?
" Thine is the vintage, and the conqueſt Thine:
" Thy pleaſure points the ſhaft, and bends the bow;
" The cluſter blaſts, or bids it brightly glow:
" 'Tis thou that lead'ſt our pow'rful armies forth,
" And giv'ſt Great ANNE *Thy* ſceptre o'er the north.
" Grant I may ever, at the *Morning-Ray*,
" Open with Pray'r the conſecrated day;
" Tune Thy great praiſe, and bid my ſoul ariſe,
" And with the mounting ſun aſcend the ſkies:
" As that advances, let my zeal improve,
" And glow with ardour of conſummate love;
" Nor ceaſe at eve, but with the *Setting Sun*
" My endleſs worſhip ſhall be ſtill begun.
" And, oh! permit the gloom of ſolemn night
" To ſacred thought may forcibly invite.
" When this world's ſhut, and awful planets riſe,
" Call on our minds, and raiſe them to the ſkies;
" Compoſe our ſouls with a leſs dazzling ſight,
" And ſhew all nature in a milder light;
" How every boiſterous thought in calms ſubſides!
" How the ſmooth'd ſpirit into goodneſs glides!
" O how divine! to tread the milky way,
" To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
" His court admire, or for his favour ſue,
" Or leagues of friendſhip with his ſaints renew;
" Pleas'd to look down, and ſee the *World* aſleep,
" While I long vigils to its *Founder* keep!
" Can'ſt Thou not ſhake the centre? Oh! controul,
" Subdue by force, the rebel in my ſoul:
" Thou, who canſt ſtill the raging of the flood,
" Reſtrain the various tumults of my blood;
" Teach me, with equal firmneſs, to ſuſtain
" Alluring pleaſure, and aſſaulting pain.

" O may

" O may I pant for Thee in each deſire !
" And with ſtrong faith foment the holy fire !
" Stretch out my ſoul in hope, and graſp the prize,
" Which in *Eternity*'s deep boſom lies !
" At the *Great Day* of recompence behold,
" Devoid of fear, the *fatal Book* unfold !
" Then wafted upward to the bliſsful ſeat,
" From age to age, my grateful ſong repeat ;
" My Light, my Life, my GOD, my *Saviour* ſee,
" And rival angels in the praiſe of THEE."

THE

THE LAST DAY.

BOOK III.

Eſſe quoque in fatis reminiſcitur, affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
Ardeat; & mundi moles operoſa laboret. OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding; the reſplendent ſeat
Of ſaints and angels; the tremendous fate
Of guilty ſouls; the gloomy realms of woe;
And all the horrors of the world below;
I next preſume to ſing: What yet remains
Demands my laſt, but moſt exalted ſtrains.
And let the *Muſe* or now affect the ſky,
Or in inglorious ſhades for ever lie.
She kindles, ſhe's inflam'd ſo near the goal;
She mounts, ſhe gains upon the ſtarry pole;
The world grows leſs as ſhe purſues her flight,
And the ſun darkens to her diſtant ſight.
Heav'n op'ning, all its ſacred pomp diſplays,
And overwhelms her with the ruſhing blaze!

The

The triumph rings! archangels ſhout around!
And echoing nature lengthens out the ſound!
Ten thouſand trumpets *now* at once advance;
Now deepeſt ſilence lulls the vaſt expanſe:
So deep the ſilence, and ſo ſtrong the blaſt,
As nature dy'd, when ſhe had groan'd her laſt.
Nor man, nor angel, moves; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the ſky:
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view ſupporting ſeraphs raiſe;
In ſolemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
The ſeal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my ſoul, (oh fall to ſudden pray'r,
And let the thought ſink deep!) ſhalt thou be there?
See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand;)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obſcene,
What more than death in ev'ry face and mien!
With what diſtreſs, and glarings of affright,
They ſhock the heart, and turn away the ſight!
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid ſecrets of the ſoul.
Each geſture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is loaden with deſpair.
Reader, if guilty, ſpare the muſe, and find
A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.
Should'ſt thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the ſoft companions of thy life,
Whoſe blended int'reſts levell'd at one aim,
Whoſe mix'd deſires ſent up one common flame,
Divided far; thy wretched Self alone
Caſt on the left, of all whom thou haſt known;
How would it wound! What millions wouldſt thou give
For One more trial, One more day to live!

Flung back in time an hour, a moment's ſpace,
To graſp with eagerneſs the means of Grace;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age?
Drive back the tide, ſuſpend a ſtorm in air,
Arreſt the *Sun!*—but ſtill of *this* deſpair.
Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace!
Their Maker's image freſh in ev'ry face!
What purple bloom my raviſh'd ſoul admires,
And their eyes ſparkling with immortal fires!
Triumphant beauty! charms that riſe above
This world, and in bleſt angels kindle love!
To the Great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
Its flaſh ſuſtain, againſt its terror riſe,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are theſe the forms that moulder'd in the duſt?
Oh the tranſcendent glory of the juſt!
Yet ſtill ſome thin remains of fear and doubt,
Th' infected brightneſs of their joy pollute.
Thus the chaſte bridegroom, when the prieſt draws nigh,
Beholds his bleſſing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful paſſions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain.
Leſt ſtill ſome intervening chance ſhould riſe,
Leap forth at once, and ſnatch the golden prize;
Inflame his woe, by bringing it ſo late,
And ſtab him in the criſis of his fate.
Since Adam's family, from firſt to laſt,
Now into one diſtinct ſurvey is caſt;
Look round, vain-glorious muſe, and you whoe'er
Devote yourſelves to fame, and think her fair;
Look round, and ſeek the lights of human race,
Whoſe ſhining acts *time*'s brighteſt annals grace;

Who

Who founded ſects; crowns conquer'd, or reſign'd;
Gave names to nations; or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vaſt fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madneſs of the roaring main:
All loſt? all undiſtinguiſh'd? no where found?
How will this truth in BOURBON's palace ſound?
That hour, on which th' Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or deſtroy'd;
Southern or eaſtern ſceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or weſt dominion o'er the world;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himſelf was ſpilt,
That dreadful moment is arriv'd.
Aloft, the ſeats of bliſs their pomp diſplay
Brighter than brightneſs, this diſtinguiſh'd day;
Leſs glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won:
Thro' heav'n's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And ſhouting angels hail'd the Victor God.
Horrors, *beneath*, darkneſs in darkneſs, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'er-boiling with a mad ſulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, moſt dreadful to ſurvey,
And roars outrageous for the deſtin'd prey.
The ſons of light ſcarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer preſs heav'n's everlaſting throne.
Such is the ſcene; and one ſhort moment's ſpace
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares!—I tremble as I write;
The whole creation ſwims before my ſight:

I ſee, I ſee, the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not, 'tis diſtant; I behold it *now*;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My ſoul recoils at the ſtupendous woe;
That woe, thoſe pangs, which from the *guilty* breaſt,
In theſe, or words like theſe, ſhall be expreſt.
" Who burſt the barriers of my peaceful grave?
" Ah! cruel death, that would no longer ſave,
" But grudg'd me e'en that narrow dark abode,
" And caſt me out into the wrath of God;
" Where ſhrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
" And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
" Our only ſong; black fire's malignant light,
" The ſole refreſhment of the blaſted ſight.
" Muſt all thoſe pow'rs, heav'n gave me to ſupply
" My ſoul with pleaſure, and bring in my joy,
" Riſe up in arms againſt me, join the foe,
" *Senſe, reaſon, memory*, increaſe my woe?
" And ſhall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
" Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
" Oh! muſt I look with terror on my gain,
" And with *exiſtence* only meaſure *pain*?
" What! no reprieve, no leaſt indulgence giv'n,
" No beam of hope, from any point of heav'n!
" Ah Mercy! Mercy! art thou dead above?
" Is Love extinguiſh'd in the Source of Love?
" Bold that I am, did heav'n ſtoop down to hell?
" Th' expiring Lord of life my ranſom ſeal?
" Have I not been induſtrious to provoke?
" From his embraces obſtinately broke?
" Purſu'd, and panted for his mortal hate,
" Earn'd my deſtruction, labour'd out my fate?
" And dare I on extinguiſh'd Love exclaim?
" Take, take full vengeance, rouze the ſlack'ning flame;

" Juſt

" Juſt is my lot—but oh! muſt it tranſcend
" The reach of time, deſpair a diſtant end?
" With dreadful growth ſhoot forward, and ariſe,
" Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies?
" *NEVER!* where falls the ſoul at that dread ſound?
" Down an abyſs how dark, and how profound?
" Down, down, (I ſtill am falling, horrid pain!)
" Ten thouſand thouſand fathoms ſtill remain;
" My plunge but ſtill begun—And this for ſin?
" Could I offend, if I had never been,
" But ſtill increas'd the ſenſeleſs happy maſs,
" Flow'd in the ſtream, or ſhiver'd in the graſs?
" Father of mercies! why from ſilent earth
" Did'ſt thou awake, and curſe me into birth?
" Tear me from quiet, raviſh me from night,
" And make a thankleſs preſent of thy light?
" Puſh into being a reverſe of Thee,
" And animate a clod with miſery?
" The beaſts are happy; they come forth, and keep
" Short watch on earth, and then lie down to ſleep.
" Pain is for man; and oh! how vaſt a pain
" For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain!
" Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,
" And flung his agonies, and death, away!
" As our dire puniſhment for ever ſtrong,
" Our conſtitution too for ever young.
" Curs'd with returns of vigour, ſtill the ſame
" Pow'rful to bear, and ſatisfy the flame:
" Still to be caught, and ſtill to be purſu'd!
" To periſh ſtill, and ſtill to be renew'd!
" And this, *My Help! My God!* at thy decree?
" Nature is chang'd, and *hell* ſhould *ſuccour* me.
" And can'ſt Thou then look down from perfect bliſs,
" And ſee me plunging in the dark abyſs?

" Calling Thee Father, in a ſea of fire?
" Or pouring blaſphemies at Thy deſire?
" With mortals anguiſh wilt Thou raiſe *Thy* name,
" And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim?
" Thou, who canſt toſs the planets to and fro,
" Contract not Thy great vengeance to my woe;
" Cruſh worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
" On me Almighty wrath is caſt away.
" Call back Thy thunders, Lord, hold in Thy rage,
" Nor with a ſpeck of wretchedneſs engage:
" Forget me quite, nor ſtoop a worm to blame;
" But loſe me in the greatneſs of Thy name.
" Thou art all Love, all Mercy, all Divine,
" And ſhall I make thoſe glories ceaſe to ſhine?
" Shall ſinful man grow great by his offence,
" And from its courſe turn back Omnipotence?
" Forbid it! and oh! grant, Great *God*, at leaſt
" This one, this ſlender, almoſt *no* requeſt;
" When I have wept a thouſand lives away,
" When torment is grown weary of its prey,
" When I have rav'd ten thouſand years in fire,
" Ten thouſand thouſand, let me then expire."
Deep anguiſh! but too late; the hopeleſs ſoul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaſpheming, owns
He's juſtly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, ſtruggling with his chain:
To talk to fiery tempeſts; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er;
To toſs, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.
The favour'd of their Judge, in triumph move
To take poſſeſſion of their thrones above;

Satan's

Satan's accurs'd deſertion to ſupply,
And fill the vacant ſtations of the ſky;
Again to kindle long-extinguiſh'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze;
To crop the roſes of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of ſacred truth;
To ſwim in ſeas of bliſs, to ſtrike the ſtring,
And lift the voice to their Almighty KING;
To loſe eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praiſe.
But I attempt the wond'rous height in vain,
And leave unfiniſh'd the too lofty ſtrain:
What boldly I begin, let others end;
My ſtrength exhauſted, fainting I deſcend,
And chuſe a leſs, but no ignoble, theme,
Diſſolving elements, and worlds, in flame.
The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And nature ſhrinks at her approaching doom;
Loud peals of thunder give the ſign, and all
Heav'n's terrors in array ſurround the ball;
Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conſpire,
And, darted downward, ſet the world on fire;
Black riſing clouds the thicken'd *Æther* choke,
And ſpiry flames dart through the rolling ſmoke,
With keen vibrations cut the ſullen night,
And ſtrike the darken'd ſky with dreadful light;
From heav'n's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous courſe,
T' enrage the flame: It ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the ſtorm, and billows through the ſky:
Here winding pyramids of fire aſcend,
Cities and deſarts in one ruin blend;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The ſpacious face of a far diſtant realm;

There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vaſt deſtruction fills.
Hear'ſt thou that dreadful crack? that ſound which broke
Like peals of thunder, and the centre ſhook?
What wonders muſt that groan of nature tell?
Oylmpus there, and mightier *Atlas*, fell;
Which ſeem'd above the reach of fate to ſtand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand;
Now duſt and ſmoke, whoſe brow, ſo lately, ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd countries its diffuſive ſhade.
Shew me that celebrated ſpot, where all
The various rulers of the ſever'd ball
Have humbly ſought wealth, honour, and redreſs,
That land which heav'n ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
Once call'd *Britannia*: Can her glories end?
And can't ſurrounding ſeas her realms defend?
Alas! in flames behold ſurrounding ſeas!
Like oil, their waters but augment the blaze.
Some angel ſay, Where ran proud *Aſia*'s bound?
Or where with fruits was fair *Europa* crown'd?
Where ſtretch'd waſte *Lybia*? Where did *India*'s ſhore
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery deluge flow:
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.
And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of ſea, or earth, or ſkies;
All on whom Adam's wiſdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and periſh in the conqu'ring flame.
This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage: the flakes aſpire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heav'ns their prey;
The ſun, the moon, the ſtars, all melt away;

All,

All, all is loſt; no monument, no ſign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming ſtream expire,
So ſparks that ſcatter from the kindling fire;
The devaſtations of One dreadful hour
The Great Creator's Six days work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin! yet One *ſoul*
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior excellence,
Caſts down to nothing, ſuch a vaſt expence.
Have you not ſeen th' eternal mountains nod,
An earth diſſolving, a deſcending God?
What ſtrange ſurprizes through all nature ran?
For whom theſe revolutions, but for Man?
For him, Omnipotence new meaſures takes,
For him, through all eternity, awakes;
Pours on him gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heav'n's loſs, and with freſh glories fill the ſky.
Think deeply then, O Man, how *great* thou art;
Pay thyſelf homage with a trembling heart;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyſelf, affront not God's reſpect.
Enter the ſacred temple of thy breaſt,
And gaze, and wander there, a raviſh'd gueſt;
Gaze on thoſe hidden treaſures thou ſhalt find,
Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, ſee, the dawning light
Foretels a noon moſt exquiſitely bright!
Here, ſprings of endleſs joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the promiſe of celeſtial worth!
Worth, which muſt ripen in a happier clime,
And brighter *Sun*, beyond the bounds of time.
Thou, *Minor*, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt eſtate,
What ſtores, on foreign coaſts, thy landing wait;

Loſe

Loſe not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod;
Thus glad all heav'n, and pleaſe that bounteous God,
Who, to light thee to pleaſures, hung on high
Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the ſky:
That ſervice done, its beams ſhall fade away,
And God ſhine forth in one *Eternal* Day.

THE

THE

FORCE OF RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISH'D LOVE.

A

POEM.

IN TWO BOOKS.

Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.

THE FORCE of RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISH'D LOVE.

BOOK I.

——— *Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,*
Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.

VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that ſoar'd on high,
And open'd wond'rous ſcenes above the ſky,
My muſe deſcend: Indulge my fond deſire;
With ſofter thoughts my melting ſoul inſpire,
And ſmooth my numbers to a female's praiſe:
A partial world will liſten to my lays,
While ANNA reigns, and ſets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious liſts of fame.
Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whoſe radiant eyes the vanquiſh'd world command,
Virtue is Beauty: But when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;
When *youth* makes ſuch bright objects ſtill more bright,
And *fortune* ſets them in the ſtrongeſt light;

'Tis

'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view,
And all, but Adoration, is your due.
Fam'd female virtue did this iſle adorn,
Ere *Ormond*, or her glorious QUEEN, was born:
When now *Maria*'s pow'rful arms prevail'd,
And haughty DUDLEY's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great SUFFOLK's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace;
Who gain'd a crown by treaſon not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne;
Hurl'd from the ſummit of imperial ſtate,
With equal mind ſuſtain'd the ſtroke of fate.
But how will GUILFORD, her far dearer part,
With manly reaſon fortify his heart?
At once ſhe longs, and is afraid, to *know*:
Now ſwift ſhe moves, and now advances ſlow,
To find her lord; and, finding, paſſes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares ſhe meet his eye;
Leſt that, unaſk'd, in ſpeechleſs grief, diſcloſe
The mournful ſecret of his inward woes.
Thus, after ſickneſs, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin ſhuns the glaſs.
At length, with troubled thought, but look ſerene,
And ſorrow ſoften'd by her heav'nly mien,
She claſps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;
Gentle, and ſweet, as vernal Zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming roſe.
" Grieve not, my lord; a crown indeed is loſt;
" What far outſhines a crown, we ſtill may boaſt;
" A mind compos'd; a mind that can diſdain
" A fruitleſs ſorrow for a loſs ſo vain.
" Nothing is loſs that virtue can improve
" To wealth eternal; and return above;

" Above,

" Above, where no diſtinction ſhall be known
" 'Twixt him whom ſtorms have ſhaken from a throne,
" And him, who, baſking in the ſmiles of fate,
" Shone forth in all the ſplendor of the great:
" Nor can I find the diff'rence here below;
" I lately was a Queen; I ſtill am ſo,
" While GUILFORD's Wife: Thee rather I *obey*,
" Than o'er mankind extend imperial ſway.
" When we lie down in ſome obſcure retreat,
" Incens'd MARIA may her rage forget;
" And I to death my duty will improve,
" And what you miſs in empire, add in love—
" Your godlike ſoul is open'd in your look,
" And I have faintly your great meaning ſpoke,
" For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
" To find with what content we lay it down.
" Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race
" Can *quit* a throne with a becoming grace."
Thus ſpoke the faireſt of her ſex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord; whoſe boding boſom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burſt, and ſhed
Severer vengeance on her guiltleſs head:
Too juſt, alas, the terrors which he felt!
For, lo! a guard!—Forgive him, if he melt—
How ſharp her pangs, when ſever'd from his ſide,
The moſt ſincerely lov'd, and loving bride,
In ſpace confin'd, the muſe forbears to tell;
Deep was her anguiſh, but ſhe bore it well.
His pain was equal, but his virtue leſs;
He thought in grief there could be no exceſs.
Penſive he ſat, o'ercaſt with gloomy care,
And often fondly claſp'd his abſent fair;
Now, ſilent, wander'd through his rooms of ſtate,
And ſicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate;

Which

Which thus adorn'd, in all her ſhining ſtore,
A ſplendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were caſt,
And anguiſh fed on his enjoyments paſt;
Each recollected pleaſure made him ſmart,
And ev'ry tranſport ſtabb'd him to the heart.
That happy moon, which ſummon'd to delight,
That moon which ſhone on his dear nuptial night,
Which ſaw him fold her yet untaſted charms
(Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
Now ſees the tranſient bleſſing fleet away,
Empire and Love! the viſion of a day.
Thus, in the *Britiſh* clime, a ſummer-ſtorm
Will oft the ſmiling face of heav'n deform;
The winds with violence at once deſcend,
Sweep flow'rs and fruits, and make the foreſt bend;
A ſudden winter, while the ſun is near,
O'ercomes the ſeaſon, and inverts the year.
But whither is the captive borne away,
The beauteous captive, from the chearful day?
The ſcene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
Ill-boding looks and unknown horrors riſe:
For pomp and ſplendor, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown:
Black thoughts, each morn, invade the *Lover*'s breaſt,
Each night, a ruffian locks the *Queen* to reſt.
Ah mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
But SUFFOLK's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is beſt diſplay'd
In deep deſertion of all human aid:
To ſuccour in extremes, is her delight,
And chear the heart, when terror ſtrikes the ſight.
We, diſbelieving our own ſenſes, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raiſe

To

To triumph o'er misfortunes, ſmile in grief,
And comfort thoſe who come to bring relief:
We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.
Againſt her cares ſhe rais'd a dauntleſs mind,
And with an ardent heart, but moſt reſign'd,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the ſilence of her dark retreat,
Addreſs'd her God—" Almighty Pow'r Divine!
" 'Tis thine to raiſe, and to depreſs, is Thine;
" With honour to light up the name unknown,
" Or to put out the luſtre of a throne.
" In my ſhort ſpan both fortunes I have prov'd,
" And though with ill frail nature will be mov'd,
" I'll bear it well: (O ſtrengthen me to bear!)
" And if my piety may claim thy care;
" If I remember'd, in youth's giddy heat,
" And tumult of a court, a Future State;
" O favour, when thy mercy I implore
" For *one* who never guilty ſceptre bore!
" 'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free;
" If it muſt fall, let vengeance fall on me.
" Let him ſurvive, his country's name to raiſe,
" And in a guilty land to ſpeak Thy praiſe!
" O may th' indulgence of a *father*'s love,
" Pour'd forth on me, be doubled from above!
" If *theſe* are ſafe, I'll think my pray'rs ſucceed,
" And bleſs thy tender mercies, whilſt I bleed."
'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;
Thro' rigid juſtice, ruſh'd into offence,
And drank in zeal the blood of innocence:
The ſun went down in clouds, and ſeem'd to mourn
The ſad neceſſity of his return;

The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagin'd to, complain:
The tapers caſt an inauſpicious light;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.
Sweet innocence in chains can take her reſt;
Soft ſlumber gently creeping through her breaſt,
She ſinks; and in her ſleep is re-inthron'd,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
She views her fleets and armies, ſeas and land,
And ſtretches wide her ſhadow of command:
With royal purple is her viſion hung;
By phantom hoſts are ſhouts of conqueſt rung;
Low at her feet the ſuppliant rival lies;
Our priſoner mourns her fate, and bids her riſe.
Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and weſtward caſt the ſhade;
The buſy trades in city had began
To ſound, and ſpeak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breaſts the thoughts of vengeance rouze,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his ſpouſe.
At this firſt birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our ſpouſeleſs bride, our widow'd wife, awakes;
Awakes, and ſmiles; nor night's impoſture blames;
Her *real* pomps were little more than dreams;
A ſhort-liv'd blaze, a light'ning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that ſhone, and were no more:
She turns her ſide, and ſoon reſumes a ſtate
Of mind, well ſuited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, though ſerious; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched GUILFORD!) of her inſtant doom.
Sun, hide thy beams; in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve; be guiltleſs of the ſight;
Or haſte more ſwiftly to the weſtern main;
Nor let her blood the conſcious day-light ſtain!

Oh!

Oh! how ſevere! to fall ſo new a bride,
Yet bluſhing from the prieſt, in youthful pride;
When time had juſt matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face!
To leave her GUILFORD dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obſtinate in grief.
Unhappy fair! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promis'd bleſſings) vaniſh from her view;
No train of chearful days, endearing nights,
No ſweet domeſtic joys, and chaſte delights;
Pleaſures that bloſſom e'en from doubts and fears;
And bliſs and rapture riſing out of *cares*:
No little GUILFORD, with paternal grace,
Lull'd on her knee, or ſmiling in her face;
Who, when her *deareſt father* ſhall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his ſilver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart:
As where fruits fall, quick-riſing bloſſoms ſmile,
And the bleſs'd *Indian* of his care beguile.
In vain theſe various reaſons jointly preſs,
To blacken death, and heighten her diſtreſs;
She, through th' encircling terrors, darts her ſight
To the bleſs'd regions of eternal light,
And fills her ſoul with peace: To weeping friends
Her *father*, and her *lord*, ſhe recommends;
Unmov'd herſelf: Her foes her air ſurvey,
And rage to ſee their malice thrown away.
She ſoars; now nought on earth detains her care——
But GUILFORD; who ſtill ſtruggles for his ſhare.
Still will his form importunately riſe,
Clog and retard her tranſport to the ſkies;
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,

Thus her ſoul onward from the ſeats above,
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love:
At length ſhe conquers in the doubtful field;
That Heav'n ſhe ſeeks will be her GUILFORD's ſhield.
Now death is welcome; his approach is ſlow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.
Oh! mortals, ſhort of ſight, who think the paſt
O'erblown misfortune ſtill ſhall prove the laſt:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
'Till life and ſorrow meet one common end.
She thinks that ſhe has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worſe than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet complete;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She ſees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had ſhe breath'd her laſt,
Ere the dire ſentence on her father paſt!
A fonder parent nature never knew;
And as his age increas'd, his fondneſs grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was beſtow'd;
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
And can ſhe from all weakneſs ſtill refrain?
And ſtill the firmneſs of her ſoul maintain?
Impoſſible! a ſigh will force its way;
One patient tear her *mortal* birth betray;
She ſighs and weeps! but ſo ſhe weeps and ſighs,
As ſilent dews deſcend, and vapours riſe.
Celeſtial *Patience!* how doſt thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate!
While *Paſſion* takes his part, betrays our peace;
To death and torture ſwells each ſlight diſgrace;

By

By not oppoſing, thou doſt ills deſtroy,
And wear thy conquer'd ſorrows into joy.
Now *ſhe* revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe ſtill lingers in reſerve behind.
Griefs riſe on griefs, and ſhe can ſee no bound,
While nature laſts, and can receive a wound.
The ſword is drawn; The queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety, confin'd.
What mercy can the *Zealot*'s heart aſſuage,
Whoſe piety itſelf converts to rage?
She thought, and ſigh'd. And now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
New ſorrow dimm'd the luſtre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roſes die.
Alas! ſhould GUILFORD too—When now ſhe's brought
To that dire view, that *precipice* of thought,
While there ſhe trembling ſtands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, till heav'n's decrees are known;
Cure of all ills, till now, her lord appears—
But not to chear her heart, and dry her tears!
Not now, as uſual, like the riſing day,
To chaſe the ſhadows, and the damps away:
But, like a gloomy ſtorm, at once to ſweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold deſpair;
Slow, like a ghoſt, he mov'd with ſolemn pace;
A dying paleneſs ſat upon his face.
Back ſhe recoil'd, ſhe ſmote her lovely breaſt,
Her eyes the anguiſh of her heart confeſs'd;
Struck to the ſoul, ſhe ſtagger'd with the wound,
And ſunk, a breathleſs image, to the ground.
Thus the fair lily, when the ſky's o'ercaſt,
At firſt but ſhudders in the feeble blaſt;

But when the winds and weighty rains deſcend,
The fair and upright ſtem is forc'd to bend;
Till broke at length, its ſnowy leaves are ſhed,
And ſtrew with dying ſweets their native bed.

THE

FORCE of RELIGION;

OR,

VANQUISH'D LOVE.

BOOK II.

Hic pietatis honos? ſic nos in ſceptra reponis? VIRG.

HER GUILFORD claſps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiſs recalls her fleeting breath,
To tapers thus, which by a blaſt expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, reſtores the fire:
She rear'd her ſwimming eye, and ſaw the light,
And GUILFORD too, or ſhe had loath'd the ſight:
Her *father*'s death ſhe bore, deſpis'd her *own*,
But now ſhe muſt, ſhe will, have leave to groan:
Ah! GUILFORD, ſhe began, and would have ſpoke;
But ſobs ruſh'd in, and ev'ry accent broke:
Reaſon itſelf, as guſts of paſſion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempeſt, and withdrew.
So the youth loſt his *image* in the well,
When tears upon the yielding ſurface fell:

The ſcatter'd features ſlid into decay,
And ſpreading circles drove his face away.
To touch the ſoft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the braveſt ſoul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love diſtilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight beſtow;
And we with fondneſs languiſh o'er our woe.
This GUILFORD prov'd; and, with exceſs of pain,
And pleaſure too, did to his boſom ſtrain
The weeping fair: Sunk deep in ſoft deſire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire:
Then tore himſelf away; and, ſtanding wide,
As fearing a relapſe of fondneſs, cry'd,
With ill-diſſembled grief; "My life, forbear!
"You wound your GUILFORD with each cruel tear:
"Did you not chide my grief? Repreſs your own;
"Nor want compaſſion for *yourſelf* alone:
"Have you beheld, how, from the diſtant main,
"The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,
"And foam, and bellow, till they reach the ſhore;
"There burſt their noiſy pride, and are no more?
"Thus the ſucceſſive flows of human race,
"Chas'd by the coming, the preceding, chaſe;
"They ſound, and ſwell, their haughty heads they rear;
"Then fall, and flatten, break, and diſappear.
"Life is a forfeit we muſt ſhortly pay;
"And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
"Why ſhould you mourn *my* fate? 'Tis moſt unkind;
"Your *own* you bore with an unſhaken mind:
"And which, can you imagine, was the dart
"That drank moſt blood, ſunk deepeſt in my heart?
"I cannot live without you; and my doom
"I meet with joy, to ſhare one common tomb.—

"And

" And are again your tears profuſely ſpilt!
" Oh! then, my kindneſs blackens to my guilt;
" It foils itſelf, if it recall your pain;—
" Life of my life, I beg you to refrain!
" The load which fate impoſes, you increaſe;
" And help MARIA to deſtroy my peace."
But, oh! againſt himſelf his labour turn'd;
The more He comforted, the more She mourn'd:
Compaſſion ſwells our grief; words ſoft and kind
But ſooth our weakneſs, and diſſolve the mind:
Her ſorrow flow'd in ſtreams; nor Her's alone,
While That he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
Where are the ſmiles ſhe wore, when ſhe, ſo late,
Hail'd him great partner of the regal ſtate;
When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?
'Tis now the *Queen*'s command, they both retreat,
To weep with dignity, and mourn in ſtate:
She forms the *decent* miſery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch ſhe would deſtroy.
A ſpacious hall is hung with black; all light
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim creſcent in a clouded ſky:
It ſheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,
Which only ſhews the darkneſs of the room.
A ſhining ax is on the table laid;
A dreadful ſight! and glitters through the ſhade.
In this ſad ſcene the lovers are confin'd;
A ſcene of terrors, to a guilty mind!
A ſcene, that would have damp'd with riſing cares,
And quite extinguiſh'd, every love but theirs.
What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes——
Then GUILFORD, thus abruptly; " I deſpiſe

" An

" An empire loſt; I fling away the crown;
" Numbers have laid that bright deluſion down;
" But where's the CHARLES, or DIOCLESIAN where,
" Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
" Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to ſtand
" In full poſſeſſion of thy ſnowy hand!
" And, thro' th' unclouded chryſtal of thine eye,
" The heav'nly treaſures of thy mind to ſpy!
" Till rapture reaſon happily deſtroys,
" And my ſoul wanders through immortal joys!
" Give me the world, and aſk me, Where's my bliſs?
" I claſp thee to my breaſt, and anſwer, *This.*
" And ſhall the grave"—He groans, and can no more;
But all her charms in ſilence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
And, wond'ring, ſees, in ſad *preſaging* thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
And roll along the duſt, a ghaſtly ball!
Oh! let thoſe *tremble*, who are greatly bleſs'd!
For who, but GUILFORD, could be thus diſtreſs'd?
Come hither, all you Happy, all you Great,
From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of ſtate;
Nor think I call, your pleaſures to deſtroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
Weep not; but, ſmiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the *Brave* or *Fair.*
Was ever ſuch a mournful, moving, ſight?
See, if you can, by that dull, trembling, light:
Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
Like *Iſis* and her *Thames*, one ſtream they flow:
Now they ſtart wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They ſtiffen into ſtatues of deſpair:
Now, tenderly ſevere, and fiercely kind,
They ruſh at once; they fling their cares behind,

And

And claſp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
A ſhort deluſion! for the raging pain
Returns; and their poor hearts muſt bleed again.
Mean time, the QUEEN new cruelty decreed;
But, ill content that they ſhould *only* bleed,
A prieſt is ſent; who, with inſidious art,
Inſtills his poiſon into SUFFOLK's heart;
And GUILFORD drank it: Hanging on the breaſt,
He from his childhood was with *Rome* poſſeſt.
When now the miniſters of death draw nigh,
And in her deareſt lord ſhe firſt muſt die,
The ſubtle prieſt, who long had watch'd to find
The moſt unguarded paſſes of her mind,
Beſpoke her thus: "Grieve not; 'tis in your pow'r
"Your lord to reſcue from this fatal hour."
Her boſom pants; ſhe draws her breath with pain;
A ſudden horror thrills through every vein;
Life ſeems ſuſpended, on his words intent;
And her ſoul trembles for the great event.
The prieſt proceeds: "Embrace the faith of *Rome*,
"And ward your own, your lord's, and father's doom."
Ye bleſſed ſpirits! now your charge ſuſtain;
The paſt was eaſe; now *firſt* ſhe ſuffers pain.
Muſt ſhe pronounce her father's death? muſt ſhe
Bid GUILFORD bleed?—It muſt not, cannot, be.
It *cannot* be! But 'tis the Chriſtian's praiſe,
Above impoſſibilities to raiſe
The weakneſs of our nature; and deride
Of vain philoſophy the boaſted pride.
What though our feeble ſinews ſcarce impart
A moment's ſwiftneſs to the feather'd dart;
Though tainted air our vig'rous *youth* can break,
And a chill blaſt the hardy *warrior* ſhake,

Yet

Yet are we ſtrong: Hear the loud tempeſt roar
From eaſt to weſt, and call us weak no more;
The light'ning's unreſiſted force proclaims
Our might; and thunders raiſe our humble names;
'Tis *our* JEHOVAH fills the heav'ns; as long
As He ſhall reign Almighty, We are ſtrong:
We, by devotion, *borrow* from his throne;
And almoſt make Omnipotence our own:
We force the gates of heav'n, by fervent pray'r;
And call forth triumph out of *man*'s deſpair.
Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in ſilence, to the ſkies,
Devoutly ſad—Then, bright'ning, like the day,
When ſudden winds ſweep ſcatter'd clouds away,
Shining in majeſty, till now unknown,
And breathing life and ſpirit ſcarce her own;
She, riſing, ſpeaks: "If theſe the terms———"
Here, GUILFORD, cruel GUILFORD, (barb'rous man!
Is this thy love?) as ſwift as light'ning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her with tempeſtuous ſorrow fraught,
And ſtifled, in its birth, the mighty thought;
Then burſting freſh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, reſolute, delirious with his fears;
His fears for her *alone*: He beat his breaſt,
And thus the fervour of his ſoul expreſt:
"O! let thy thought o'er our paſt converſe rove,
"And ſhew one moment uninflam'd with love!
"Oh! if thy kindneſs can no longer laſt,
"In pity to thyſelf, forget the paſt!
"Elſe wilt thou never, void of ſhame and fear,
"Pronounce *his* doom, whom thou haſt held ſo dear:
"Thou who haſt took me to thy arms, and ſwore
"Empires were vile, and Fate could give no more;

"That

" That to *continue*, was its utmoſt pow'r,
" And make the future like the preſent hour.
" Now call a ruffian; bid his cruel ſword
" Lay wide the boſom of thy worthleſs lord;
" Tranſfix his heart (ſince you its love diſclaim),
" And ſtain his honour with a *Traitor*'s name.
" *This* might perhaps be borne without remorſe;
" But ſure a *father*'s pangs will have their force!
" Shall his good age, ſo near its journey's end,
" Through cruel torment to the grave deſcend?
" His ſhallow blood all iſſue at a wound,
" Waſh a ſlave's feet, and ſmoak upon the ground?
" But he to you has ever been ſevere;
" Then take your vengeance"—SUFFOLK now drew near;
Bending beneath the burden of his care;
His robes neglected, and his head was bare;
Decrepid winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus ſlowly creeps, to meet the blooming ſpring:
Downward he caſt a melancholy look;
Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief; then faintly ſpoke,
" Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
" That ax can only rob *me* of a day;
" For *thee*, my ſoul's deſire! I can't refrain;
" And ſhall my tears, my *laſt* tears, flow in vain?
" When you ſhall know a mother's tender name,
" My heart's diſtreſs no longer will you blame."
At this, afar his burſting groans were heard;
The tears ran trickling down his ſilver beard:
He ſnatch'd her hand, which to his lips he preſt,
And bid her plant a dagger in his breaſt;
Then, ſinking, call'd her piety unjuſt,
And ſoil'd his hoary temples in the duſt.
Hard-hearted men! will you no mercy know?
Has the *Queen* brib'd you to diſtreſs her foe?

O weak

O weak deſerters to misfortune's part,
By falſe affection thus to pierce her heart!
When ſhe had ſoar'd, to let your arrows fly,
And fetch her bleeding from the middle ſky!
And can her virtue, ſpringing from the ground,
Her flight recover, and diſdain the wound,
When cleaving love, and human intereſt, bind
The broken force of her aſpiring mind;
As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
Exerts her ſtrength, the ſerpent wreaths his train,
Her ſtruggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous tail, and ſtings her as ſhe flies!
While yet the blow's firſt dreadful weight ſhe feels,
And with its force her reſolution reels;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful ſound,
To view diſcover welt'ring on the ground,
Three headleſs trunks, of thoſe whoſe arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd:
The lifted ax aſſur'd her ready doom,
And ſilent mourners ſadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed; or here break off my tale;
Nor truths, to ſtagger human faith, reveal?
She met this utmoſt malice of her fate
With Chriſtian dignity, and pious ſtate:
The beating ſtorm's propitious rage ſhe bleſt,
And all the *martyr* triumph'd in her breaſt:
Her *lord* and *father*, for a moment's ſpace,
She ſtrictly folded in her ſoft embrace!
Then thus ſhe ſpoke, while angels heard on high,
And ſudden gladneſs ſmil'd along the ſky:
" Your over-fondneſs has not mov'd my hate;
" I am well pleas'd you make my death ſo *great*;
" I joy I cannot ſave you; and have giv'n
" Two lives, much *dearer* than my own, to heav'n.

" If

" If ſo the queen decrees * :—But I have cauſe
" To hope my blood will ſatisfy the laws;
" And there is mercy ſtill, for you, in ſtore:
" With me the bitterneſs of death is o'er.
" He ſhot his ſting in *that* farewell-embrace;
" And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
" Then let miſtaken ſorrow be ſuppreſt,
" Nor ſeem to envy my approaching reſt."
Then, turning to the miniſters of fate,
She, ſmiling, ſays, " My victory complete:
" And tell your *Queen*, I thank her for the blow,
" And grieve my gratitude I cannot ſhow:
" A poor return I leave in *England*'s crown,
" For everlaſting pleaſure, and renown:
" Her guilt alone allays this happy hour;
" Her guilt,—the *only* vengeance in her pow'r."
Not *Rome*, untouch'd with ſorrow, heard her fate;
And fierce MARIA pity'd her too late.

* Here ſhe embraces them.

PREFACE.

THESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conſcious of the leaſt malevolence to any particular perſon through all the characters; though ſome perſons may be ſo ſelfiſh, as to engroſs a general application to themſelves. A writer in polite letters ſhould be content with reputation; the private amuſement he finds in his compoſitions; the good influence they have on his ſeverer ſtudies; that admiſſion they give him to his ſuperiors; and the poſſible good effect they may have on the public; or elſe he ſhould join to his politeneſs ſome more lucrative qualification.

But it is poſſible, that Satire may not do much good: Men may riſe in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abuſed by others: It is much *to be feared*, that miſconduct will never be chaſed out of the world by *Satire*; all therefore that is to be ſaid for it, is, that miſconduct will *certainly* be never chaſed out of the world by Satire, if no Satires are written: Nor is

that term unapplicable to graver compoſitions. *Ethics*, Heathen and Chriſtian, and the Scriptures themſelves, are, in a great meaſure, a *Satire* on the weakneſs and iniquity of men; and ſome part of that Satire is in verſe too: Nay, in the firſt Ages, Philoſophy and Poetry were the ſame thing; wiſdom wore no other dreſs: So that, I hope, theſe Satires will be the more eaſily pardoned that misfortune by the ſevere. Nay, *Hiſtorians* themſelves may be conſidered as Satiriſts, and Satiriſts moſt ſevere; ſince ſuch are moſt human actions, that to *relate*, is to *expoſe* them.

No man can converſe much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he muſt either be inſenſible, or grieve, or be angry, or ſmile. Some paſſion (if we are not impaſſive) muſt be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing *indifferent* to a reaſonable and virtuous man. Now to ſmile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think moſt eligible; as it hurts ourſelves leaſt, and gives vice and folly the greateſt offence: And that for *this* reaſon; becauſe what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and eſteem; which truth is the ſubject of the following Satires; and joins them together, as ſeveral branches from the ſame root: An unity of deſign, which has not, I think, in a ſet of ſatires, been attempted before.

Laughing

Laughing at the miſconduct of the world, will, in a great meaſure, eaſe us of any more diſagreeable paſſion about it. One paſſion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reaſon; whatever ſome may teach: For to reaſon we owe our paſſions: Had we not reaſon, we ſhould not be offended at what we find amiſs: And the *Cauſe* ſeems not to be the natural cure of any *Effect*.

Moreover, *Laughing Satire* bids the faireſt for ſucceſs: The world is too proud to be fond of a ſerious tutor; and when an Author is in a paſſion, the laugh, generally, as in converſation, turns againſt him. This kind of Satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy *Horace* is the beſt maſter: He appears in good humour while he cenſures; and therefore his cenſure has the more weight, as ſuppoſed to proceed from judgment, not from paſſion. *Juvenal* is ever in a paſſion: He has little valuable but his eloquence and morality: The laſt of which I have had in my eye; but rather for emulation, than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn *Juvenal*, in part of the ſixth Satire (where the occaſion moſt required it), I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it ſoon, as diſagreeable to the writer, and reader too. *Boileau* has joined *both* the *Roman* Satiriſts with great ſucceſs; but has too much

of *Juvenal* in his very ſerious Satire on Woman, which ſhould have been the gayeſt of all. An excellent critic of our own commends *Boileau*'s cloſeneſs, or, as he calls it, *Preſſneſs*, particularly; whereas, it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault ſhould be imputed to him.

There are ſome proſe Satyrifts of the greateſt delicacy and wit; the laſt of which can never, or ſhould never, ſucceed without the former. An Author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himſelf; which are bad advocates for reputation and ſucceſs. What a difference is there between the *Merit*, if not the *Wit*, of *Cervantes* and *Rabelais*? The laſt has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jeſt; but the genius and the ſcholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converſe with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for ſome ſervices; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taſte, as judges of compoſition: Nature has wiſely formed us with an averſion to it; and he that ſucceeds in ſpite of it, is, * *aliena venia, quam ſua providentia tutior.*

Such wits, like falſe oracles of old (which were wits and cheats), ſhould ſet up for reputation among

* Val. Max.

the

the *weak*, in ſome *Bœotia*, which was the land of oracles; for the *wiſe* will hold them in contempt. Some wits, too, like oracles, deal in *ambiguities*; but not with equal ſucceſs: For though ambiguities are the *firſt* excellence of an impoſtor, they are the *laſt* of a wit.

Some ſatirical wits and humouriſts, like their father *Lucian*, laugh at every thing indiſcriminately; which betrays ſuch a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and ſuch a want of virtue, as to poſtpone it to a jeſt. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by ſetting them on an equal foot with better things: And while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts ſhould eſcape? Some *French* writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the laſt conſequence; and ſome of our own. They that are for leſſening the true dignity of mankind, are not ſure of being ſucceſsful, but with regard to *one individual* in it. It is this conduct that juſtly makes a *Wit* a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of *Plato*'s fable of the birth of *Love*; one of the prettieſt fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewiſe with regard to modern *Poetry*. *Love*, ſays he, is the ſon of the goddeſs *Poverty*, and the god of *Riches*: He has from his *father* his daring genius; his elevation of thought;

his building caſtles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things ſerious and uſeful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and diſtinction: From his *mother* he inherits his indigence, which makes him a conſtant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his ſervility; his fear of being deſpiſed, which is inſeparable from him. This addition may be made; *viz.* That *Poetry*, like *Love*, is a little ſubject to *blindneſs*, which makes her miſtake her way to preferments and honours; that ſhe has her ſatirical *quiver*; and, laſtly, that ſhe retains a dutiful admiration of her *father*'s family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her *mother*'s relations.

However, this is not *neceſſity*, but *choice*: Were Wiſdom her governeſs, ſhe might have much more of the father than the mother; eſpecially in ſuch an age as this, which ſhews a due paſſion for her charms.

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF DORSET.

——*Tanto major Famæ ſitis eſt, quam Virtutis.* Juv. Sat. 10.

MY verſe is Satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
And *patronize* a muſe you cannot *fear*.
To poets ſacred is a Dorset's name:
Their wonted paſſport through the gates of fame:
It *bribes* the partial reader into praiſe,
And throws a glory round the ſhelter'd lays:
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can ſee,
And gives applauſe to *B——e*, or to me.
But you decline the *miſtreſs* we purſue;
Others are fond of *Fame*, but *Fame* of you.
Inſtructive Satire, true to virtue's cauſe!
Thou ſhining *ſupplement* of public *laws!*
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach our ſilence, and demand our rage;

When

When *purchas'd follies*, from each diſtant land,
Like arts, improve in *Britain*'s ſkilful hand;
When the *Law* ſhews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And *South-ſea* treaſures are not brought to light;
When *Churchmen* Scripture for the Claſſics quit,
Polite apoſtates from God's *Grace* to *Wit*;
When men grow *great* from their *revenue ſpent*,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying ſinners, to blot out their ſcore,
Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore*;
To chaſe our ſpleen, when themes like theſe increaſe,
Shall *Panegyric* reign, and *Cenſure* ceaſe?
Shall *Poeſy*, like *Law*, turn wrong to right,
And dedications waſh an *Æthiop* white,
Set up each ſenſeleſs wretch for nature's boaſt,
On whom praiſe ſhines, as *trophies* on a *poſt*?
Shall ſun'ral eloquence her colours ſpread,
And ſcatter roſes on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors ſmile on ſuch illuſtrious days,
And *ſatiriſe* with nothing—but their *praiſe*?
Why ſlumbers POPE, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
DONNE, DORSET, DRYDEN, ROCHESTER, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe, in ADDISON, is fled;
CONGREVE, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits ſmiling at the goal, while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking ſtill!)
Ye gods! he will not write, and MÆVIUS will.
Doubly diſtreſt, what author ſhall we find
Diſcreetly daring, and ſeverely kind,
The courtly * *Roman*'s ſhining path to tread,
And ſharply *ſmile* prevailing folly dead?

* HORACE.

Will

Will no ſuperior genius ſnatch the quill,
And ſave me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Tho' vain the ſtrife, I'll ſtrive my voice to raiſe,
What will not men attempt for *ſacred praiſe?*
The *Love of Praiſe*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or leſs, and glows, in ev'ry heart:
The *proud*, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The *modeſt* ſhun it, but to make it ſure.
O'er globes, and ſceptres, now on thrones it ſwells;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells:
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in Senates, ſqueaks in Maſquerades.
Here, to *S——e's humour* makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder, aims at *P—y's eloquence.*
It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with *life*; but nods in ſable *plumes*,
Adorns our *hearſe*, and flatters on our *tombs.*
What is not *proud?* The *pimp* is proud to ſee
So many like himſelf in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peeviſh virtue, and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
To ſlaughter, glories in his gilded horn.
Some go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they *look*, another way they *ſteer*,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
And when their ſins they ſet ſincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.
Others with wiſhful eyes on *glory* look,
When they have got their *picture* tow'rds a book;
Or *pompous* title, like a gaudy ſign,
Meant to betray dull ſots to wretched wine.

If

If at his title *T*—— had dropt his quill,
T—— might have paſs'd for a great genius ſtill.
But *T*—— alas! (excuſe him, if you can)
Is now a *ſcribbler*, who was once a *man*.
Imperious ſome a claſſic *fame* demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While *A*'s *depos'd*, and *B* with pomp *reſtor'd*.
Some, for *renown*, on ſcraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both ſtrive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.
On *glaſs* how witty is a noble peer!
Did ever diamond coſt a man ſo *dear?*
Polite diſeaſes make ſome idiots *vain*
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
Of folly, vice, diſeaſe, men proud we ſee;
And (ſtranger ſtill!) of blockheads' flattery;
Whoſe praiſe defames; as if a fool ſhould mean,
By ſpitting on your face, to make it clean.
Nor is't enough all hearts are ſwoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can ſhe not perform? The Love of Fame
Made bold ALPHONSUS his Creator blame:
EMPEDOCLES hurl'd down the burning ſteep:
And (ſtronger ſtill!) made ALEXANDER weep.
Nay, it holds DELIA from a ſecond bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.
This paſſion with a *pimple* have I ſeen
Retard a cauſe, and give a judge the ſpleen.
By *this* inſpir'd (O ne'er to be forgot!)
Some lords have learn'd to *ſpell*, and ſome to *knot*.
It makes GLOBOSE a ſpeaker in the houſe;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouſe.

It makes *dear ſelf* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.
Sick with the *Love of Fame*, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *ſenate* thin!
My growing ſubject ſeems but juſt begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great HOMER! with thy *epic* rules,
To take a catalogue of *Britiſh* fools.
Satire! had I thy DORSET's force divine,
A knave or fool ſhould periſh in each line;
Tho' for the firſt all *Weſtminſter* ſhould plead,
And for the laſt, all *Greſham* intercede.
BEGIN. Who firſt the *catalogue* ſhall grace?
To *quality* belongs the higheſt place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril, give him room:
He ſtands for *fame* on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry prov'd *valiant* or *diſcreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three deſcents* leſs wiſe!
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raiſe his fathers from the grave.
Men ſhould preſs forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look *backward*, and ſo loſe the race.
Let high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing—but merit in a low eſtate.
To virtue's humbleſt ſon let none prefer
Vice, though deſcended from the Conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, paſs for high, or baſe,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honeſt* men, and *wiſe*;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, *lyes*.
They that on glorious anceſtors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, inſtead of their *diſcharge*.

DORSET,

DORSET, let thoſe who proudly boaſt their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, ſhine.
Vain as falſe greatneſs is, the muſe muſt own
We want not fools to buy that *Briſtol* ſtone;
Mean ſons of earth, who, on a *South-ſea* tide
Of full ſucceſs, ſwarm into *wealth* and *pride*;
Knock with a purſe of gold at ANSTIS' gate,
And beg to be deſcended from the great.
When men of infamy to grandeur ſoar,
They light a torch to ſhew their ſhame the more.
Thoſe governments which *curb* not evils, *cauſe!*
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.
BELUS with ſolid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty ſound;
But *builds* himſelf a name; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immenſe eſtate!
In coſt and grandeur, *C——dos* he'll out-do;
And, *B—l—ton*, thy taſte is not ſo true.
The pile is finiſh'd; ev'ry toil is paſt;
And full perfection is arriv'd at laſt;
When, lo! my lord to ſome ſmall corner runs,
And leaves ſtate-rooms to *ſtrangers* and to *duns*.
The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In *Britain*, what is many a lordly ſeat,
But a diſcharge in full for an eſtate?
In ſmaller compaſs lies PYGMALION's fame;
Not domes, but antique ſtatues, are his flame:
Not *F—t—n*'s ſelf more *Parian* charms has known;
Nor is good *P—b—ke* more in love with ſtone.
The bailiffs come (rude men prophanely bold!)
And bid him turn his VENUS into gold.
"No, ſirs," he cries; "I'll ſooner rot in jail;
"Shall *Grecian* arts be truck'd for *Engliſh* bail?"

Such

Such *heads* might make their very *buſto's* laugh:
His daughter ſtarves; but * CLEOPATRA's ſafe.
Men, overloaded with a large eſtate,
May ſpill their treaſure in a nice conceit:
The *rich* may be polite; but, oh! 'tis ſad
To ſay you're *curious*, when we ſwear you're *mad*.
By your revenue meaſure your expence;
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *ſenſe*.
No man is bleſs'd by *accident* or *gueſs*;
True *wiſdom* is the price of *happineſs*:
Yet few without long diſcipline are ſage;
And our *youth* only lays up ſighs for *age*.
But how, my muſe, canſt thou reſiſt ſo long
The bright temptation of the Courtly throng,
Thy moſt inviting theme? The *court* affords
Much food for ſatire;—it abounds in lords.
"What lords are thoſe ſaluting with a grin?"
One is juſt *out*, and one as lately *in*.
"How comes it then to paſs we ſee preſide
"On both their brows an equal ſhare of *pride*?"
Pride, that impartial paſſion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deſerts our fall.
As in its home it triumphs in *high place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *diſgrace*.
Some lords it bids admire their wands ſo white,
Which bloom, like AARON's, to their raviſh'd ſight;
Some lords it bids *reſign*; and turn their wands,
Like MOSES', into ſerpents in their hands.
Theſe ſink, as divers, for renown; and boaſt,
With pride *inverted*, of their honours loſt.
But againſt reaſon ſure 'tis equal ſin,
To boaſt of merely being *out*, or *in*.

* A famous ſtatue.

What

What numbers *here*, through odd ambition ſtrive,
To ſeem the moſt tranſported things alive!
As if by *joy*, *deſert* was underſtood;
And all the fortunate were *wiſe* and *good*.
Hence aching boſoms wear a viſage gay,
And ſtifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dreſt by * MONTEUIL, and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* ſuit, and *public* face:
Their ſmiles are only part of what they *wear*,
Put off at night, with lady *B*——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half ſo bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.
What numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conſcious of merit, in the coxcomb's *dance*;
The tavern! park! aſſembly! maſk! and play!
Thoſe dear deſtroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of ſops! that ſaunter of the town!
Call it *diverſion*, and the *pill* goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, *ſtoic*-like, ſupport,
Without one ſigh, the *pleaſures* of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the *wiſe* and *good*,
But ſcorn of pomp, and love of ſolitude.
High ſtations *tumult*, but not *bliſs*, create:
None think the Great unhappy, but the Great:
Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a ſting,
Which makes a ſwain as wretched as a king.
I envy none their pageantry and ſhow;
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent Gods! with mind ſerene,
And guiltleſs heart, to range the ſylvan ſcene;
No ſplendid poverty, no ſmiling care,
No well-bred hate, or ſervile grandeur, *there*:

* A famous Taylor.

There

There pleaſing objects uſeful thoughts ſuggeſt;
The *ſenſe* is raviſh'd, and the *ſoul* is bleſt;
On every thorn delightful wiſdom grows;
In every rill a ſweet inſtruction flows.
But ſome, *untaught*, o'erhear the whiſp'ring rill,
In ſpite of ſacred leiſure, blockheads ſtill;
Nor ſhoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native ſoil, the *drawing-room*.
The *Squire* is *proud* to ſee his courſers ſtrain,
Or well-breath'd beagles ſweep along the plain.
Say, dear HIPPOLITUS (whoſe drink is ale,
Whoſe erudition is a *Chriſtmas*-tale,
Whoſe miſtreſs is ſaluted with a ſmack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy ſleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And RINGWOOD opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praiſe? Let RINGWOOD's fame alone;
Juſt RINGWOOD leaves each animal his own;
Nor envies, when a gypſy *you* commit,
And ſhake the clumſy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dulleſt of dull things have ſaid,
And then aſk pardon for the *jeſt* you made.
Here breathe, my muſe! and then thy taſk renew:
Ten thouſand fools unſung are ſtill in view.
Fewer lay-atheiſts made by church debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large eſtates;
Ladies, whoſe love is conſtant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
Fewer grave lords, to SCR—PE diſcreetly bend;
And fewer *ſhocks* a ſtateſman gives his *friend*.
Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his ſtrain,
At *Bath*, in *ſummer*, chants the reigning laſs,
And ſweetly *whiſtles*, as the *waters* paſs?

Is there a tongue, like DELIA's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there, whom his *tenth Epic* mounts to fame?
Such, and such only, might exhauſt my theme:
Nor would theſe heroes of the taſk be glad;
For who can *write* ſo faſt as men run *mad*?

SATIRE

SATIRE II.

MY muſe, proceed, and reach thy deſtin'd end;
Though *toils* and *danger* the bold taſk attend.
Heroes and *Gods* make other poems fine;
Plain Satire calls for *ſenſe* in every line:
Then, to what ſwarms thy faults I dare expoſe!
All friends to *vice* and *folly* are thy foes.
When *ſuch* the foe, a war eternal wage;
'Tis moſt ill-nature to *repreſs* thy rage:
And if theſe ſtrains ſome nobler muſe excite,
I'll glory in the verſe I did *not* write.
So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to ſuch weakneſs by their vice betray'd,
Almighty *vanity!* to thee they owe
Their *zeſt* of pleaſure, and their *balm* of woe.
Thou, like the ſun, all *colours* doſt contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
For every ſoul finds reaſons to be proud,
Tho' hiſs'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in purſuit of foxes, and renown,
* HIPPOLITUS demands the *ſylvan* crown;
But FLORIO's fame, the product of a ſhower,
Grows in his garden, an illuſtrious flower!
Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal ſkies?
Why ſhines the ſun? To make † *Paul Diack* riſe.
From morn to night has FLORIO gazing ſtood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be ſo good;
What ſhape! What hue! Was ever nymph ſo fair!
He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
O ſolid bliſs! which nothing can deſtroy,
Except a cat,-bird, ſnail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies FLORIO down at night,
And wakes next day a moſt inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair ſiſter's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.
Nor are thoſe enemies I mention'd, all;
Beware, O Floriſt, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker ſerv'd him, ADAM was his name;
To one lov'd tulip oft the maſter went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture ſpent;
But came, and miſt it, one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *dæmon* cropt my flow'r?"
Serene, quoth ADAM, "Lo! 'twas cruſht by me;
"Fall'n is the BAAL to which thou bow'dſt thy knee."
But all men want *amuſement*; and what crime
In ſuch a paradiſe to fool their time?
None: but why proud of this? To fame they ſoar;
We grant *they're idle*, if they'll aſk no more.
We ſmile at Floriſts, we deſpiſe their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:

* This refers to the firſt Satire.
† The name of a tulip.

Bu

But are thoſe wiſer whom we moſt admire,
Survey with envy, and purſue with fire?
What's he who ſighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
Another FLORIO doating on a flower;
A ſhort-liv'd flower; and which has often ſprung
From ſordid arts, as FLORIO's out of dung.
With what, O CODRUS! is thy fancy ſmit?
The *flow'r* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
Thy gaudy ſhelves with crimſon bindings glow,
And EPICTETUS is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee! bound up in crimſon too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view!
Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
That ſcience ſhould be purchas'd by the yard;
And T———N, turn'd upholſterer, ſend home
The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.
If not to ſome peculiar end deſign'd,
Study's the ſpecious *trifling* of the mind;
Or is at beſt a ſecondary aim,
A chace for ſport alone, and not for *game*.
If ſo, ſure they who the *mere volume* prize,
But love the thicket where the *quarry* lies.
On buying books LORENZO long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when, lo! a ſale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He ſells his *laſt*; for he the whole will buy;
Sells ev'n his houſe; nay, wants whereon to lie:
So high the gen'rous ardour of the man
For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Orientals* ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
LORENZO ſign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
Unlearned men of books aſſume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' *liveries* alone
Is CODRUS' erudite ambition ſhown:
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what CODRUS would be *thought*;
And to this coſt another muſt ſucceed
To pay a ſage, who *ſays* that he can read;
Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has ſeen;
But leaves to —— what lies between;
Of pompous books who ſhuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their *ſenſe*.
O ——, whoſe accompliſhments make good
The *promiſe* of a long-illuſtrious blood,
In *arts* and *manners* eminently grac'd,
The ſtricteſt *honour!* and the fineſt *taſte!*
Accept this verſe; if Satire can agree
With ſo conſummate an *humanity*.
By your example would HILARIO mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius ſmit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For though he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
In time he'll learn to *uſe*, not *waſte*, his ſenſe;
Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
He ſpares nor friend, nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like *doom's-day*, all the faults of all mankind.
What though *wit* tickles? tickling is unſafe,
If ſtill 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
Who, for the poor renown of being *ſmart*,
Would leave a ſting within a brother's heart?
Parts may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd;
Then draw your *wit* as ſeldom as your *ſword*;
And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear
As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.

As

As in ſmooth oil the razor beſt is whet,
So *wit* is by *politeneſs* ſharpeſt ſet:
Their want of edge from their *offence* is ſeen;
Both pain us *leaſt* when exquiſitely keen.
The *fame* men give is for the *joy* they find;
Dull is the *jeſter*, when the joke's *unkind*.
Since MARCUS, doubtleſs, thinks himſelf a wit,
To pay my compliment, what place ſo fit?
His moſt facetious * letters came to hand,
Which my Firſt Satire ſweetly reprimand:
If that a *juſt* offence to MARCUS gave,
Say, MARCUS, which art thou, a *Fool*, or *Knave*?
For all but ſuch with caution I forbore;
That thou waſt either, I ne'er knew before:
I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who*;
No maſk ſo good, but MARCUS muſt ſhine through:
Falſe names are vain, thy lines their author tell;
Thy beſt concealment had been writing *well*:
But thou a brave neglect of *fame* haſt ſhown,
Of *others'* fame, great genius! and thy *own*.
Write on unheeded; and this maxim know,
The man who *pardons*, *diſappoints* his foe.
In malice to *proud wits*, ſome proudly lull
Their *peeviſh* reaſon; *vain* of being dull;
When ſome home joke has ſtung their *ſolemn* ſouls,
In vengeance they determine to be *fools*;
Through ſpleen, that *little* nature gave, make *beſt*,
Quite zealous in the way of *heavineſs*;
To *lumps* inanimate a fondneſs take;
And diſinherit ſons that are *awake*.
Theſe, when their utmoſt venom they would ſpit,
Moſt barbarouſly tell you—"*He's a wit*."

* Letters ſent to the author, ſigned MARCUS.

Poor *negroes*, thus, to ſhew their burning ſpite
To cacodemons, ſay, they're *dev'liſh white*.
LAMPRIDIUS, from the bottom of his breaſt,
Sighs o'er one child; but triumphs in the reſt.
How juſt his *grief!* one carries in his head
A leſs proportion of the father's lead;
And is in danger, without ſpecial grace,
To riſe above a juſtice of the peace.
The *dunghill-breed* of men a *diamond* ſcorn,
And feel a paſſion for a *grain of corn*;
Some ſtupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with *much* pains, exerting *all* his ſenſe,
Can range aright his ſhillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby father craves a booby ſon;
And by Heav'n's *bleſſing* thinks himſelf *undone*.
Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea;
One learns to *liſp*; another, *not* to ſee:
Miſs D——, tottering, catches at your hand:
Was ever thing ſo pretty born to ſtand?
Whilſt theſe, what nature gave, diſown, through pride,
Others affect what nature has deny'd;
What nature has deny'd, fools will purſue,
As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.
CRASSUS, a *grateful* ſage, our awe and ſport!
Supports grave forms; for forms the ſage ſupport.
He hems; and cries, with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair:"
Then quotes the *Stagyrite*, to prove it true;
And adds, "The learn'd delight in ſomething *new*."
Is't not enough the blockhead ſcarce can read,
But muſt he *wiſely* look, and *gravely* plead?
As far a *formaliſt* from *wiſdom* ſits,
In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

Theſe

Theſe ſubtle wights (ſo blind are mortal men,
Though Satire *couch* them with her keeneſt pen)
For ever will hang out a ſolemn face,
To put off *nonſenſe* with a better grace:
As pedlars with ſome hero's head make bold,
Illuſtrious mark! where *pins* are to be ſold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
The *body*'s wiſdom to conceal the mind.
A man of ſenſe can *artifice* diſdain;
As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *ſot*.
I find the *fool*, when I behold the *ſcreen*;
For 'tis the wiſe man's intereſt to be ſeen.
Hence, ———, that openneſs of heart,
And juſt diſdain for that poor *mimic* art;
Hence (manly praiſe!) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.
With generous ſcorn how oft haſt thou ſurvey'd
Of *court* and *town* the noontide maſquerade;
Where ſwarms of *knaves* the vizor quite diſgrace,
And hide ſecure behind a *naked face*?
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
Where gen'rous hearts the greateſt hazard run,
And he who truſts a *brother*, is undone?
Theſe all their care expend on outward ſhow
For wealth and fame; for fame alone, the *beau*.
Of late at WHITE's was young FLORELLO ſeen!
How blank his look! how diſcompos'd his mien!
So hard it proves in grief ſincere to feign!
Sunk were his ſpirits; for his coat was *plain*.
Next day his breaſt regain'd its wonted peace;
His health was mended with a *ſilver lace*.

A curious

A curious artiſt, long inur'd to toils
Of gentler ſort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by ſome god inſpir'd,
So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty ſoul was fir'd.
The well-ſwoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either ſhoulder has its ſhare of fame;
His ſumptuous *watch-caſe*, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good *conſcience*, ſolid joy ſupplies.
He only thinks himſelf (ſo far from vain!)
ST——PE in wit, in breeding D—L—E.
Whene'er, by *ſeeming* chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his *Tyrian* dye,
With how ſublime a tranſport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that deareſt friends muſt part.
In active meaſures, brought from *France*, he wheels,
And triumphs, conſcious of his learned *heels*.
So have I ſeen, on ſome bright ſummer's day,
A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inſpir'd by fame,
Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the ſtream.
MOROSE is ſunk with ſhame, whene'er ſurpris'd
In linen clean, or peruke undiſguis'd.
No ſublunary chance his veſtments fear;
Valu'd, like leopards, as their *ſpots* appear.
A fam'd ſurtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot ſwims in a capacious ſhoe;
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barb'rous *needle* at his fame:
But open force was vain; by night ſhe went,
And, while he ſlept, ſurpris'd the darling *rent*:
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
And glory, at one entrance, quite ſhut out *.

* MILTON.

He

He ſcorns FLORELLO, and FLORELLO him;
This hates the *filthy* creature; that, the *prim*:
Thus, in each other, both theſe fools deſpiſe
Their own dear ſelves, with undiſcerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The *ſloven* and the *fopling* are the ſame.

Ye whigs and tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you purſue;
Then both club nonſenſe, and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *ſentiments* divide.
You vent your ſpleen, as monkeys, when they paſs,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glaſs;
While both are *one*: and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both ſides ſhall ſtand for fools alone.

"But who art Thou?" methinks FLORELLO cries;
"Of all thy ſpecies art Thou only wiſe?"
Since ſmalleſt things can give our ſins a twitch,
As croſſing ſtraws retard a paſſing witch,
FLORELLO, thou my monitor ſhalt be;
I'll *conjure* thus ſome profit out of *thee*.
O THOU myſelf! abroad our counſels roam,
And, like ill huſbands, take no care at home:
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And Love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wiſe means to gain it haſt thou choſe?
Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of proſe.
Is thy ambition ſweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's paſt;
I'm nearer death in *this* verſe, than the *laſt*:
What then is to be done? Be wiſe with ſpeed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what ſo fooliſh as the chance of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!

For

For what are men who graſp at praiſe ſublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid ſtream of time,
That riſe, and fall, that ſwell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thouſand in an hour?

SATIRE

SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

MR. DODINGTON.

LONG, DODINGTON, in debt, I long have ſought
To eaſe the burthen of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you ſee;
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll aſk for *three*:
For whoſe the preſent glory, or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthleſs ſtrain.
You love and feel the poet's ſacred flame,
And know the baſis of a ſolid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend*;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raiſe my verſe, *conceal* your own.
An ill-tim'd modeſty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted *Britain* bright examples more?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too, decays,
And *dark* and *cold* are her declining days;

As

As if men now were of another caſt,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages paſt.
Men ſtill are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the ſons of cold deſpair;
Or, if they fail, they juſtly ſtill take place
Of ſuch who *run in debt* for their diſgrace;
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.
We bring ſome new materials, and what's old
New caſt with care, and in no *borrow'd* mould;
Late times the verſe may read, if theſe refuſe;
And from four critics vindicate the muſe.
" Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens ſtill, to take in fools like you:
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame;
For, grow but wiſe, you rob me of my game;
As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs purſue,
Renounce their four legs, and ſtart up on two.
Like the bold bird upon the banks of *Nile*,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy, (dread feaſt!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell *deſtroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than thoſe who thunder in the critic's name?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To ſee what wretches gain the praiſe they miſs.
Balbutius, muffled in his ſable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens ſolemn, and as *boding*, cries,
" Ten thouſand worlds for the three unities!"
Ye doctors ſage, who thro' *Parnaſſus* teach,
Or quit the tub, or practiſe what you preach.
One judges *as* the *weather* dictates; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night:

Another

Another judges by a ſurer gage,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage*;
Since his great anceſtors in *Flanders* fell,
The poem doubtleſs muſt be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *look*;
Another judges, for he *bought the book*;
Some judge, their knack of *judging wrong* to keep;
Some judge, becauſe it is too ſoon to *ſleep*.
Thus all will judge, and with one ſingle aim,
To gain themſelves, not give the writer, fame.
The very beſt *ambitiouſly* adviſe,
Half to ſerve you, and half to paſs for wiſe.
Critics on verſe, as *ſquibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate;
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink, and die.
Rail on, my friends! what more my verſe can crown
Than *Compton*'s ſmile, and your obliging frown?
Not all on *books* their *criticiſm* waſte:
The genius of a *diſh* ſome juſtly taſte,
And *eat* their way to *fame*; with anxious thought
The *ſalmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.
Impatient art rebukes the ſun's delay,
And bids *December* yield the fruits of *May*;
Their various cares in one great point combine
The buſineſs of their lives, that is—*to dine*.
Half of their precious day they give the *feaſt*;
And to a kind *digeſtion* ſpare the reſt.
APICIUS, here, the taſter of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to ſettle their renown.
Theſe worthies of the palate guard with care
The ſacred annals of their *bills of fare*;
In thoſe choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And ſcorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.

If

If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.
To glory ſome advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame:
Their front ſupplies what their ambition lacks;
They know a thouſand lords, *behind their backs*.
Cotil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And *H*——*y*'s eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom ſhe ne'er was ſeen.
NIGER adopts ſtray libels; wiſely prone
To covet ſhame ſtill greater than his own.
BATHYLLUS, in the winter of threeſcore,
Belyes his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Abſence of mind BRABANTIO turns to fame,
Learns to *miſtake*, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words and thoughts in nice *diſorder* ſet,
And takes a memorandum to *forget*.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns, or blots,
Men *forge the patents*, that create them ſots.
As love of pleaſure into pain betrays,
So moſt grow infamous thro' love of praiſe.
But whence for praiſe can ſuch an ardor riſe,
When thoſe, who bring that incenſe, we deſpiſe?
For ſuch the vanity of great and ſmall,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.
Nor can ev'n Satire blame them; for, 'tis true,
They have moſt ample cauſe for what they do.
O fruitful *Britain!* doubtleſs thou waſt meant
A nurſe of *fools*, to ſtock the continent.
Tho' PHOEBUS and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the ſcythe will grow.
The plenteous harveſt calls me forward ſtill,
'Till I ſurpaſs in length my lawyer's bill;

A WELCH

A WELCH deſcent, which well-paid heralds damn;
Or, longer ſtill, a DUTCHMAN's epigram.
When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.
  See TITYRUS, with merriment poſſeſt,
Is burſt with laughter, ere he hears the jeſt:
What need he ſtay? for when the joke is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *theſe*, ye fair! ſo great a dearth,
That you need purchaſe *monkeys* for your mirth?
  Some, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire;
Of *houſes* ſome; nay, houſes that they *hire*:
Some (perfect wiſdom!) of a beauteous *wife*;
And boaſt, like Cordeliers, a ſcourge for life.
  Sometimes, thro' pride, the ſexes change their airs;
My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *ſwears*;
Then, ſtranger ſtill! on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.
  To ſhew the ſtrength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.
What numbers are there, which at once purſue
Praiſe, and the glory to contemn it, too!
VINCENNA knows *ſelf-praiſe* betrays to *ſhame*,
And therefore lays a ſtratagem for fame;
Makes his approach in modeſty's diſguiſe,
To win applauſe; and takes it by ſurprize.
"To err," ſays he, "in ſmall things, is my fate."
You know your anſwer, *he's exact in great*.
"My *ſtile*," ſays he, "is rude and full of faults."
But oh! what ſenſe! what energy of thoughts!
That he wants algebra, he muſt confeſs;
But not a ſoul to give our arms ſucceſs.
"Ah; That's an hit indeed," *Vincenna* cries;
"But who in heat of blood was ever wiſe?

" I own 'twas wrong, when thouſands call'd me back,
" To make that hopeleſs, ill-adviſ'd, attack;
" All ſay, 'twas madneſs; nor dare I deny;
" Sure never fool ſo well deſerv'd to die."
Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, *Vincenna*, could deceive in *thee*;
Whoſe conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dulleſt cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on *one ſleeve* wilt thy *revenues* wear;
And haunt the court, without a *proſpect* there.
Are theſe expedients for renown? Confeſs
Thy *little ſelf*, that I may ſcorn thee leſs.
Be wiſe, *Vincenna*, and the court forſake;
Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I*, ſhall make.
Ev'n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,
In hardy ſervice make a long campaign;
Moſt manfully beſiege their patron's gate,
And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the *great*
With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at laſt, ſome *little place* by ſtorm;
Enough to keep *two ſhoes* on *Sunday* clean,
And *ſtarve* upon diſcreetly, in *Sheer Lane*.
Already *this* thy fortune can afford;
Then ſtarve without the *favour* of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes ſome great men confer;
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err:
From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come;
They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom:
The man that's neareſt, *yawning*, they advance:
'Tis *inhumanity* to *bleſs* by chance.
If *merit* ſues, and greatneſs is ſo loth
To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.
I grant at court, PHILANDER, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.

Of

Of every charm and virtue ſhe's poſſeſt;
Philander! thou art exquiſitely bleſt;
The public envy! Now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be *juſtly* proud:
But, ſee! how fickly is ambition's taſte!
Ambition feeds on traſh, and loaths a feaſt;
For, lo! *Philander*, of reproach afraid,
In *ſecret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.
Some nymphs ſell reputation; others buy;
And love a market where the rates run high:
Italian muſic's ſweet, becauſe 'tis dear;
Their *vanity* is tickled, not their *ear*:
Their taſtes would leſſen, if the prices fell,
And SHAKESPEAR's wretched ſtuff do quite as well;
Away the diſinchanted fair would throng,
And *own*, that *Engliſh* is their mother tongue.
To ſhew how much our northern taſtes refine,
Imported nymphs our peereſſes outſhine;
While *tradeſmen* ſtarve, theſe PHILOMELS are gay;
For generous lords had rather *give* than *pay*.
Behold the maſquerade's fantaſtic ſcene!
The *Legiſlature* join'd with *Drury-lane!*
When *Britain* calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And ſerve their *country*—if the *dance* is done.
"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"
Yes, doubtleſs; but firſt ſet your notions right.
Worth, of *politeneſs* is the needful ground;
Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.
Triflers not e'en in trifles can excel;
'Tis *ſolid* bodies only *poliſh* well.
Great, choſen prophet! For theſe latter days,
To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways!
Well, H——R, doſt thou thy *maſter* ſerve;
Well has he ſeen his *ſervant* ſhould not ſtarve.

Thou to his name haſt ſplendid *temples* rais'd;
In various forms of *worſhip* ſeen him prais'd,
Gaudy devotion, like a *Roman*, ſhown,
And ſung ſweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice*;
Thy ſacrifice ſupreme, an *hundred maids!*
That ſolemn rite of midnight maſquerades!
If maids the quite exhauſted town denies,
An hundred heads of *cuckolds* may ſuffice.
Thou ſmil'ſt, well pleas'd with the *converted* land,
To ſee the *fifty churches* at a ſtand.
And that thy miniſter may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted ſtill prevail,
Of *minor prophets* a ſucceſſion ſure
The propagation of thy zeal ſecure.
See commons, peers, and miniſters of ſtate,
In ſolemn council met, and deep debate!
What Godlike enterprize is taking birth?
What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
'Tis done! with loud applauſe the council rings!
Fix'd is the fate of *whores* and *fiddle-ſtrings!*
Tho' bold theſe truths, thou, Muſe, with truths like theſe,
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praiſe to pleaſe:
Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like juſt *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common ſenſe,
To write a *Satire*, which gave none *offence!*
And, ſince from *life* I take the draughts you ſee,
If men diſlike them, do they cenſure *me?*
The fool, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
And Godlike an attempt the world to mend;
The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honeſt men* pay all.

How

How hard for real worth to gain its price!
A man ſhall make his fortune in a trice,
If bleſt with pliant, tho' but ſlender, ſenſe,
Feign'd modeſty, and real impudence:
A ſupple knee, ſmooth tongue, an eaſy grace,
A curſe within, a ſmile upon his face;
A beauteous ſiſter, or convenient wife,
Are *prizes* in the lottery of life;
Genius and *virtue* they will ſoon defeat,
And lodge you in the boſom of the *great*.
To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*
For men's refuſing what you ought to gain.
May, DODINGTON, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my preſaging thoughts already view
By WALPOLE's conduct fir'd, and friendſhip grac'd,
Still higher in your Prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, *here*, thoſe awful councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with ſuch ſucceſs obey'd:
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendſhip dear;
What moſt we wiſh, with eaſe we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND ſome fair tree th' ambitious *Woodbine* grows,
And breathes her ſweets on the ſupporting boughs;
So ſweet the *verſe*, th' ambitious verſe, ſhould be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes ſupport from thee;
Thee, COMPTON, born o'er ſenates to preſide,
Their *dignity* to raiſe, their *councils* guide;
Deep to diſcern, and widely to ſurvey,
And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of diſtant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The *Crown*'s aſſerter, and the *People*'s friend:
Nor doſt thou ſcorn, amid ſublimer views,
To liſten to the labours of the *muſe*;
Thy ſmiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inſpire*.
Vex'd at a public fame, ſo juſtly won,
The jealous CHREMES is with ſpleen undone;

CHREMES,

CHREMES, for airy penſions of *renown*,
Devotes his ſervice to the *State* and *Crown*;
All ſchemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
Tho' *Britain*'s thankleſs, ſtill *this patriot* loves:
But patriots differ; ſome may ſhed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good;
Conſults the ſacred ſteam, and there foreſees
What ſtorms, or ſun-ſhine, Providence decrees;
Knows, for each day, the *weather* of our fate;
A *quid nunc* is an *almanack* of State.
You ſmile, and think *this* ſtateſman void of uſe:
Why may not time his ſecret worth produce?
Since *apes* can roaſt the choice *Caſtanian Nut*,
Since *ſteeds* of genius are expert at *Put*;
Since half the Senate *Not content* can ſay,
Geeſe nations ſave, and *puppies* plots betray.
What makes *him* model realms, and counſel kings?
An incapacity for ſmaller things:
Poor CHREMES can't conduct his *own eſtate*,
And thence has undertaken *Europe*'s fate.
GEHENNO leaves the realm to CHREMES' ſkill,
And boldly claims a province higher ſtill:
To raiſe a name, th' ambitious boy has got,
At once, a *Bible*, and a *ſhoulder-knot*;
Deep in the ſecret, he looks thro' the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *ſaves his ſoul*;
To talk with rev'rence you muſt take good heed,
Nor ſhock his *tender reaſon* with the Creed:
Howe'er well bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with *blaſphemies*.
Peerage is poiſon, good eſtates are bad
For this diſeaſe; poor rogues run ſeldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling ſtocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?

While the ſun ſhines, BLUNT talks with wondrous force;
But thunder mars *ſmall beer*, and *weak diſcourſe*.
Such uſeful *inſtruments* the weather ſhow,
Juſt as their *Mercury* is high or low:
Health chiefly keeps an Atheiſt in the dark;
A fever argues better than a *Clarke*:
Let but the logick in his *pulſe* decay,
The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns, with an unfeigned zeal,
Th' apoſtate youth, who reaſon'd *once* ſo well.
C——, who makes ſo merry with the Creed,
He almoſt thinks he diſbelieves *indeed*;
But only thinks ſo; to give both their due,
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
Of ſome for *glory* ſuch the boundleſs rage,
That they're the blackeſt *ſcandal* of their age.
NARCISSUS the *Tartarian club* diſclaims;
Nay, a *Free-maſon*, with ſome terror, names;
Omits no duty; nor can *envy* ſay,
He miſs'd, theſe many years, the *Church*, or *Play*:
He makes no noiſe in *Parliament*, 'tis true;
But pays his *debts*, and *viſit*, when 'tis due;
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean*;
A ſmile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wiſe and worthleſs ſhares.
In gay fatigues, this moſt undaunted chief,
Patient of *idleneſs* beyond belief,
Moſt charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in ev'ry public place;
As ſure as *cards*, he to th' *aſſembly* comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms:
When *Ombre* calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three:

NARCISSUS

NARCISSUS is the glory of his race;
For who does *nothing* with a better grace?
To deck my liſt, by nature were deſign'd
Such ſhining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Senſe to be right, and *paſſion* to be wrong.
To counterpoiſe this hero of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *ſingular* and *odd*;
What other men diſlike, is ſure to pleaſe,
Of all mankind, theſe dear *antipodes*;
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter ſtill,
And *birth-days* are their days of dreſſing *ill*.
ARD—T is a fool, and F—— a ſage,
S—LY will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature ſtreams run backward, flame deſcends,
Stones mount, and S——x is the worſt of friends;
They take their reſt by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And bluſh, if you ſurprize them in the *right*;
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A ſwan is white, or Q——Y is fair.
Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* faſhion, but a fool that's *out*,
His paſſion for abſurdity's ſo ſtrong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong;
Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more ſenſe is ſhewn
In wearing *others'* follies, than your *own*.
If what is out of faſhion moſt you prize,
Methinks you ſhould endeavour to be wiſe.
But what in oddneſs can be more ſublime
Than S——, the foremoſt *toyman* of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *ſhell* inhances,
And ASHMOLE's baby-houſe, is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich *Peru!*

How

How his eyes languiſh! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat, which JOSEPH *never* wore!
He ſhews, on *holidays*, a ſacred pin,
That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd queen BESS's chin.
" Since that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
" Since that great *plague* that ſwept as many more,
" Was ever year unbleſt as *this*?" he'll cry,
" It has not brought us one new *butterfly*!"
In times that ſuffer ſuch learn'd men as *theſe*,
Unhappy I——Y! how came *you* to pleaſe?
Not gaudy butterflies are LICO's game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the ſame;
Warm in purſuit, he *levées* all the great,
Stanch to the foot of *title* and *eſtate*:
Where-e'er their *lordſhips* go, they never find
Or LICO, or their *ſhadows*, lag behind;
He *ſets* them ſure, where-e'er their *lordſhips* run,
Cloſe at their elbows, as a *morning-dun*;
As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
And *fame* was, like a *fever*, to be caught:
But after ſeven years dance, from place to place,
The * *Dane* is more familiar with his Grace.
Who'd be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
Or living *pendant* dangling at his ear,
For ever whiſp'ring ſecrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
Who'd be a *glaſs*, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy *pin* to ſtick upon his ſleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchſafes *it* leave;
Or *cuſhion*, when his heavineſs ſhall pleaſe
To loll, or *thump* it, for his better eaſe;

* A *Daniſh* dog of the duke of *Argyle*.

Or

Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night, beſpoke,
When the peer *raſhly* ſwears he'll club his joke?
Who'd ſhake with laughter, tho' he could not find
His lordſhip's jeſt; or, if his noſe broke wind,
For bleſſings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry, *Chimney ſweep*, or drive a *plough?*
With terms like theſe, how mean the tribe that *cloſe!*
Scarce meaner they, who terms like theſe, *impoſe.*

But what's the tribe moſt likely to comply?
The men of ink, or antient authors lye;
The writing tribe, who ſhameleſs *auctions* hold
Of praiſe, by inch of candle to be ſold:
All men they flatter, but themſelves the moſt,
With deathleſs fame, their everlaſting boaſt:
For fame no cully makes ſo much her jeſt,
As her old conſtant ſpark, the bard profeſt.
" B—LE ſhines in council, M——T in the fight,
" P—L—M's magnificent; but I can write,
" And what to my great ſoul like glory dear?"
'Till ſome god whiſpers in his tingling ear,
That *fame*'s unwholeſome taken without *meat*,
And life is beſt ſuſtain'd by what is *eat:*
Grown *lean*, and *wiſe*, he curſes what he writ,
And wiſhes all his wants were in his *wit.*

Ah! what avails it, when his *dinner*'s loſt,
That his triumphant name adorns a *poſt?*
Or that his ſhining page (provoking fate!)
Defends Sirloins, which ſons of dulneſs *eat?*

What foe to verſe without compaſſion hears,
What cruel *proſe-man* can refrain from tears,
When the poor muſe, for leſs than half a crown,
A *proſtitute* on every bulk in town,
With other whores undone, tho' *not* in print,
Clubs *credit* for *Geneva* in the *Mint?*

Ye

Ye bards! why will you ſing, tho' uninſpir'd?
Ye bards! why will you *ſtarve*, to be *admir'd*?
Defunct by PHOEBUS' laws, beyond redreſs,
Why will your *ſpectres* haunt the frighted preſs?
Bad metre, that *excreſcence* of the head,
Like *hair*, will ſprout, altho' the poet's *dead*.
All other trades *demand*, verſe-makers *beg*;
A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
A barren *Labeo*, the true *mumper*'s faſhion,
Expoſes *borrow'd brats* to move *compaſſion*.
Tho' ſuch myſelf, vile bards I diſcommend;
Nay more, tho' gentle DAMON is my *friend*.
"Is't then a crime to *write*?"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear*:
For ſome, tho' few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unſeen the labours of the pen;
Who know the muſe's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her ſupport;
Who ſerve, *unaſk'd*, the *leaſt pretence* to wit;
My ſole excuſe, alas! for having writ.
A——LE true wit is ſtudious to reſtore;
And D——T ſmiles, if PHOEBUS ſmil'd before;
P——KE in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
And HENRIETTA like a muſe inſpires.
But, ah! not *inſpiration* can obtain
That fame, which poets languiſh for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirſt for glory, ſtrive
To graſp, what no man can poſſeſs *alive!*
Fame's a *reverſion* in which men take place
(O late reverſion!) at their own deceaſe.
This truth ſagacious LINTOT knows ſo well,
He *ſtarves* his authors, that their works may *ſell*.
That *fame* is *wealth*, fantaſtic poets cry;
That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply;

Who

Who know no guilt, no ſcandal, but in *rags*;
And *ſwell* in juſt proportion to their *bags*.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold*;
The firſt young lord, which in the *Mall* you meet,
Shall match the verieſt huncks in *Lombard-ſtreet*,
From reſcu'd candles' ends, who rais'd a ſum,
And ſtarves to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.
A *beardleſs* miſer! 'Tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a ſcandal *all* our own.
Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
Will mortgage CELIA to redeem their *land*.
For love, young, noble, rich, CASTALIO dies:
Name but the fair, love ſwells into his eyes.
Divine MONIMIA, thy fond fears lay down;
No rival can prevail,—but *half a crown*.
He glories to late times to be convey'd,
Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*:
Not ſuch ambition his great fathers fir'd,
When HARRY conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd:
He'd be a ſlave, a pimp, a dog, for gain:
Nay, a *dull ſheriff*, for his *golden chain*.
"Who'd be a ſlave?" the gallant Colonel cries,
While love of glory ſparkles from his eyes:
To deathleſs fame he loudly pleads his right,—
Juſt is his title,—for he will not *fight*:
All ſoldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
As maids of honour *beauty*,—by their *place*:
But, when indulging on the laſt campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of ſlain;
He gives the foes he ſlew, at each vain word,
A ſweet *revenge*, and *half abſolves* his ſword.
Of *boaſting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A *ſoldier* ſhould be modeſt as a *maid*:

Fame

Fame is a bubble the reſerv'd enjoy;
Who ſtrive to graſp it, as they *touch, deſtroy:*
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourſelf, the world is free.
Were there no tongue to ſpeak them but his own,
AUGUSTUS' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
AUGUSTUS' deeds! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and miſguides his aim,
Such is the Prince's worth, of whom I ſpeak,
The ROMAN would not bluſh at the miſtake.

SATIRE V.

ON

WOMEN.

O faireſt of creation! laſt and beſt
Of all God's *works! Creature in whom excell'd*
Whatever can to ſight, or thought, be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or ſweet!
How art thou loſt! ——— MILTON.

NOR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own:
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*:
Attend, and you diſcern it in the fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a *ſigh*.
The ſex we honour, tho' their faults we blame;
Nay, thank their faults for ſuch a *fruitful* theme:
A theme,

A theme, fair ——! doubly kind to me,
Since ſatyrizing *thoſe* is praiſing *thee*;
Who would'ſt not bear, too modeſtly refin'd,
A panegyric of a groſſer kind.
BRITANNIA's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, loſe their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarniſh to the fated ſight:
As unreſerv'd, and beauteous, as the ſun,
Through every *ſign* of vanity they run;
Aſſemblies, *Parks*, coarſe feaſts in *City-halls*,
Lectures, and *Trials*, *Plays*, *Committees*, *Balls*,
Wells, *Bedlams*, *Executions*, *Smithfield* ſcenes,
And *Fortune-tellers* Caves, and *Lions* Dens,
Taverns, *Exchanges*, *Bridewells*, *Drawing-rooms*,
Inſtallments, *Pillories*, *Coronations*, *Tombs*,
Tumblers, and *Funerals*, *Puppet-ſhows*, *Reviews*,
Sales, *Races*, *Rabbets*, (and ſtill ſtranger!) *Pews*.
CLARINDA's boſom burns, but burns for *Fame*;
And Love lies vanquiſh'd in a *nobler* flame;
Warm gleams of hope ſhe, *now*, diſpenſes; *then*,
Like *April* ſuns, dives into clouds again:
With all her luſtre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of *oſtentation*, hides her charms:
'Tis, next, her pleaſure ſweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a ſudden pain;
Then, ſhe ſtarts up, all ecſtaſy and bliſs,
And is, ſweet ſoul! juſt as ſincere in this:
O how ſhe rolls her charming eyes in *ſpite!*
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wiſe,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.
ZARA reſembles *Ætna* crown'd with ſnows;
Without ſhe freezes, and within ſhe glows:

Twice

Twice ere the ſun deſcends, with zeal inſpir'd,
From the vain converſe of the world retir'd,
She reads the *pſalms* and *chapters* for the day,
In —— CLEOPATRA, or the laſt new play.
Thus gloomy ZARA, with a ſolemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her *face*.
Nor far beneath her in *renown*, is ſhe,
Who, through good-breeding, is ill company;
Whoſe *manners* will not let her larum ceaſe,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when *at peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her ſubtle head,
And vows—*that her great-grandfather is dead*.
A dearth of words a *woman* need not fear;
But 'tis a taſk indeed to learn—*to hear*:
In that the ſkill of converſation lies;
That *ſhews*, or *makes*, you both polite and wiſe.
XANTIPPE cries, "Let nymphs, who nought can ſay,
"Be loſt in ſilence, and reſign the day;
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confeſs,
"By tame behaviour, and a ſoft addreſs;"
Through *virtue*, *ſhe* refuſes to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Through wiſdom, *ſhe* refuſes to ſubmit
To wiſdom's rules, and *ravès* to prove her *wit*;
Then, her unblemiſh'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her huſband's kindneſs with diſdain:
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind ſent,
Juſt *intimates* the lady's diſcontent.
Wine may indeed excite the meekeſt dame;
But keen XANTIPPE, ſcorning *borrow'd* flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and compoſing *tea*:

Nor reſts by night, but, more ſincere than nice,
She *ſhakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice:
Doubly, like echo, *ſound* is her delight,
And the *laſt word* is her eternal right.
Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, riſe
To laſh our crimes, but muſt our wives be *wiſe*?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong:
What *black*, what *ceaſeleſs* cares beſiege our ſtate!
What ſtrokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate!*
If fate forbears us, fancy ſtrikes the blow;
We *make* misfortune; *ſuicides* in woe.
Superfluous aid! unneceſſary ſkill!
Is *nature* backward to torment, or kill?
How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight*, bell,
(That iron tongue of death!) with ſolemn knell,
On *folly*'s errands, as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from home!
Men drop ſo faſt, ere life's mid ſtage we tread,
Few know ſo many friends *alive*, as *dead*.
Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace
We preſs coy fortune with unſlacken'd pace;
Our ardent labours for the *toys* we ſeek,
Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week:
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between *ſatiety* and *fierce deſire*.
Now what reward for all this grief and toil?
But *one*; a female friend's endearing ſmile;
A tender ſmile, our ſorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempeſt, the ſad ſailor's calm.
How have I ſeen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, perſuaſion in her eye;
Victorious tenderneſs! it all o'ercame,
Huſbands look'd mild, and *ſavages* grew tame.

The

The *Sylvan* race our active nymphs purſue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There *Maſter* BETTY leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair *Miſs* CHARLES to toilets is confin'd,
Nor raſhly tempts the barb'rous ſun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from *hunters* to the *manag'd ſteed*;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And FOBERT has the forming of the *Fair*.
More than *one* ſteed muſt DELIA's empire feel,
Who ſits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
And as ſhe guides it thro' th' admiring throng,
With what an air ſhe ſmacks the *ſilken* thong!
Graceful as JOHN, ſhe moderates the reins,
And whiſtles ſweet her *diuretic* ſtrains:
SESOSTRIS like, ſuch charioteers as *theſe*
May drive ſix harneſs'd *monarchs*, if they pleaſe:
They *drive*, *row*, *run*, with love of glory ſmit,
Leap, *ſwim*, *ſhoot flying*, and pronounce on *wit*.
O'er the *Belle-lettre* lovely DAPHNE reigns;
Again the god APOLLO wears her chains:
With legs toſs'd high, on her ſophee ſhe ſits,
Vouchſafing audience to contending wits:
Of each performance ſhe's the final teſt;
One act read o'er, ſhe prophefies the reſt;
And then, pronouncing with deciſive air,
Fully convinces all the town—*ſhe's fair*.
Had lovely DAPHNE HECATESSA's face,
How would her elegance of taſte decreaſe!
Some ladies' *judgment* in their *features* lies,
And all their *genius* ſparkles from their *eyes*.
"But hold," ſhe cries, "lampooner! have a care;
"Muſt I want common ſenſe, becauſe I'm fair?"

O no: ſee STELLA; her *eyes* ſhine as bright,
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She ſeems inſpir'd, and can herſelf inſpire:
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could DAPHNE publiſh, and could ſhe forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to *ſenſe*,
Nor is't a ſanction for *impertinence*.
SEMPRONIA lik'd her man; and well ſhe might;
The youth in perſon, and in parts, was bright;
Poſſeſs'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims juſt empire o'er the female heart:
He met her paſſion, all her ſighs return'd,
And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd:
Large his poſſeſſions, and beyond her own;
Their bliſs the theme, and envy of the town:
The day was fix'd, when, with one acre more,
In ſtepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diſeas'd, *threeſcore*.
The fatal ſequel I, through ſhame, forbear:
Of pride, and *av'rice*, who can cure the fair?
Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Thoſe few wants anſwer'd, bring ſincere delights;
But fools create themſelves new appetites:
Fancy, and pride, ſeek things at vaſt expence,
Which reliſh not to *reaſon*, nor to *ſenſe*.
When *ſurfeit*, or *unthankfulneſs*, deſtroys,
In *nature*'s narrow ſphere, our ſolid joys,
In *fancy*'s airy land of noiſe and ſhow,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleaſures, grow;
Like cats in air-pumps, to ſubſiſt we ſtrive
On joys too thin to keep the ſoul alive.
LEMIRA's ſick; make haſte; the doctor call:
He comes; but where's his patient? At the ball.

The

The doctor ſtares; her woman curtſies low,
And cries, " My Lady, Sir, is always ſo:
" Diverſions put her maladies to flight:
" True, ſhe can't *ſtand*, but ſhe can *dance* all night:
" I've known my Lady (for ſhe loves a tune)
" For *fevers* take an opera in *June*:
" And, tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
" A midnight Park is ſov'reign for a *cold*:
" With *cholics*, breakfaſts of green fruit agree;
" With *indigeſtions*, ſupper juſt at three."
A ſtrange alternative, replies Sir *Hans*,
Muſt women have a *doctor*, or a *dance*?
Though ſick to death, *abroad* they ſafely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home*:
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill;
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's pill*.

Alas, my heart! how languiſhingly fair
Yon lady lolls! With what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
O'er darling lines, fell CIBBER waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has * *Veny* chid?
Dead is her father, or the maſk forbid?
" Late ſitting up has turn'd her roſes white."
Why went ſhe not to bed? " Becauſe 'twas *night*."
Did ſhe then dance, or play? " Nor this, nor that."
Well night ſoon ſteals away in pleaſing chat,
" No, all alone, her *pray'rs* ſhe rather choſe;
" Than be that *wretch* to ſleep till morning roſe."
Then Lady CYNTHIA, miſtreſs of the ſhade,
Goes, with the *faſhionable* owls, to bed:
This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
Her ſoul is ſilly, but her body's wiſe.

* Lap-dog.

Others, with curious arts, dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
You, in the morning, a *fair* nymph invite;
To keep her word, a *brown* one comes at night:
Next day ſhe ſhines in gloſſy *black*; and then
Revolves into her native *red* again:
Like a dove's neck, ſhe ſhifts her tranſient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.
But *one* admirer has the painted laſs;
Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glaſs:
Yet LAURA's beautiful to ſuch exceſs,
That all her *art* ſcarce makes her pleaſe us *leſs*.
To deck the female cheek, HE only knows,
Who paints leſs fair the *lily*, and the *roſe*.
How gay *they* ſmile! Such bleſſings *nature* pours,
O'erſtock'd mankind enjoy but half her ſtores:
In diſtant wilds, by human eyes unſeen,
She rears her flow'rs, and ſpreads her velvet green:
Pure gurgling rills the lonely deſart trace,
And *waſte* their muſic on the ſavage race.
Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliſs?
Repine we *guiltleſs* in a world like this?
But our lewd taſtes her lawful charms refuſe,
And painted *art*'s deprav'd allurements chuſe.
Such FULVIA's paſſion for the town; freſh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and ſhady groves, and chryſtal ſprings,
And larks, and nightingales are odious things;
But ſmoke, and duſt, and noiſe, and crowds, delight;
And to be preſs'd to death, tranſports her quite:
Where ſilver riv'lets play through flow'ry meads,
And *woodbines* give their ſweets, and *limes* their ſhades,
Black kennels' abſent *odours* ſhe regrets,
And ſtops her noſe at beds of violets.

Is

Is ſtormy life preferr'd to the ſerene?
Or is the public to the private ſcene?
Retir'd, we tread a ſmooth and open way;
Through briars and brambles in the *world* we ſtray;
Stiff oppoſition, and *perplex'd* debate,
And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *ſtinging* hate,
Which choak our paſſage, our career controul,
And wound the firmeſt temper of our ſoul.
O ſacred ſolitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
By thy pure ſtream, or in thy waving ſhade,
We court fair wiſdom, that celeſtial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
(Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*:
There, from the ways of men laid ſafe aſhore,
We ſmile to hear the diſtant tempeſt roar;
There, bleſs'd with health, with buſineſs unperplex'd,
This life we reliſh, and enſure the *next*;
There too the *Muſes* ſport; theſe numbers free,
Pierian EASTBURY! I owe to thee.

There ſport the *Muſes*; but not there alone:
Their ſacred force AMELIA feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herſelf, AMELIA weds a wit:
Both wits! though miracles are ſaid to ceaſe,
Three days, three wond'rous days! they liv'd in peace;
With the fourth ſun a warm diſpute aroſe,
On DURFEY's poeſy, and BUNYAN's proſe:
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

PHOEBE, though ſhe poſſeſſes nothing leſs,
Is proud of being rich in happineſs:
Laboriouſly purſues deluſive toys,
Content with pains, ſince they're reputed joys.

With what well-acted tranſport will ſhe ſay,
" Well, ſure, we were ſo happy *yeſterday!*
" And then that charming party for *to-morrow!*"
Though, well ſhe knows, 'twill languiſh into ſorrow:
But ſhe dares never boaſt the *preſent* hour;
So groſs that cheat, it is beyond her power:
For ſuch is our weakneſs, or our curſe,
Or rather ſuch our crime, which ſtill is worſe,
The preſent moment, like a wife, we ſhun,
And ne'er enjoy, becauſe it is *our own.*
Pleaſures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleaſure, like *quickſilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*;
We ſtrive to graſp it with our utmoſt ſkill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters ſtill:
If ſeiz'd at laſt, compute your mighty gains;
What is it, but rank poiſon in your veins?
As ELAVIA in her glaſs an angel ſpies,
Pride whiſpers in her ear pernicious lyes;
Tells her, while ſhe ſurveys a face ſo fine,
There's no ſatiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and ſhe melts (ſweet ſoul!) in tears:
She, fond and young, laſt week, her wiſh enjoy'd,
In ſoft amuſement all the night employ'd;
The morning came, when STREPHON, waking, found
(Surpriſing ſight!) his bride in ſorrow drown'd.
" What miracle," ſays STREPHON, " makes thee weep?"
" Ah, barb'rous man!" ſhe cries, " how could you——
" *ſleep?*"
Men love a *miſtreſs*, as they love a *feaſt*;
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taſte?*
Yet ſure there is a certain time of day,
We wiſh our miſtreſs, and our meat, away:
But ſoon the ſated appetites return,
Again our ſtomachs crave, our boſoms burn:

Eternal

Eternal Love let man, then, never ſwear;
Let women never *triumph*, nor *deſpair*;
Nor praiſe, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill;
Hunger and Love are foreign to the *will*.
There is indeed a paſſion more refin'd,
For thoſe few nymphs whoſe charms are of the mind:
But not of that unfaſhionable ſet
Is PHYLLIS; PHYLLIS and her DAMON met.
Eternal Love exactly hits her taſte;
PHYLLIS demands eternal love at *leaſt*.
Embracing PHYLLIS with ſoft-ſmiling eyes,
Eternal Love I vow, the ſwain replies:
But ſay, my *All*, my *Miſtreſs*, and my *Friend!*
What day next week th' *Eternity* ſhall *end?*
Some nymphs prefer *aſtronomy* to *love*:
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philoſopher to ROWLEY flies,
Where, in a *box*, the whole creation lies:
She ſees the planets in their turns advance,
And ſcorns, POITIER, thy ſublunary dance:
Of DESAGULIER ſhe beſpeaks freſh air;
And WHISTON has *engagements* with the fair.
What vain experiments SOPHRONIA tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of ſcience reigns,
(O fickle ſex!) ſoon end her learned pains.
Lo! PUG from JUPITER her heart has got,
Turns out the ſtars, and NEWTON is a ſot.
To ——— turn; ſhe never took the height
Of SATURN, yet is ever in the right.
She ſtrikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind,
Graceful to ſight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquiſh'd, and the *wiſe* are taught.

Her

Her breeding finiſh'd, and her temper ſweet,
When ſerious, eaſy; and when gay, diſcreet;
In glitt'ring ſcenes, o'er her own heart, ſincere;
In crouds, collected; and in courts, ſevere;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well underſtood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet not ſuperior to her ſex's cares,
The mode ſhe fixes by the gown ſhe wears;
Of *ſilks* and *china* ſhe's the laſt appeal;
In theſe great points ſhe *leads* the commonweal;
And if diſputes of *empire* riſe between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and *Colberteen*,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkneſs! till ſuſpended fate
Aſſumes *her* nod, to cloſe the grand debate.
When ſuch her mind, why will the fair expreſs
Their emulation only in their *dreſs?*
But, oh! the nymph that mounts above the *ſkies*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious myſteries,
Reſolv'd the *church*'s welfare to enſure,
And make her family a *fine-cure:*
The theme divine at *cards* ſhe'll not forget,
But *takes* in texts of Scripture at *picquet*;
In thoſe licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her *Maker* that her *cards* are good.
What angels would thoſe be, who thus excel
In theologics, could they *few* as well!
Yet why ſhould not the fair her text purſue?
Can ſhe more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard, too, ſhe who makes no uſe but *chat*
Of her religion, ſhould be barr'd in that.
ISAAC, a brother of the canting ſtrain,
When he has knock'd at his own ſkull in vain,
To beauteous MARCIA often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.

O how

O how his pious ſoul exults to find
Such love for *holy* men in woman-kind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her *bloom*, like an induſtrious *bee*;
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts ſweet wiſdom from ſo fair a *flower!*
The *young* and *gay* declining, APPIA flies
At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wiſe*:
By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,
She impiouſly prefers the *world* to *love*.
Can wealth give happineſs? look round, and ſee
What gay diſtreſs! what ſplendid miſery!
Whatever fortune laviſhly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat; believe not what it ſays;
Like any lord it *promiſes*—and *pays*.
How will the miſer ſtartle, to be told
Of ſuch a wonder, as *inſolvent* gold!
What nature *wants* has an intrinſic weight;
All *more*, is but the faſhion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us *now*; *anon* we caſt anew;
To ſome freſh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.
Miſtaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accompliſhments will win the fair:
The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* ſhould be won,
As *flow'rs* unfold their beauties to the *ſun*;
And yet in female ſcales a fop out-weighs,
And wit muſt wear the *willow* and the *bays*.
Nought ſhines ſo bright in vain LIBERIA'S eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;

For

For him, as yet unhang'd, ſhe ſpreads her charms,
Snatches the dear deſtroyer to her arms;
And amply gives (though treated long amiſs)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*,
If you reſent, and wiſh a *woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.
The *languid* lady next appears in ſtate,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, ſtaggers, till ſome foreign aid
To her own ſtature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to ſo *ſevere* a doom,
She, by juſt ſtages, *journeys* round the room:
But, knowing her own weakneſs, ſhe deſpairs
To ſcale the *Alps*—that is, aſcend the *ſtairs*.
My fan! let others ſay, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! glove! ſcarf! is her *laconic* ſtile;
And that is ſpoke with ſuch a dying fall,
That *Betty* rather *ſees*, than *hears* the call:
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
O liſten with attention moſt profound!
Her voice is but the ſhadow of a ſound.
And help! oh help! her ſpirits are ſo dead,
One hand ſcarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a ſtubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! ſhe ſinks away! and is no more.
Let the robuſt, and the gigantic *carve*,
Life is not worth ſo much, ſhe'd rather *ſtarve*:
But chew ſhe muſt herſelf; ah cruel fate!
That ROSALINDA can't by *proxy* eat.
An *antidote* in female caprice lies
(Kind heav'n!) againſt the *poiſon* of their eyes.
THALESTRIS triumphs in a manly mien;
Loud is her accent, and her phraſe obſcene.

In

In fair and open dealing where's the ſhame?
What nature dares to *give*, ſhe dares to *name*.
This *honeſt fellow* is ſincere and plain,
And juſtly gives the jealous huſband pain.
(Vain is the talk to petticoats aſſign'd,
If wanton language ſhews a *naked* mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath ſupplies the vacancies of ſenſe.
Hark! the ſhrill notes tranſpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to ſwear.
By JOVE, is faint, and for the ſimple ſwain;
She, on the Chriſtian Syſtem, is prophane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dreſs*, ſhe's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When JOVE deputes a lady in his ſtead?
A *lady!* pardon my miſtaken pen,
A ſhameleſs woman is the worſt of *men*.
Few to good-breeding make a juſt pretence;
Good-breeding is the bloſſom of good-ſenſe;
The laſt reſult of an accompliſh'd mind,
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns;
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With *Chineſe* painters modern *toaſts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity*:
They *throw* their perſons with a hoyden air
Acroſs the room, and *toſs* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modeſt look, the caſtigated grace,
The gentle movement, and ſlow-meaſur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pray'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.

Stiff

Stiff forms are bad; but let not worſe intrude,
Nor conquer *art* and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And lady *D*———'s ſelf will be polite.
Ye riſing fair! ye bloom of *Britain*'s iſle!
When high-born ANNA, with a ſoften'd ſmile,
Leads on your train, and ſparkles at your head,
What ſeems moſt hard, is, not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with ſucceſs purſue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.
But adoration! give me ſomething *more*,
Cries LYCE, on the borders of *threeſcore*:
Nought treads ſo ſilent as the foot of *time*;
Hence we miſtake our autumn for our prime;
'Tis greatly wiſe to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we *grow old*.
Autumnal LYCE carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breaſt a miſtreſs warms,
Who looks through ſpectacles to ſee your charms!
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his ſpade the *ſexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conqueſts, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has ſummon'd *ſprites* away,
She walks at noon, and blaſts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow ſilks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of LYCE but *herſelf* is old.
Her grizzled locks aſſume a *ſmirking* grace,
And art has *levell'd* her deep-furrow'd face.
Her ſtrange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll aſk her *bleſſing*, but can't aſk her *love*.
She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline
(All ladies *but* herſelf) at *ninety-nine*.

O how unlike her is the ſacred age
Of prudent PORTIA! *Her* grey hairs *engage*;
Whoſe thoughts are ſuited to her life's decline:
Virtue's the paint that can with *wrinkles* ſhine.
That, and that *only*, can old age ſuſtain;
Which yet all wiſh, nor know they wiſh for *pain*.
Not num'rous are our joys, when life is new;
And yearly ſome are falling of the *few*;
But when we conquer life's meridian ſtage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop *apace*; by *nature* ſome decay,
And ſome the blaſts of *fortune* ſweep away;
'Till naked quite of happineſs, aloud
We call for death, and *ſhelter* in a ſhroud.
Where's PORTIA now?—But PORTIA left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
Like bluſhing roſe-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
Who into ſhelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and *paſſion* toſs it to and fro;
Awhile torment, and then quite *ſink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans, ſince in ſilent duſt
Your beſt *example* lies, my *precepts* truſt.
Life ſwarms with ills; the *boldeſt* are afraid;
Where then is ſafety for a *tender maid*?
Unfit for conflict, round beſet with woes,
And *man*, whom leaſt ſhe fears, her worſt of foes!
When kind, moſt cruel; when oblig'd the moſt,
The leaſt obliging; and by favours loſt.
Cruel by nature, they for kindneſs hate;
And ſcorn you for thoſe ills *themſelves* create.

If

If on your fame *our* ſex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever ſtick, through malice of your *own*.
Moſt hard! in pleaſing your chief *glory* lies;
And yet from pleaſing your chief *dangers* riſe:
Then pleaſe the *Beſt*; and know, for men of ſenſe,
Your ſtrongeſt charms are native innocence.
Art on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *ſimple* manners all the ſecret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bleſt and wiſe.
Vain *ſhew* and *noiſe* intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddineſs*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praiſe,
Which, all thoſe wretches I deſcribe, betrays.
Your ſex's glory 'tis, to ſhine *unknown*;
Of all applauſe, be fondeſt of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind!* that thirſt
With which the age is eminently curſt:
To drink of *pleaſure*, but inflames deſire;
And abſtinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb;
Give peace *in hand*; and promiſe bliſs *to come*.

SATIRE

SATIRE VI.

ON

WOMEN.

Inſcribed to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the

Lady ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen & tollit comœdia vocem. HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroneſs, but ſought in vain.
APOLLO whiſper'd in my ear—"GERMAIN."—
I know her not.—"Your reaſon's ſomewhat odd;
"Who knows his patron, now?" reply'd the god.
"Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
"Then ſteal great names, to ſhield them from the town.
"Detected *worth*, like *beauty* diſarray'd,
"To covert flies, of *praiſe* itſelf afraid:
"Should *ſhe* refuſe to patronize your lays,
"In vengeance write a volume in *her praiſe*.

" Nor think it hard ſo great a length to run;
" When ſuch the theme, 'twill eaſily be done."
Ye fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human ſtrength;
You, *here*, in miniature your picture ſee;
Nor hope from ZINCKS more juſtice than from me.
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *ſide*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench*, your pride:
He's *dear*, you *frugal*; chooſe my *cheaper* lay;
And be your *reformation* all my *pay*.
LAVINIA is *polite*, but not *profane*;
To *Church* as conſtant as to *Drury-lane*.
She decently, *in form*, pays heav'n its due;
And makes a civil viſit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a ſolemn air,
Conceals her face, which *paſſes* for a *prayer*:
Curtſies to curtſies, then, with grace, ſucceed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the *Creed*.
Or if ſhe joins the Service, 'tis to *ſpeak*;
Thro' dreadful *ſilence* the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himſelf, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *ſweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd*;
For they're before their Maker—and *mankind*:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
SATAN himſelf will toll the pariſh bell.
Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
DRUSA receives her viſitants in bed;
But, chaſte as ice, this *Veſta*, to defy
The very blackeſt tongue of calumny,
When from the ſheets her lovely form ſhe lifts,
She begs you *juſt* wou'd *turn you*, while ſhe *ſhifts*.
Thoſe charms are greateſt which decline the ſight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.

There is no *woman*, *where* there's no *reſerve*;
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *ſtarve*.
But with a modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of ſpirit*.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye;
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
" Or if you take a lion by the beard *,
" Or dare defy the fell *Hyrcanian* pard,
" Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough *Ruſſian* bear,"
Firſt *make your will*, and then *converſe* with her.
This lady glories in profuſe expence;
And thinks *diſtraction* is *magnificence*.
To beggar her gallant, is *ſome* delight;
To be more fatal ſtill, is *exquiſite*;
Had ever nymph ſuch reaſon to be glad?
In *duel* fell two lovers; one run *mad*.
Her *foes* their honeſt execrations pour;
Her *lovers* only ſhould *deteſt* her more.

FLAVIA is conſtant to her old gallant,
And generouſly ſupports him in his want;
But marriage is a fetter, is a ſnare,
A hell, no lady ſo polite can bear.
She's faithful, ſhe's obſervant, and with pains
Her angel-brood of *baſtards* ſhe maintains.
Nor leaſt advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.

AMASIA hates a prude, and ſcorns reſtraint;
Whate'er ſhe *is*, ſhe'll not *appear* a ſaint:
Her ſoul ſuperior flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is ſo free,
Some might ſuſpect the nymph not *over-good*—
Nor would they be miſtaken, if they ſhould.

* SHAKESPEARE.

Unmarried ABRA puts on formal airs;
Her cuſhion's thread-bare with her conſtant prayers.
Her only grief is, that ſhe cannot be
At once engag'd in *prayer* and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her juſtice, muſt be ſaid,
"*Who would not think that* ABRA *was a maid?*"
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no diſeaſe reduce her pride before,
LAVINIA will be raviſh'd at threeſcore.
Then ſhe ſubmits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her ſpark.
LUCIA thinks happineſs conſiſts in ſtate;
She weds an *ideot*, but ſhe eats in *plate*.
The goods of fortune, which her ſoul poſſeſs,
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happineſs;
The rude *material*: *wiſdom* add to *this*,
Wiſdom, the ſole *artificer* of bliſs;
She from herſelf, if ſo compell'd by need,
Of *thin content* can draw the ſubtle thread;
But (no detraction to her ſacred ſkill)
If ſhe can work in *gold*, 'tis better ſtill.
If TULLIA had been bleſt with *half* her ſenſe,
None could too much admire her excellence:
But ſince ſhe can make *error* ſhine ſo bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With underſtanding ſhe is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accompliſhments undone:
With ſkill ſhe vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever moſt *divinely* in the *wrong*.
Naked in nothing ſhould a woman be;
But veil her very *wit* with *modeſty*:
Let man *diſcover*, let not her *diſplay*,
But yield her *charms of mind* with ſweet delay.

For

For pleaſure form'd, perverſely ſome believe,
To make themſelves *important*, men muſt *grieve*.
LESBIA the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the fop ſhe laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain ſhe's *proud* of ſecret innocence;
The fact ſhe feigns were ſcarce a worſe offence.
MIRA, endow'd with every charm to bleſs,
Has no deſign, but on her huſband's *peace*:
He lov'd her much; and greatly was he mov'd
At ſmall inquietudes in her he lov'd.
"*How charming this!*"—The pleaſure laſted long;
Now every day the fits come thick and ſtrong:
At laſt he found the charmer only *feign'd*;
And was diverted when he *ſhould* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in ſtore?
How tedious life, now ſhe can *plague* no more!
She tries a thouſand arts; but none ſucceed:
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed*:
Thus ſtrictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her huſband's *pain* was dearer than her *life*.
Anxious MELANIA riſes to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due:
Viſit, preſent, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majeſty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges, querulouſly ſhrill.
"You went laſt night with CELIA to the ball."
You prove it falſe. "Not go! that's worſt of all."
Nothing can pleaſe her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *ſame*.
Her lover muſt be *ſad*, to pleaſe her ſpleen;
His *mirth* is an inexpiable ſin:
For of all *rivals* that can pain her breaſt,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the reſt;

To wreck her quiet, the moſt dreadful ſhelf
Is if her lover dares enjoy himſelf.
And this, becauſe ſhe's exquiſitely fair:
Should I diſpute her beauty, how ſhe'd ſtare!
How would MELANIA be ſurpriz'd to hear
She's quite deform'd! And yet the caſe is clear;
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces ſhine?
They, like the ſun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms* becauſe the ſoul is *ſeen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
Some, none *reſiſt*, tho' not exceeding fair.
ASPASIA's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taſte refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her ſuperior ſenſe,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.
"Folks are ſo aukward! Things ſo unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's ſhock'd where-e'er ſhe goes;
Each *creature's imperfections* are her *woes*.
Heav'n by its favour has the fair diſtreſt,
And pour'd ſuch bleſſings—that ſhe *can't* be bleſt.
Ah! why ſo vain, though blooming in thy ſpring,
Thou *ſhining, frail, ador'd*, and *wretched* thing?
Old-age *will* come; diſeaſe *may* come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threeſcore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms, may ſoon decay:
But grant theſe *fugitives* prolong their ſtay,
Their baſis totters, their foundation ſhakes;
Life, that ſupports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *wrought* into the ſoul let virtues ſhine;
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

JULIA's

JULIA's a manager; ſhe's born for rule;
And knows her *wiſer* huſband is a *fool*;
Aſſemblies holds, and ſpins the *ſubtle thread*
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed:
For difficult amours can ſmooth the way,
And tender letters *dictate*, or *convey*.
But if depriv'd of ſuch important cares,
Her wiſdom condeſcends to leſs affairs.
For her *own* breakfaſt ſhe'll *project a ſcheme*,
Nor *take* her *tea* without a *ſtratagem*;
Preſides o'er *trifles* with a *ſerious* face;
Important, by the virtue of *grimace*.
Ladies ſupreme among amuſements reign;
By nature born to *ſooth*, and *entertain*.
Their *prudence* in a ſhare of folly lies:
Why will they be ſo *weak*, as to be *wiſe*?
SYRENA is for ever in extremes,
And *with a vengeance* ſhe commends, or blames,
Conſcious of her diſcernment, which is good,
She ſtrains too much to make it underſtood.
Her *judgment* juſt, her *ſentence* is too ſtrong;
Becauſe ſhe's right, ſhe's ever in the wrong.
BRUNETTA's wiſe in actions great, and rare;
But ſcorns on *trifles* to beſtow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour BRUNETTA is to blame,
Becauſe th' occaſion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, though it ſmall appear;
Small ſands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.
Go breakfaſt with ALICIA, there you'll ſee,
Simplex munditiis, to the laſt degree:
Unlac'd her ſtays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what ſhe has of head-dreſs is aſide.

She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwaſh'd her hands, and much beſnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, ſhe loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as ſoon as gloves.
Gloves by queen BESS's maidens might be miſt;
Her bleſſed eyes ne'er ſaw a female *fiſt*.
Lovers, beware! to *wound* how can ſhe fail
With ſcarlet finger, and long jetty nail?
For H——y the firſt *wit* ſhe cannot be,
Nor, cruel R——d, the firſt *toaſt*, for thee.
Since full each other ſtation of *renown*,
Who would not be the greateſt *trapes* in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A *female ſloven* is an odious ſight.
Fair ISABELLA is ſo fond of *fame*,
That her *dear ſelf* is her eternal theme;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft ſhe'll ſay,
"Methinks I look ſo wretchedly to-day!"
When moſt the world applauds you, moſt beware;
'Tis often leſs a *bleſſing* than a *ſnare*.
Diſtruſt *mankind*; with your own *heart* conſer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.
The breath of *others* raiſes our renown;
Our *own* as ſurely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Leſt ſoon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.
But own I muſt, in this perverted age,
Who moſt *deſerve*, can't always moſt *engage*.
So far is worth from making glory ſure,
It often hinders what it *ſhould* procure.
Whom praiſe we *moſt*? The virtuous, brave, and wiſe?
No; wretches, whom, in ſecret, we deſpiſe.
And who ſo blind, as not to ſee the cauſe?
No rivals rais'd by ſuch *diſcreet* applauſe;

And

And yet, of credit it lays in a ſtore,
By which our ſpleen may wound *true* worth the more.
Ladies there are who think *one* crime is *all*:
Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
So ſweet is *that one* crime they don't purſue,
To pay its loſs, they think *all* others *few*.
Who hold *that* crime ſo dear, muſt never claim
Of *injur'd modeſty* the ſacred name.
But CLIO thus: "What! railing without end?
"Mean taſk! how much more gen'rous to commend!"
Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
My kind *inſtructor*, and *example* too.
"DAPHNIS," ſays CLIO, "has a charming eye:
"What pity 'tis her ſhoulder is awry!
"ASPASIA's ſhape indeed—But then her air—
"The man has parts who finds deſtruction there.
"ALMERIA's wit has ſomething that's divine;
"And wit's enough—how few in all things ſhine!
"SELINA ſerves her friends, relieves the poor—
"Who was it ſaid SELINA's near threeſcore?
"At LUCIA's match I from my ſoul rejoice;
"The world congratulates ſo wiſe a choice;
"His lordſhip's rent-roll is exceeding great—
"But mortgages will ſap the beſt eſtate.
"In SHERLEY's form might cherubims appear;
"But then—ſhe has a *freckle* on her *ear*."
Without a *but*, HORTENSIA ſhe commends,
The firſt of women, and the beſt of friends;
Owns her in perſon, wit, fame, virtue, bright:
But how comes this to paſs?—She dy'd laſt night.
Thus nymphs commend, who yet at ſatire rail:
Indeed *that*'s needleſs, if *ſuch praiſe* prevail.
And whence ſuch praiſe? Our virulence is thrown
On *others'* fame, thro' fondneſs for our *own*.

Of

Of rank and riches proud, CLEORA frowns;
For are not *coronets* akin to *crowns*?
Her greedy eye, and her ſublime addreſs,
The height of *avarice* and *pride* confeſs.
You ſeek perfections worthy of her rank;
Go, ſeek for her perfections at the Bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reaſon uncontroul'd,
For ever burns her ſacred thirſt of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the verieſt *cit*;
And quite as much deteſted as a *wit*.
Can gold calm *paſſion*, or make *reaſon* ſhine?
Can we dig *peace*, or *wiſdom*, from the mine?
Wiſdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much leſs
To make our *fortune*, than our *happineſs*.
That happineſs which great ones often ſee,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree;
Themſelves unbleſt. The poor are *only* poor;
But what are they who *droop* amid their ſtore?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch *of ſtate*;
The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
Peaſants enjoy like appetites with kings;
And thoſe beſt ſatisfied with cheapeſt things.
Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *ſenſe*,
Our envy would be due to large expence.
Since not, thoſe pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery!
They languiſh! oh ſupport them with a *lye*!
A *decent competence* we fully taſte;
It ſtrikes our *ſenſe*, and gives a conſtant feaſt:
More, we perceive by dint of thought alone;
The rich muſt *labour* to poſſeſs *their own*,
To feel their great abundance; and requeſt
Their humble friends to *help* them to be bleſt;

To

To *ſee* their treaſures, *hear* their glory told,
And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.
But ſome, great ſouls! and touch'd with warmth divine,
Give *gold* a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *ſhine*.
All *hoarded* treaſures they repute a load;
Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well beſtow'd.
Grand *reſervoirs* of public happineſs,
Through *ſecret* ſtreams diffuſively they bleſs;
And, while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *ſpare* our *bluſhes* too.
But Satire is my taſk; and *theſe* deſtroy
Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
Help me, ye miſers! help me to complain,
And blaſt our common enemy, G——N:
But our *invectives* muſt deſpair ſucceſs;
For next to *praiſe*, ſhe values nothing leſs.
What picture's yonder, looſen'd from its frame?
Or is't ASTURIA? that affected dame.
The brighteſt forms, through *affectation*, fade
To ſtrange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
Frown not, ye fair! ſo much your ſex we prize,
We hate thoſe *arts* that take you from our eyes.
In ALBUCINDA's native grace is ſeen
What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with eaſe,
Retain your gentle ſelves, and you *muſt* pleaſe.
Here might I ſing of MEMMIA's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the ſoft machine:
How two red lips affected *Zephyrs* blow,
To cool the *Bohea*, and inflame the *Beau*:
While one white *finger*, and a *thumb*, conſpire
To lift the *cup*, and make the world admire.
Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal ſtream!
As LETHE, dreadful to the *Love of Fame*.

What

What devaſtations on thy banks are ſeen!
What *ſhades* of mighty names which *once* have been!
An *hecatomb* of characters ſupplies
Thy painted altars daily ſacrifice.
H——, P——, B——, aſpers'd by thee, decay,
As grains of fineſt ſugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taſte:
Scandal's the ſweet'ner of a *female* feaſt.
But this inhuman triumph ſhall decline,
And thy revolting *Naiads* call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer ſhall ſerve *under* thee;
But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea!*
CITRONIA's noſe declares thy ruin nigh,
And who dares give CITRONIA's noſe the lie? *
The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue, blam'd;
At length, to reſcue man, the generous laſs
Stole from her conſort the pernicious glaſs;
As glorious as the *Britiſh* queen renown'd,
Who ſuck'd the poiſon from her huſband's wound.
Nor to the *glaſs* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.
O JUVENAL! for thy ſeverer rage!
To laſh the ranker follies of our age.
Are there, among the females of our iſle,
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *ſmile?*
There are. Vice, once by *modeſt nature* chain'd
And *legal ties*, expatiates unreſtrain'd;
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked ſhe ſtalks o'er *Law* and *Goſpel* too.
Our matrons lead ſuch exemplary lives,
Men ſigh in vain for *none*, but for their *wives*;

* —— *Solem quis dicere falſum*
Audeat? VIRG.

Who

Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a ſcore.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis ſtedfaſt hate,
And one eternal tempeſt of debate.
What foul eruptions, from a look moſt meek!
What thunders burſting, from a dimpled cheek!
Their *paſſions* bear it with a lofty hand!
But then, their *reaſon* is at due command.
Is there whom you deteſt, and ſeek his life?
Truſt no ſoul with the ſecret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And aſk, what kindred is a *ſpouſe* to them?
What ſwarms of am'rous *grandmothers* I ſee!
And miſſes, *antient* in iniquity!
What blaſting whiſpers, and what loud declaiming!
What lying, drinking, bawding, ſwearing, gaming!
Friendſhip ſo cold, ſuch warm incontinence;
Such griping av'rice, ſuch profuſe expence;
Such dead devotion, ſuch a zeal for crimes;
Such licens'd ill, ſuch maſquerading times;
Such venal faith, ſuch miſapply'd applauſe;
Such flatter'd guilt, and ſuch inverted laws;
Such diſſolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.
Since *Sundays* have no balls, the well-dreſs'd *belle*
Shines in the pew, but ſmiles to hear of *hell*;
And caſts an eye of ſweet diſdain on all,
Who liſtens leſs to C——NS, than St. *Paul*.
Atheiſts have been but rare; ſince nature's birth,
Till now, She-atheiſts ne'er appear'd on earth.
Ye men of deep reſearches, ſay, whence ſprings
This daring character, in timorous things?
Who ſtart at *feathers*, from an *inſect* fly,
A match for nothing—but the *Deity*.

But,

But, not to wrong the fair, the muſe muſt own
In this purſuit they court not fame alone;
But join to that a more ſubſtantial view,
" From thinking free, to be free agents too,"
They ſtrive with their own hearts, and keep them down,
In complaiſance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of *prude!*
And die with ſhame at thought of being *good!*
For what will ARTIMIS, the rich and gay,
What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs ſay?
They heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a ſlave;
Thro' cowardice, moſt execrably brave.
With our own judgments durſt we to comply,
In virtue ſhould we live, in glory die.
Riſe then, my muſe, in honeſt fury riſe;
They dread a Satire, who defy the Skies.
Atheiſts are few: moſt nymphs a Godhead own;
And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
From atheiſts far, they ſtedfaſtly believe
God is, and is Almighty——to *forgive.*
His other excellence they'll not diſpute;
But *mercy*, ſure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleaſures of a ſhort duration chain
A *lady*'s ſoul in everlaſting pain?
Will the great Author us poor worms deſtroy,
For now and then a *ſip* of tranſient joy?
No, he's for ever in a ſmiling mood;
He's like themſelves; or how could he be good?
And they blaſpheme, who blacker ſchemes ſuppoſe.—
Devoutly, thus, JEHOVAH they depoſe,
The *pure!* the *juſt!* and ſet up, in his ſtead,
A deity, that's perfectly *well-bred.*
" Dear T—L—N! beſure the beſt of men;
" Nor thought he more, than thought great ORIGEN.

" Though

" Though once upon a time he miſbehav'd;
" Poor SATAN! doubtleſs, he'll at length be ſav'd.
" Let prieſts do ſomething for their One in Ten;
" It is their *trade*; ſo far they're honeſt men.
" Let them cant on, ſince they have got the knack,
" And dreſs their notions, like themſelves, in *black*;
" Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,
" From joys of this, to keep them all their *own*.
" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
" But then they leave our *untyth'd virtue* free.
" *Virtue's a pretty thing to make a ſhow:*
" Did ever mortal write like ROCHEFOCAUT?"
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologiſt,
And, pleading, ſafely enters on his liſt.
Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *profane*.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face*?
Virtue made *viſible* in outward grace?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more ſhe *charms*, the more ſhe *ſhocks* mankind.
But charms decline: the Fair long vigils keep:
They ſleep no more! * *Quadrille* has murder'd ſleep.
" Poor K—P! cries LIVIA; I have not been there
" Theſe two nights; the poor creature will deſpair.
" I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
" And people of condition ſhould beſtow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—P's grave matrons run;
Now *ſet* a daughter, and now *ſtake* a ſon;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
And beggar half their race—thro' *charity*.
Immortal were we, or elſe mortal *quite*,
I leſs ſhould blame this criminal delight:

* SHAKESPEARE.

But

But ſince the gay aſſembly's gayeſt room
Is but an upper ſtory to ſome tomb,
Methinks, we need not our *ſhort* beings ſhun,
And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.
We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.
The love of gaming is the worſt of ills;
With ceaſeleſs ſtorms the blacken'd ſoul it fills;
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood;
Deſtroys the pow'r and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in diſgrace,
And, what is ſtill more dreadful—ſpoils your face.
See yonder ſet of thieves that live on ſpoil,
The *ſcandal*, and the *ruin* of our iſle!
And ſee, (ſtrange ſight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her ſnowy hand;
That rattles loud a ſmall enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board ſhe knocks.
And as fierce ſtorms, which earth's foundation ſhook,
From ÆOLUS's cave impetuous broke,
From this ſmall cavern a mix'd tempeſt flies,
Fear, rage, convulſion, tears, oaths, blaſphemies!
For men, I mean,—the fair diſcharges none;
She (guiltleſs creature!) ſwears to heav'n alone.
See her eyes ſtart! cheeks glow! and muſcles ſwell!
Like the mad maid in the *Cumean* cell.
Thus that divine one her *ſoft* nights employs!
Thus tunes her ſoul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The *die* ſpins lovely, or the *cards* go round;
Imaginary ruin charms her ſtill;
Her happy lord is cuckol'd by *ſpadil*:

And

And if ſhe's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her darling ſon.
O ſcene of horror, and of wild deſpair,
Why is the rich ATRIDES' ſplendid heir
Conſtrain'd to quit his antient lordly ſeat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?
Why that drawn ſword? And whence that diſmal cry?
Why pale diſtraction thro' the family?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling ſervants from the tempeſt creep.
Why that gay *ſon* to diſtant regions ſent?
What fiends that *daughter's* deſtin'd match prevent?
Why the whole houſe in ſudden ruin laid?
O nothing, but laſt night—my lady *play'd.*
But wanders not my Satire from my theme?
Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame?*
Though now your hearts on *lucre* are beſtow'd,
'Twas firſt a *vain devotion* to the *mode*;
Nor ceaſe we *here*, ſince 'tis a vice ſo ſtrong,
The torrent ſweeps all womankind along;
This may be ſaid, in honour of our times,
That none now ſtand *diſtinguiſh'd* by their crimes.
If ſin you muſt, take nature for your guide:
Love has ſome ſoft excuſe to ſooth your pride:
Ye fair apoſtates from love's antient pow'r!
Can nothing *raviſh*, but a *golden ſhow'r?*
Can cards alone your glowing fancy ſeize;
Muſt CUPID learn to *punt*, ere he can *pleaſe?*
When you're enamour'd of a *lift* or *caſt*,
What can the *preacher* more, to make us *chaſte?*
Why muſt ſtrong youths *unmarry'd* pine away?
They find no woman diſengag'd——*from play.*
Why pine the *marry'd*—O ſeverer fate!
They find from play no diſengag'd—*eſtate.*

FLAVIA, at lovers falſe, *untouch'd* and *hard*,
Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.
Nor ARRIA s bible can ſecure her age;
Her threeſcore years are ſhuffling with her page.
While *death* ſtands by, but till the game is done,
To ſweep *that ſtake*, in juſtice, long his *own*;
Like old cards ting'd with ſulphur, ſhe takes fire;
Or, like ſnuffs ſunk in ſockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods! with *new* delights inſpire the Fair;
Or give us *ſons*, and ſave us from deſpair.
Sons, brothers, fathers, huſbands, *tradeſmen*, cloſe
In my complaint, and brand your ſins in *proſe*:
Yet I believe, as firmly as my Creed,
In ſpite of all our wiſdom, you'll proceed:
Our pride ſo great, our paſſion is ſo ſtrong,
Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.
I hear you cry, "This fellow's very odd."
When *you* chaſtiſe, who would not kiſs the rod?
But I've a charm your anger ſhall controul,
And turn your eyes with coldneſs on the *vole*.
The charm begins! To yonder flood of light,
That burſts o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your ſight.
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your ſouls with awe?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law;
'Midſt empire's charms, how CAROLINA's heart
Glows with the love of *virtue*, and of *art!*
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Exceſs of goodneſs! it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were ſhown, or gen'rous thoughts,
She ſmil'd, *induſtrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the *borrow'd* luſtre drew.
* Thus the majeſtic mother of mankind,
To her own charms moſt amiably blind,

* MILTON.

On

On the green margin innocently ſtood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the chryſtal flood;
Survey'd the ſtranger in the painted wave,
And, ſmiling, prais'd the beauties which ſhe gave.

SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit IPSE, *canemus.* VIRG.

ON this laſt labour, this my cloſing ſtrain,
Smile, WALPOLE! or the *Nine* inſpire in vain:
To *thee*, 'tis due; that verſe how juſtly thine,
Where BRUNSWICK's glory crowns the whole deſign!
That glory, which thy counſels make ſo bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illuſtrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To *give*, and *take*, a luſtre from the throne.
Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *ſtream*.
How all mankind will be ſurpriz'd, to ſee
This flood of *Britiſh* folly charg'd on thee!
Say, *Britain!* whence this caprice of thy ſons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?

The

The cauſe is plain, a cauſe which we muſt bleſs;
For caprice is the daughter of *ſucceſs*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleaſing cauſe!)
And gives our rulers undeſign'd applauſe;
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increaſe,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.
While I ſurvey the bleſſings of our iſle,
Her *arts* triumphant in the royal ſmile,
Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* ſpreading ſails in every ſky,
The pleaſing ſcene recalls my theme again,
And ſhews the madneſs of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodſhed, draw the murd'ring ſword,
And burn to give mankind a ſingle lord.
The follies paſt are of a private kind;
Their ſphere is ſmall; their miſchief is confin'd:
But daring men there are (Awake, my muſe,
And raiſe thy verſe!) who bolder frenzy chuſe;
Who ſtung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The *world* their field, and *humankind* their prey.
The *Grecian* chief, th' enthuſiaſt of his *pride*,
With rage and terror ſtalking by his ſide,
Raves round the globe; he ſoars into a god!
Stand faſt, *Olympus!* and ſuſtain his nod.
The peſt divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miſeries and pains.
What ſlaughter'd *hoſts!* what *cities* in a blaze!
What waſted *countries!* and what crimſon *ſeas!*
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repoſe.
And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraiſe
The boiſt'rous boy, and blaſt his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the *ſtorm*,
Or *famine*, or *volcano?* They perform

Their mighty deeds: they, hero-like, can ſlay,
And ſpread their ample deſarts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With *dearth*, and *peſtilence*, to ſhare the crown!
When men extol a wild deſtroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preſerver they blaſpheme.
One to deſtroy, is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder *thouſands*, takes a ſpecious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal *fame*.
When, after battle, I the field have ſeen
Spread o'er with ghaſtly ſhapes, which once were men;
A *nation* cruſh'd, a nation of the *brave!*
A realm of death! and on this ſide the grave!
Are there, ſaid I, who from this ſad ſurvey,
This *human chaos*, carry ſmiles away?
How did my heart with indignation riſe!
How honeſt nature ſwell'd into my eyes!
How was I ſhock'd to think the hero's trade
Of ſuch materials, *fame* and *triumph* made!
How guilty theſe! Yet not leſs guilty they,
Who reach falſe glory by a ſmoother way:
Who wrap deſtruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and ſmiles, more fatal than their ſwords;
Who ſtifle *nature*, and ſubſiſt on *art*;
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart*;
All real kindneſs for the ſhew diſcard,
As marble poliſh'd, and as marble hard;
Who do for gold what Chriſtians do thro' Grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace:"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinneſt food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or, if they ſerve you, ſerve you diſinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindneſs, are unkind.

Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,
WALPOLE! when men forget to copy thee.
Here ceaſe, my Muſe! the *catalogue* is writ;
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
Tho' diſappointed thouſands juſtly blame
Thy partial pen, and boaſt an equal claim:
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furniſh laughter for another year.
Then let CRISPINO, who was ne'er refus'd
The *juſtice* yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait; and he content to reign
The pink of puppies in ſome future ſtrain.
Some future ſtrain, in which the Muſe ſhall tell
How *ſcience* dwindles, and how *volumes* ſwell.
How commentators each *dark* paſſage ſhun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *ſun*.
How tortur'd texts to ſpeak our ſenſe are made,
And every vice is to the Scripture laid.
How miſers ſqueeze a young voluptuous peer;
His ſins to LUCIFER not half ſo dear.
How VERRES is leſs qualify'd to ſteal
With ſword and piſtol, than with wax and ſeal.
How lawyers' fees to ſuch exceſs are run,
That clients are redreſs'd till they're undone.
How one man's anguiſh is another's ſport;
And ev'n denials coſt us dear at court.
How man eternally falſe judgments makes,
And all his joys and ſorrows are *miſtakes*.
This ſwarm of themes that ſettles on my pen,
Which I, like ſummer flies, ſhake off again,
Let others ſing; to whom my weak eſſay
But ſounds a prelude, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I haſten to complete
My own deſign; for TONSON's at the gate.

The love of Fame in its *effects* ſurvey'd,
The Muſe has ſung; be now the *cauſe* diſplay'd:
Since ſo diffuſive, and ſo wide its ſway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey?
Shot from above, by heav'n's indulgence, came
This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raiſe, to deify, mankind,
Still burning brighteſt in the nobleſt mind.
By large-ſoul'd men, for thirſt of fame renown'd,
Wiſe *laws* were fram'd, and ſacred *arts* were found;
Deſire of praiſe firſt broke the *patriot*'s reſt;
And made a bulwark of the *warrior*'s breaſt;
It bids ARGYLL in fields and ſenates ſhine.
What more can prove its origin divine?
But, oh! this paſſion planted in the ſoul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming miniſter of *virtue* meant,
Set up falſe gods, and wrong'd her high deſcent.
AMBITION, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties, an alternate ſource;
Hence GILDON rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcaſes of wit;
And in art-loving SCARBOROUGH is ſeen
How kind a pattern POLLIO *might* have been.
Purſuit of fame with pedants fills our ſchools,
And into *coxcombs* burniſhes our *fools*;
Purſuit of fame makes ſolid learning bright,
And NEWTON lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whoſe wit ſhe clears
Her long, long ſecrets of five thouſand years.
Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what *degrees*, pride ſways the ſoul?
(For though in all, not equally, ſhe reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my ſtrains.

Ye

Ye doctors! hear the doctrine I diſcloſe,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dulleſt proſe;
As if a letter'd dunce had ſaid, "'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* uſher'd it to light.
AMBITION, in the *truly noble mind*,
With Siſter-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd LUCRECE, who, with equal dread,
From *guilt*, and *ſhame*, by her laſt conduct, fled:
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm diſdain,
And the ſword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the ſlave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her ſide, her *Love of Fame* obey'd.
In *meaner minds* ambition works alone;
But with ſuch art puts virtue's aſpect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
* The God and mortal in the comic ſcene.
Falſe JULIUS, ambuſh'd in this fair diſguiſe,
Soon made the *Roman* liberties his prize.
No maſk in *baſeſt minds* ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her aſs's ears:
All I have ſung are inſtances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiſs.
Ye *vain!* deſiſt from your erroneous ſtrife;
Be wiſe, and quit the *falſe* ſublime of life,
The *true* ambition there alone reſides,
Where *juſtice* vindicates, and *wiſdom* guides;
Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* ſtate;
Our *purpoſe* good, as our *atchievement* great;
Where public *bleſſings* public *praiſe* attend;
Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.
Would'ſt thou be *fam'd?* Have thoſe high deeds in view
Brave men would act, though *ſcandal* ſhould enſue.

* AMPHITRYON.

Behold

Behold a Prince! whom no ſwoln thoughts inflame;
No pride of thrones, no fever after *Fame!*
But when the welfare of mankind inſpires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conqueſts then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, ſparkle in his ſight;
Tumult and *noiſe* are dear, which with them bring
His people's bleſſings to their ardent king:
But, when thoſe great heroic motives ceaſe,
His ſwelling ſoul ſubſides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A *ſudden* foe to ſplendor and applauſe;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly ſhout his name.
O pride celeſtial! which can pride diſdain;
O bleſt ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.
From one fam'd *Alpine* hill, which props the ſky,
In whoſe deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burſt the *Rhone*, and ſounding *Po*; there ſhine,
In infant rills, the *Danube* and the *Rhine*;
From the rich ſtore one fruitful urn ſupplies,
Whole kingdoms ſmile, a thouſand harveſts riſe.
In BRUNSWICK ſuch a ſource the Muſe adores,
Which public bleſſings thro' half *Europe* pours.
When his heart burns with ſuch a godlike aim,
Angels and GEORGE are *rivals* for the fame;
GEORGE! who in foes can ſoft affections raiſe,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praiſe.
* Nor *human* rage alone his pow'r perceives,
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves*.
Ev'n ſtorms (death's fierceſt miniſters!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to ſpare.

* The king in danger by ſea.

Thus,

Thus, *nature's ſelf*, ſupporting *man's* decree,
Stiles *Britain's* ſovereign, ſovereign of the *ſea*.
While *ſea* and *air*, great BRUNSWICK! ſhook our State,
And ſported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what ſhe lov'd, and preſs'd by fear,
Of *ever* loſing what ſhe held moſt dear,
How did BRITANNIA, like * ACHILLES, weep,
And tell her ſorrows to the *kindred deep!*
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for Thee, with the ſurge, and fight the ſtorm!
What felt thy WALPOLE, pilot of the realm!
Our PALINURUS † ſlept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long ſince enur'd to wake,
And out-watch every ſtar for BRUNSWICK's ſake:
By thwarting paſſions toſt, by cares oppreſt,
He found the tempeſt pictur'd in his breaſt:
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart diſpel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
At will, to raiſe, or huſh, the *civil* ſtorm.

* HOM. Il. lib. I.

† *Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem*, &c. VIRG. lib. V.

ODE,

O D E,

OCCASIONED BY

HIS MAJESTY'S

ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE

SEA SERVICE.

I THINK

I THINK Myſelf obliged to recommend to you a Conſideration of the greateſt Importance; and I ſhould look upon it as a great Happineſs, if, at the Beginning of My Reign, I could ſee the Foundation laid of ſo great and neceſſary a Work, as the Increaſe and Encouragement of our Seamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by Force and Violence, to enter into the Service of their Country, as oft as Occaſion ſhall require it: A Conſideration worthy the Repreſentatives of a People great and flouriſhing in Trade and Navigation. This leads Me to mention to you the caſe of *Greenwich Hoſpital*, that Care may be taken, by ſome Addition to that Fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable Proviſion, for the Support and Maintenance of Our Seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by Age and Infirmities, in the Service of their Country.

[SPEECH, *Jan.* 27, 1727-8.]

TO

TO THE KING.

M.DCC.XXVIII.

I.

OLD OCEAN's praiſe
Demands my lays;
A truly *Britiſh* theme I ſing;
A theme ſo great,
I dare complete,
And join with OCEAN, *Ocean*'s King.

II.

The *Roman* Ode
Majeſtic flow'd:
Its *ſtream* divinely clear, and ſtrong;
In ſenſe, and ſound,
Thebes roll'd profound;
The *torrent* roar'd, and foam'd along.

III. Let

III.

Let *Thebes*, nor *Rome*,
So fam'd, preſume
To triumph o'er a northern iſle;
Late time ſhall know
The *North* can *glow*,
If dread AUGUSTUS deign to ſmile.

IV.

The Naval crown
Is all His own!
Our Fleet, if *war*, or *commerce*, call,
His will performs
Through waves and ſtorms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

V.

No former race,
With ſtrong embrace,
This theme to raviſh durſt aſpire;
With virgin charms
My ſoul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

VI.

My lays I file
With cautious toil;
Ye graces! turn the glowing lines;
On anvils neat
Your ſtrokes repeat;
At every ſtroke the work refines!

VII. How

VII.

How muſic charms!
How metre warms!
Parent of actions, good and brave!
How vice it tames!
And worth inflames!
And holds proud empire o'er the grave!

VIII.

Jove mark'd for man
A ſcanty ſpan,
But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit ſcorns the grave;
To Wit he gave
The life of gods! immortal bloom!

IX.

Since *years* will fly,
And *pleaſures* die,
Day after day, as years advance;
Since, while life laſts,
Joy ſuffers blaſts
From frowning *Fate*, and fickle *Chance*;

X.

Nor life is long;
But ſoon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid ſhore;
We make, at leaſt,
Of *bad* the *beſt*,
If in life's phantom, *Fame*, we ſoar.

XI.

Our ſtrains divide
The laurel's pride;
With thoſe we lift to life, to live;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And ſhare the bleſſings which we give.

XII.

What hero's praiſe
Can fire my lays,
Like His, with whom my lay begun?
"*Juſtice* ſincere,
"And *courage* clear,
"Riſe the two columns of his throne.

XIII.

"How form'd for ſway!
"Who look, obey;
"They read the monarch in his *port*:
"Their love and awe
"Supply the *law*;
"And his *own* luſtre makes the court:"

XIV.

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant ſhines? And ſhines *alone*?
Unrivall'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the Sun; 'tis *Britain*'s throne.

XV. Our

XV.

Our Monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempeſts riſe, diſdains to bend;
Like *Britiſh* oak,
Derides the ſtroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

XVI.

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair *Albion*, like an amorous maid;
While *intereſt* wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his ſhade.

XVII.

At his proud foot
The *ſea*, pour'd out,
Immortal nouriſhment ſupplies;
Thence *wealth* and *ſtate*,
And *power* and *fate*,
Which *Europe* reads in GEORGE's eyes.

XVIII.

From what we view,
We take the clue,
Which leads from great to greater things:
Men doubt no more,
But gods adore,
When ſuch reſemblance ſhines in kings.

EPISTLES

TO

MR. POPE,

CONCERNING THE

AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

M.DCC.XXX.

EPISTLE I.

TO

MR. POPE.

WHILST you at *Twick'nham* plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wiſe and good,
Our ſenate meets; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets ſtun the ſtreets, and load the ſtall;
So ruſhing tides bring things obſcene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs ſwim in ſight;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And CODRUS' proſe works up, and LICO's ſtrains.
Lo! what from *cellars* riſe, what ruſh from high,
Where ſpeculation roofted near the ſky;
Letters, Eſſays, Sock, Buſkin, Satire, Song,
And all the *Garret* thunders on the throng!
O POPE! I burſt; nor can, nor will, refrain;
I'll write; let others, in their turn, complain:

Truce, truce, ye *Vandals!* my tormented ear
Leſs dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer;
I've *heard* myſelf to death; and, plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my pow'r?
For who can write the true abſurd like me? ——
Thy pardon, CODRUS! who, I mean, but thee?
POPE! if like mine, or CODRUS', were thy ſtyle,
The blood of vipers had not ſtain'd thy file;
Merit leſs ſolid, leſs deſpite had bred;
They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public miſtreſs, none enjoys,
But, more or leſs, his rival's peace deſtroys;
With *fame*, in juſt proportion, *envy* grows;
The man that makes a character, makes foes:
Slight, peeviſh inſects round a genius riſe,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To ſhew they live) they flutter, and they ſting:
But as by depredations waſps proclaim
The faireſt fruit, ſo theſe the faireſt fame.
Shall we not cenſure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous, or champaign?
Whether they tread the vale of proſe, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college ſloven, or embroider'd ſpark;
The purple prelate, or the pariſh clerk;
The quiet *quidnunc*, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff tory, or defendant whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or ſad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or ſhallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune the reeds,
And meaſuring words to meaſuring ſhapes ſucceeds;

For

For bankrupts write, when ruin'd ſhops are ſhut,
As maggots crawl from out a periſh'd nut.
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting ſenſe for tradeſmen, ſerve for wits.
By thriving men ſubſiſts each other trade;
Of every *broken* craft a *Writer*'s made:
Thus his material, Paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the ſtuff on earth.
Hail, fruitful *iſle!* to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old ſong:
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to ſcandal and to ſhame;
Thy ſons, by print, may ſet their hearts at eaſe,
And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they pleaſe;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject ſenſe
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
This heavy proſe our injur'd reaſon tires;
Their verſe immoral kindles looſe deſires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our ſport and pity, puniſhment and crime.
What glorious motives urge our Authors on,
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?
One loſes his eſtate, and down he ſits,
To ſhew (in vain!) he ſtill retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
He writes as an *Hypnotic* for the ſpleen:
Some write, confin'd by phyſic; ſome, by debt;
Some, for 'tis *Sunday*; ſome, becauſe 'tis wet;
Through private pique ſome do the public right,
And love their king and country out of ſpite:
Another writes becauſe his father writ,
And proves himſelf a baſtard by his wit.
Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: Why write then? He wants twenty pound:

His

His belly, not his brains, this impulſe give;
He'll grow immortal; for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no proviſion made, but of his theme;
Perhaps a *title* has his fancy ſmit,
Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit:
He writes, in inſpiration puts his truſt,
Tho' wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make them juſt;
Genius directly from the *gods* deſcends,
And who by labour would diſtruſt his *friends?*
Thus having reaſon'd with conſummate ſkill,
In immortality he dips his quill:
And, ſince blank paper is deny'd the preſs,
He mingles the whole alphabet by gueſs:
In various ſets, which various words compoſe,
Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.
So ſounds ſpontaneous from the *Sibyl* broke,
Dark to herſelf the wonders which ſhe ſpoke;
The prieſts found out the meaning, if they cou'd;
And nations ſtar'd at what none underſtood.
CLODIO dreſs'd, danc'd, drank, viſited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal ſoul!)
Oft have I ſaid, "Awake! exiſt! and ſtrive
"For birth! nor think to loiter is to live!"
As oft I overheard the *dæmon* ſay,
Who daily met the loit'rer in his way,
"*I'll meet thee, youth, at* WHITE'S:" The youth replies,
"*I'll meet thee there,*" and falls his ſacrifice;
His fortune ſquander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry ſnare:
CLODIO for bread his indolence muſt quit,
Or turn a ſoldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we! all, but life, they ſtake;
How muſt *Spain* tremble, and the *German* ſhake!

Such

Such writers have we! all, but ſenſe, they print;
Ev'n GEORGE's praiſe is dated from the *Mint*.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such ſwords, ſuch pens, diſgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before you thus aſpire,
And ſteal (for you *can ſteal*) celeſtial fire.
O! the juſt contraſt! O the beauteous ſtrife!
'Twixt their cool writings, and *pindaric* life:
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
They cheat the leader, and their *works* the buyer.
I reverence misfortune, not deride;
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who ſo ſad, but muſt ſome mirth confeſs
At gay CASTRUCHIO's miſcellaneous dreſs?
Though there's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.
Theſe, nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majeſtic dome;
They make a private ſtudy of the ſtreet;
And looking full on every man they meet,
Run ſouſe againſt his chaps; who ſtands amaz'd
To find they did not ſee, but only gaz'd.
How muſt theſe bards be rapt into the ſkies!
You need not *read*, you *feel* their ecſtaſies.
Will they perſiſt? 'Tis madneſs; *Lintot*, run,
See them confin'd——"O that's already done."
Moſt, as by leaſes, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, poſſeſſion of the *Mint*.
If you miſtake, and pity theſe poor men,
Eſt Ulubris, they cry, and write again.
Such wits their nuiſance manfully expoſe,
And then pronounce juſt judges learning's foes;
O frail concluſion; the reverſe is true;
If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you:

Treat

Treat them, ye judges! with an honeſt ſcorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There's true good-nature in your diſreſpect;
In juſtice to the good, the bad neglect:
For immortality, if hardſhips plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.
But, O! what wiſdom can convince a fool,
But that 'tis dulneſs to conceive him dull?
'Tis ſad experience takes the cenſor's part,
Conviction, not from reaſon, but from ſmart.
A virgin-author, recent from the preſs,
The ſheets yet wet, applauds his great ſucceſs;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Thoſe in his hand, and glory in his head;
'Tis joy too great; a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor cloſe his eyes all night:
But riſing the next morn to claſp his fame,
He finds that without ſleeping he could dream:
So ſparks, they ſay, take goddeſſes to bed,
And find next day the devil in their ſtead.
In vain *advertiſements* the town o'erſpread;
They're epitaphs, and ſay the work is dead.
Who *preſs* for fame, but ſmall recruits will raiſe;
'Tis *volunteers* alone can give the bays.
A famous author viſits a great man,
Of his immortal work diſplays the plan,
And ſays, "Sir, I'm your friend; all fears diſmiſs;
"Your glory, and my own, ſhall live by this;
"Your pow'r is fixt, your fame thro' time convey'd,
"And *Britain Europe*'s Queen—if I am paid."
A Stateſman has his anſwer in a trice;
"Sir, ſuch a genius is beyond all price;
"What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns;
His work is folded, and his boſom burns:

His

His patron he will patronize no more;
But ruſhes like a tempeſt out of door.
Loſt is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the ſame;
For *A*, his magic pen evokes an *O*,
And turns the tide of *Europe* on the foe:
He rams his quill with ſcandal, and with ſcoff;
But 'tis ſo very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar;
But when once publiſh'd, they are heard no more.
Thus diſtant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.
Can thoſe oblige, whoſe heads and hearts are ſuch?
No; every party's tainted by their touch.
Infected perſons fly each public place;
And hone, or enemies alone, embrace:
To the foul fiend their every paſſion's ſold:
They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold:
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulneſs and rage, a puddle in a ſtorm.
Reſt they in peace? If you are pleas'd to *buy*,
To ſwell your ſails, like *Lapland* winds, they fly:
Write they with rage? The tempeſt quickly flags;
A *State-Ulyſſes* tames 'em with his bags;
Let him be what he will, *Turk*, *Pagan*, *Jew*:
For *Chriſtian* miniſters of ſtate are few.
Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
That pours his politics through pipes of lead,
Which far and near ejaculate, and ſpout
O'er tea and coffee, poiſon to the rout:
But when they have beſpatter'd all they may,
The ſtateſman throws his filthy ſquirts away!
With *golden* forceps, theſe, another takes,
And ſtate elixirs of the vipers makes.

The *richeſt* ſtateſman wants wherewith to pay
A ſervile ſycophant, if well they weigh
How much it coſts the wretch to be ſo baſe;
Nor can the *greateſt* pow'rs enough *diſgrace*,
Enough *chaſtiſe*, ſuch proſtitute applauſe,
If well they weigh how much it ſtains their cauſe.
But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er ſeduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue ſelf they fight;
Still in the wrong, tho' champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for intereſt only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds *commit*.
Nought but inconſtancy *Britannia* meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd ſheets;
From the ſame hand how various is the page!
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
Tracts battle tracts, ſelf-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy?—I wiſh it were.
If ſuch our writers, ſtartled at the ſight,
Felons may bleſs their ſtars they cannot write!
How juſtly PROTEUS' tranſmigrations fit
The monſtrous changes of a modern wit?
Now, ſuch a gentle *ſtream* of eloquence
As ſeldom riſes to the verge of ſenſe;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a *flame*,
Which yet fit engines, well apply'd, can tame;
Now, on immodeſt traſh, the *ſwine obſcene*,
Invites the town to ſup at *Drury-lane*;
A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at pow'r,
Which ſends him to his brothers at the *Tow'r*;
He's now a *ſerpent*, and his double tongue
Salutes, nay licks, the feet of thoſe he ſtung;
What knot can bind him, his evaſion ſuch?
One knot he well deſerves, which might do much.

The

The flood, flame, ſwine, the lion, and the ſnake,
Thoſe fivefold monſters, modern authors make:
The *Snake* reigns moſt; Snakes, PLINY ſays, are bred,
When the *brain*'s periſh'd in a human head.
Ye grov'ling, trodden, whipt, ſtript, turncoat things,
Made up of venom, volumes, ſtains, and ſtings!
Thrown from the *Tree of Knowledge*, like you, curſt
To ſcribble in the duſt, was Snake the firſt.
What if the *figure* ſhould in *fact* prove true!
It did in ELKENAH, why not in you?
Poor ELKENAH, all other changes paſt,
For bread in *Smithfield dragons* hiſt at laſt,
Spit ſtreams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners ſuited to his ſhape:
Such is the fate of talents miſapply'd;
So liv'd your *Prototype*; and ſo he dy'd.
Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently ſeen:
Heav'n ſtands abſolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghaſtly as their brothers in *Macbeth*:
Their feet through faithleſs leather meet the dirt,
And oftner chang'd their principles than ſhirt.
The tranſient veſtments of theſe frugal men,
Haſtens to paper for our mirth again:
Too ſoon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:
The man lampoon'd forgets it at the ſight;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through ſpite;
And though full conſcious of his injur'd purſe,
LINTOT relents, nor CURLL can wiſh them worſe.

So fare the men, who writers dare commence
Without their *patent*, probity, and ſenſe.
From *theſe*, their politics our *quidnuncs* ſeek,
And *Saturday*'s the learning of the week:
Theſe labouring wits, like paviours, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat, eſſays;
Ram their coarſe nonſenſe down, though ne'er ſo dull;
And hem at every thump upon your ſkull:
Theſe ſtaunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honeſt folly echoes to the lye.
O how I laugh, when I a blockhead ſee,
Thanking a villain for his *probity*;
Who ſtretches out a moſt reſpectful ear,
With ſnares for woodcocks in his holy leer;
It tickles thro' my ſoul to hear the *cock*'s
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights!*
While graceleſs *Reynard* liſtens—till he bites.
As when the trumpet ſounds, th' o'erloaded ſtate
Diſcharges all her *poor* and *profligate*;
Crimes of all kinds diſhonour'd weapons wield,
And *priſons* pour their filth into the field;
Thus nature's refuſe, and the dregs of men,
Compoſe the *black militia* of the *pen*.

EPISTLE II.

FROM

OXFORD.

ALL write at *London*; ſhall the rage abate
Here, where it moſt ſhould ſhine, the *Muſes ſeat?*
Where, mortal or immortal, as they pleaſe,
The learn'd may chuſe eternity, or eaſe?
Has not a * ROYAL PATRON wiſely ſtrove
To woo the muſe in her *Athenian* grove?
Added new ſtrings to her harmonious ſhell,
And giv'n new tongues to thoſe who ſpoke ſo well?
Let *theſe* inſtruct, with truth's illuſtrious ray,
Awake the world, and ſcare our owls away.
Mean while, O friend! indulge me, if I give
Some needful precepts how to *write*, and *live!*

* His late Majeſty's benefaction for modern languages.

Serious ſhould be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amuſement, ne'er amuſe.
An *Author!* 'Tis a venerable name!
How few deſerve it, and what numbers claim!
Unbleſt with ſenſe above their peers refin'd,
Who ſhall ſtand up, *dictators* to mankind?
Nay, who dare *ſhine*, if not in *virtue*'s cauſe?
That ſole proprietor of juſt applauſe.
Ye reſtleſs men, who pant for letter'd praiſe,
With whom would you conſult to gain the bays?—
With thoſe great authors whoſe fam'd works you read?
'Tis well: go, then, conſult the laurell'd ſhade.
What anſwer will the laurell'd ſhade return?
Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
The nobleſt works his envy'd genius writ,
That boaſt of nought more excellent than *wit*.
If this be true, as 'tis a truth moſt dread,
Woe to the page which has not *that* to plead!
Fontaine and *Chaucer*, dying, wiſh'd unwrote,
The ſprightlieſt efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and *Waller*, brighteſt ſons of fame,
Condemn the charm of ages to the flame:
And in one point is all true wiſdom caſt,
To think that *early* we muſt think *at laſt*.
Immortal wits, ev'n *dead*, break nature's laws,
Injurious ſtill to virtue's ſacred cauſe;
And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.
Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,
The ſacred *thirſt* of *gold*, betray your pen?
In proſe 'tis blameable, in verſe 'tis worſe,
Provokes the muſe, extorts *Apollo*'s curſe:
His ſacred influence never ſhould be ſold;
'Tis arrant *Simony* to ſing for gold:

'Tis

'Tis immortality ſhould fire your mind;
Scorn a leſs paymaſter than all mankind!
If bribes you ſeek, know this, ye writing tribe!
Who writes for virtue has the largeſt bribe:
All's on the party of the virtuous man;
The good will ſurely ſerve him, if they can;
The bad, when intereſt, or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their *intereſt* and their *pride*:
But ſhould both fail to take him to their care,
He boaſts a *greater* friend, and both may ſpare.
Letters to man uncommon light diſpenſe;
And what is virtue, but ſuperior ſenſe?
In parts and learning you who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, *your* crimes are double-dy'd.
What is a ſcandal of the firſt renown,
But letter'd knaves, and *atheiſts* in a gown?
'Tis harder far to pleaſe than give offence;
The leaſt miſconduct damns the brighteſt ſenſe;
Each ſhallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impreſſions deep
On thoſe, that o'er a page of *Milton* ſleep:
Nor in their dulneſs think to ſave your ſhame,
True, theſe are fools; but wiſe men ſay the ſame.
Wits are a deſpicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man ſhocks us, while the writer ſhines,
Our ſcorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence ſome diſpenſe,
And play the fool, becauſe they're men of ſenſe.
What inſtances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought!
Againſt their wills what numbers ruin ſhun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone!

Nature has ſhewn, by making it ſo rare,
That *wit*'s a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain ſound *ſenſe* life's current coin is made;
With that we drive the moſt ſubſtantial trade.
Prudence protects and guides us; wit betrays;
A ſplendid ſource of ill ten thouſand ways;
A certain ſnare to miſeries immenſe;
A gay prerogative from common ſenſe;
Unleſs ſtrong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.
But grant your judgment equal to the beſt,
Senſe fills your head, and genius fires your breaſt;
Yet ſtill forbear: your wit (conſider well)
'Tis great to ſhew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to ſeize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to deſpiſe.
If ſtill you languiſh for an author's name,
Think private merit leſs than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deſerve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is; how dear 'twill coſt,
To write one page which you may juſtly boaſt.
Senſe may be good, yet not deſerve the preſs;
Who write, an awful character profeſs;
The world as pupil of their wiſdom claim,
And for their ſtipend an immortal fame:
Nothing but what is ſolid or refin'd,
Should dare aſk public audience of mankind.
Severely weigh your learning and your wit:
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ:
No writer, fam'd in your own way, paſs o'er;
Much truſt example, but reflection more:
More had the ancients writ, they more had taught;
Which ſhews ſome work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd, perfection know; and, known, adore;
Toil, burn for that; but do not aim at more;
Above, beneath it, the juſt limits fix;
And zealouſly prefer four lines to fix.
Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its *ſwiftneſs* ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that *Newmarket* praiſe,
Slow runs the *Pegaſus* that wins the bays.
Much time for *immortality* to pay,
Is juſt and wiſe; for *leſs* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain:*
The ſame good ſenſe that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impoſſibilities they ſeek;
What man can be immortal in a week?
Excuſe no *fault*; though beautiful, 'twill harm;
One fault ſhocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctneſs; *Addiſon*
And *you* this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once *Achilles* found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part*'s unſound.
He that *ſtrikes out*, and ſtrikes not out the *beſt*,
Pours luſtre in, and dignifies the reſt:
Give e'er ſo little, if what's right be there,
We praiſe for what you *burn*, and what you *ſpare:*
The part you burn, ſmells ſweet before the ſhrine,
And is as incenſe to the part divine.
Nor *frequent* write, though you can do it well;
Men may too *oft*, though not too *much*, excel.
A few good works gain fame; more ſink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unleſs you let them praiſe for giving o'er?

Do *boldly* what you do, and let your page
Smile, if it ſmiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly *Lucius* cenſures and commends,
That *Lucius* has no foes, except his friends.
Let *ſatire* leſs engage you than *applauſe*;
It ſhews a gen'rous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king*'s, *country*'s, *truth*'s, *religion*'s friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run poſterity, in debt.
And ſince the fam'd alone make others live,
Firſt *have* that glory you preſume to *give*.
If ſatire charms, ſtrike faults, but ſpare the man:
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high;
Round your own fame the fatal ſplinters fly.
As the ſoft plume gives ſwiftneſs to the dart,
Good-breeding ſends the ſatire to the heart.
Painters and ſurgeons may the *ſtructure* ſcan;
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man*:
Defaults in thoſe alone ſhould give offence!
Who ſtrikes the *perſon*, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded ſatire can't extend
To *Codrus*' form; I'm not ſo much his friend:
Himſelf ſhould publiſh that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, ſhort, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd *humour*? It has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or ſenſe.
Unleſs you boaſt the genius of a *Swift*,
Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *laſt ſhift*.
Can others write like you? Your taſk give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publiſh'd long before.

If nought peculiar through your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think cloſe, read nature, turn
Mens manners o'er, and half your volumes burn;
To nurſe with quick reflection be your ſtrife,
Thoughts born from preſent objects, warm from life:
When moſt unſought, ſuch inſpirations riſe,
Slighted by fools, and cheriſh'd by the wiſe:
Expect peculiar fame from theſe alone;
Theſe make an author, theſe are all your own.
Life, like their bibles, coolly men turn o'er;
Hence unexperienc'd children of threeſcore.
True, all men think of courſe, as all men dream;
And if they ſlightly think, 'tis much the ſame.
Letters admit not of a half-renown;
They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
No work e'er gain'd *true* fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.
Weighty the *ſubject*, cogent the *diſcourſe*,
Clear be the *ſtyle*, the very *ſound* of force;
Eaſy the *conduct*, ſimple the *deſign*,
Striking the *moral*, and the *ſoul* divine:
Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed;
O'er learning reaſon reign; o'er that, your *Creed*:
Thus *virtue*'s *ſeeds*, at once, and *laurel*'s, grow;
Do thus, and riſe a *Pope*, or a *Deſpreau*:
And when your genius exquiſitely ſhines,
Live up to the full luſtre of your lines:
Parts but expoſe thoſe men who virtue quit;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
And they plead *Lucifer*'s deteſted cauſe,
Who for bare talents challenge our applauſe.
Would you reſtore juſt honours to the pen?
From able writers *riſe* to worthy men.

" Who's this with nonſenſe, nonſenſe would reſtrain?
" Who's this (they cry) ſo vainly ſchools the vain?
" Who damns our traſh, with ſo much traſh replete?
" As, three ells round, huge *Cheyne* rails at meat?"
Shall I with *Bavius* then my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
With huge *Examens* overwhelm my page,
And darken reaſon with dogmatic rage?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhime,
In proſe a duller could excuſe the crime:
Sure, next to writing, the moſt idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we ſing.
At that tribunal ſtands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe:
Time is the judge; *Time* has nor friend nor foe;
Falſe fame *muſt* wither, and the true *will* grow.
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die;
While ſnarlers ſtrive with proud but fruitleſs pain,
To *wound immortals*, or to *ſlay the ſlain*.
Sore preſt with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to ſerve me this campaign:
And ſafely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and ſleep behind my ſhield;
Unleſs dire *Codrus* rouſes to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.
As turns a flock of geeſe, and, on the green,
Poke out their fooliſh necks in awkward ſpleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to *hiſs*, not *bite*,
So war their quills, when *ſons* of *dulneſs* write.

A PARA-

A

PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF THE

BOOK OF JOB.

A

PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF THE

BOOK OF JOB *.

THRICE happy Job † long liv'd in Regal State,
Nor ſaw the ſumptuous Eaſt a prince ſo great;
Whoſe worldly ſtores in ſuch abundance flow'd,
Whoſe heart with ſuch exalted virtue glow'd.

At

* It is diſputed amongſt the critics who was the author of the book of *Job*; ſome give it to *Moſes*, ſome to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, ſome arguments occurred to me which favour the former of thoſe opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little elſe is to be expected.

† The Almighty's ſpeech, chapter xxxviii, *&c.* which is what I paraphraſe in this little work, is by much the fineſt part of the nobleſt and moſt ancient Poem in the world. Biſhop *Patrick* ſays, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whiſper. In order to ſet this diſtinguiſhed part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged

At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills succeed; a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,
And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?
A change so sad what mortal heart could bear?
Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear;
But gave him all to grief. Low earth he prest,
Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
And sev'n long days in solemn silence spent;
A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!
Then Job contain'd no more; but curs'd his fate.

abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of *Job*.

I use the word *paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The *mountain*, the *comet*, the *sun*, and other parts, are entirely added: those upon the *peacock*, the *lion*, &c. are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suited to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself, does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

His

His day of birth, its inauſpicious light
He wiſhes ſunk in ſhades of endleſs night,
And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
Death, inſtant death; impatient for the grave,
That ſeat of bliſs, that manſion of repoſe,
Where reſt and mortals are no longer foes;
Where counſellors are huſh'd, and mighty kings
(O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.
His words were daring, and diſpleas'd his friends;
His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
And now they kindled into warm debate,
And ſentiments oppos'd with equal heat;
Fix'd in opinion, both refuſe to yield,
And ſummon all their reaſon to the field:
So high at length their arguments were wrought,
They reach'd the laſt extent of human thought:
A pauſe enſu'd.—When, lo! Heav'n interpos'd,
And awfully the long contention clos'd.
Full o'er their heads, with terrible ſurprize,
A ſudden whirlwind blackened all the ſkies:
(They ſaw, and trembled *!) From the darkneſs broke
A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty ſpoke.
Who gives his tongue a looſe ſo bold and vain,
Cenſures my conduct, and reproves my reign?

* The book of *Job* is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of old *Greece*, is fiction built on truth. Probably this moſt noble part of it, the Almighty ſpeaking out of the whirlwind (ſo ſuitable to the after-practice of the *Greek* ſtage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which *Job* lived, than to any ſince. Frequent before the Law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exod.* c. xix. *Ezek.* c. i. &c. Hence is He ſaid to *dwell in thick darkneſs: And have his way in the whirlwind.*

Lifts

Lifts up his thoughts againſt me from the duſt,
And tells the World's Creator what is juſt?
Of late ſo brave, now lift a dauntleſs eye,
Face my demand, and give it a reply:
Where did'ſt Thou dwell at nature's early birth?
Who laid foundations for the ſpacious *earth?*
Who on its ſurface did extend the line,
Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
Who fix'd the corner-ſtone? What hand, declare,
Hung it on nought, and faſten'd it on air;
When the bright morning ſtars in concert ſung,
When heav'ns high arch with loud hoſannas rung;
When ſhouting ſons of God the triumph crown'd,
And the wide concave thunder'd with the ſound?
Earth's num'rous *kingdoms*, haſt Thou view'd them all?
And can thy ſpan of knowledge graſp the ball?
Who heav'd the *mountain*, which ſublimely ſtands,
And caſts its ſhadow into diſtant lands?

Who, ſtretching forth his ſceptre o'er the *deep*,
Can that wide world in due ſubjection keep?
I broke the globe, I ſcoop'd its hollow'd ſide,
And did a baſon for the floods provide;
I chain'd them with my word; the boiling ſea,
Work'd up in tempeſts, hears my great decree;
" * Thus far, thy floating tide ſhall be convey'd;
" And here, O main, be thy proud billows ſtay'd."

* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is ſignally ſublime. We are ſtruck with admiration to ſee the vaſt and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horſe, raging, toſſing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its maſter. This paſſage yields in ſublimity to that of *Let there be light*, &c. ſo much only, as the abſolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like ſpirit in theſe two paſſages is no bad concurrent argument, that *Moſes* is author of the book of *Job*.

Haſt

Haſt thou explor'd the *ſecrets* of the deep,
Where, ſhut from uſe, unnumber'd treaſures ſleep?
Where, down a thouſand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the ſea?
Thoſe gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er they head?
Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to Thee?
Death's inmoſt chambers didſt Thou ever ſee?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent ſhade?
Deep are thoſe ſhades; but ſhades ſtill deeper hide
My counſels from the ken of human pride.
Where dwells the *light*? In what refulgent dome?
And where has *darkneſs* made her diſmal home?
Thou know'ſt, no doubt, ſince thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wiſdom, through long ages brought;
Since nature was call'd forth when Thou waſt by,
And into being roſe beneath thine eye!
Are *miſts* begotten? Who their father knew?
From whom deſcend the pearly drops of dew?
To bind the ſtream by night, what hand can boaſt,
Or whiten morning with the hoary *froſt*?
Whoſe pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the ſea, and turns it into ſtone?
A ſudden deſart ſpreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waſte?
Thou know'ſt Me not; Thy blindneſs cannot ſee
How vaſt a diſtance parts thy God from Thee.
Canſt Thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canſt Thou
In clouds and darkneſs wrap thy awful brow?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and ſhade the world with night?
Who launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them roll
Suſpended ſeas aloft, from pole to pole?

Who

Who can refreſh the burning ſandy plain,
And quench the ſummer with a waſte of rain?
Who, in rough deſarts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and deſolation ſmile?
There blooms the roſe, where human face ne'er ſhone,
And ſpreads its beauties to the ſun alone.
To check the ſhow'r, who lifts his hand on high,
And ſhuts the ſluices of th' exhauſted ſky,
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her ruſſet plains;
But, new in life, a chearful proſpect yields
Of ſhining rivers, and of verdant fields;
When groves and foreſts laviſh all their bloom,
And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?
Haſt Thou e'er ſcal'd my wintry ſkies, and ſeen
Of *hail* and *ſnows* my northern magazine?
Theſe the dread treaſures of mine anger are,
My funds of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and ſtorms, at my command,
Rage through the world, or waſte a guilty land.
Who taught the rapid *winds* to fly ſo faſt,
Or ſhakes the centre with his eaſtern blaſt?
Who from the ſkies can a whole deluge pour?
Who ſtrikes through nature with the ſolemn roar
Of dreadful *thunder*, points it where to fall,
And in fierce *lightning* wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the ſound, and in the flaſh expires.
Who drew the *comet* out to ſuch a ſize,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the ſkies?
Did Thy reſentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce, from Thee?
Who on low earth can moderate the rein,
That guides the *ſtars* along th' ethereal plain?

Appoint

Appoint their ſeaſons, and direct their courſe,
Their luſtre brighten, and ſupply their force?
Canſt Thou the ſkies benevolence reſtrain,
And cauſe the *Pleiades* to ſhine in vain?
Or, when *Orion* ſparkles from his ſphere,
Thaw the cold ſeaſon, and unbind the year?
Bid *Mazzaroth* his deſtin'd ſtation know,
And teach the bright *Arcturus* where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her ſtars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reſerve in ſtore.
Doſt Thou pronounce where day-light ſhall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
Awake the *ſun*, and bid him come away,
And glad *thy* world with his obſequious ray?
Haſt Thou, inthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the ſpacious ring of heav'n?
That pomp of light, what hand ſo far diſplays,
That diſtant earth lies baſking in the blaze?
Who did the *ſoul* with her rich powers inveſt,
And light up reaſon in the human breaſt?
To ſhine, with freſh increaſe of luſtre, bright,
When ſtars and ſun are ſet in endleſs night?
To theſe my various queſtions make reply.
Th' Almighty ſpoke; and, ſpeaking, ſhook the ſky.
What then, *Chaldæan* Sire, was thy ſurprize!
Thus Thou, with trembling heart, and down-caſt eyes:
"Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
"My tongue has err'd; but ſhall preſume no more.
"My voice is in eternal ſilence bound,
"And all my ſoul falls proſtrate to the ground."
He ceas'd: When, lo! again th' Almighty ſpoke;
The ſame dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.
Can that arm meaſure with an arm divine?
And canſt thou thunder with a voice like Mine?

Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-ſpreading main,
When, mad with tempeſts, all the billows riſe
In all their rage, and daſh the diſtant ſkies?
Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd;
And be the grandeur of thy pow'r diſplay'd;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The ſpacious round of the creation ſhake;
Diſpatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to duſt. When This is done,
I grant thy ſafety lodg'd in Thee alone;
Of Thee Thou art, and may'ſt undaunted ſtand
Behind the buckler of thine own right-hand.
Fond man! the viſion of a moment made!
Dream of a dream! and ſhadow of a ſhade!
What worlds haſt Thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd;
What inſects cheriſh'd, that thy God is blam'd?
When * pain'd with hunger, the wild *Raven*'s brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food,
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarſe requeſt,
And ſtills the clamour of the craving neſt?
Who in the ſtupid *Oſtrich* † has ſubdu'd
A parent's care, and fond inquietude?

While

* Another argument that *Moſes* was the author, is, that moſt of the creatures here mentioned are *Egyptian*. The reaſon given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, becauſe by her clamorous and importunate voice, ſhe particularly ſeems always calling upon it; thence κοράσσω *a* κόραξ, *Ælian*. l. ii. c. 48. is *to aſk earneſtly*. And ſince there were ravens on the bank of the *Nile* more clamorous than the reſt of that ſpecies, thoſe probably are meant in that place.

† There are many inſtances of this bird's ſtupidity: Let two ſuffice.

While far ſhe flies, her ſcatter'd eggs are found,
Without an owner, on the ſandy ground;
Caſt out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
And borrow life from an indulgent ſky:
Adopted by the ſun, in blaze of day,
They ripen under his prolific ray.
Unmindful ſhe, that ſome unhappy tread
May cruſh her young in their neglected bed.
* What time ſhe ſkims along the field with ſpeed,
† She ſcorns the rider, and purſuing ſteed.

How

ſuffice. *Firſt*, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itſelf all out of ſight,

* * * * * * * * *Stat lumine clauſo*
Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere
Quæ non ipſa videt * * * * * * * * Claud.

Secondly, They that go in purſuit of them, draw the ſkin of an Oſtrich's neck on one hand, which proves a ſufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have ſo little brain, that *Heliogabalus* had ſix hundred heads for his ſupper.

Here we may obſerve, that our judicious as well as ſublime author, juſt touches the great points of diſtinction in each creature, and then haſtens to another. A deſcription is exact when you cannot *add*, but what is common to another thing; nor *withdraw*, but ſomething peculiarly belonging to the thing deſcribed. A *likeneſs* is loſt in too much deſcription, as a *meaning* often in too much illuſtration.

* Here is marked another *peculiar* quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion compoſed of both, and uſing its wings as ſails, makes great ſpeed.

Vaſta velut Libyæ venantûm vocibus ales
Cum premitur, calidas curſu tranſmittit arenas,
Inque modum veli ſinuatis flamine pennis
Pulverulenta volat * * * * * Claud. in Eutr.

† *Xenophon* ſays, *Cyrus* had horſes that could overtake the goat and

How rich the *Peacock!* * what bright glories run
From plume to plume, and vary in the ſun!
He proudly ſpreads them, to the golden ray
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
With conſcious ſtate the ſpacious round diſplays,
And ſlowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the *Hawk* to find, in ſeaſons wiſe,
Perpetual ſummer, and a change of ſkies?
When clouds deform the year, ſhe mounts the wind,
Shoots to the ſouth, nor fears the ſtorm behind;
The ſun returning, ſhe returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' ſtrong the *Hawk* †, tho' practis'd well to fly,
An *Eagle* drops her in a lower ſky;
An *Eagle*, when, deſerting human ſight,
She ſeeks the ſun in her unweary'd flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and ſet her on the clift,
Where far above *thy* world ſhe dwells alone,
And proudly makes the ſtrength of rocks her own;

the wild aſs; but none that could reach this creature. A thouſand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the ſtated price of a horſe that could equal their ſpeed.

* Though this bird is but juſt mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and ſpreading thoſe beautiful plumes (which are there ſhut up) in half a dozen lines. The circumſtance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the ſun is true: *Expandit colores adverſo maxime ſole, quia ſic fulgentius radiant.* Plin. l. x. c. 20.

† *Thyanus (de Re Accip.)* mentions a hawk that flew from *Paris* to *London* in a night.

And the *Egyptians*, in regard to its ſwiftneſs, made it their ſymbol for the wind; for which reaſon we may ſuppoſe the hawk, as well as the crow *above*, to have been a bird of note in *Egypt*.

* Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread ſurvey,
And with a glance predeſtinates her prey?
She feaſts her young with blood; and, hov'ring o'er
Th' unſlaughter'd hoſt, enjoys the *promis'd* gore.

† Know'ſt Thou how many moons, by Me aſſign'd,
Roll o'er the mountain *Goat*, and foreſt *Hind*,
While pregnant they a mother's load ſuſtain?
They bend in anguiſh, and caſt forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed;
Walk unſuſtain'd, and unaſſiſted feed;
They live at once; forſake the dam's warm ſide;
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or ſeek the diſtant glade;
And find a home in each delightful ſhade.

Will the tall *Reem*, which knows no Lord but Me,
Low at the crib, and aſk an alms of thee;
Submit his unworn ſhoulder to the yoke,
Break the ſtiff clod, and o'er thy furrow ſmoke?
Since great his ſtrength, go truſt him, void of care;
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year;

* The eagle is ſaid to be of ſo acute a ſight, that when ſhe is ſo high in air that man cannot ſee her, ſhe can diſcern the ſmalleſt fiſh under water. My author accurately underſtood the nature of the creatures he deſcribes, and ſeems to have been a Naturaliſt as well as a Poet, which the next note will confirm.

† The meaning of this queſtion is, Knoweſt thou the *time and circumſtances* of their bringing forth? For to know the time only was eaſy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the circumſtances had ſomething peculiarly expreſſive of God's Providence, which makes the queſtion proper in this place. *Pliny* obſerves, that the hind with young is by inſtinct directed to a certain herb called *Seſelis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder alſo (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the ſame effect. *Pſ.* xxix. In ſo early an age to obſerve theſe things, may ſtile our author a Naturaliſt.

Bid him bring home the ſeaſons to thy doors,
And caſt his load among thy gather'd ſtores.
Didſt thou from ſervice the *Wild-Aſs* diſcharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
Through the wide waſte, his ample manſion, roam,
And loſe himſelf in his unbounded home?
By nature's hand magnificently fed,
His meal is on the range of mountains ſpread;
As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
He ſees in diſtant ſmoke the city throng;
Conſcious of freedom, ſcorns the ſmother'd train,
The threat'ning driver, and the ſervile rein.
Survey the warlike *Horſe!* didſt Thou inveſt
With thunder, his robuſt diſtended cheſt?
No ſenſe of fear his dauntleſs ſoul allays;
'Tis dreadful to behold his noſtrils blaze;
To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
And triumphs in the fulneſs of his might;
High-rais'd he ſnuffs the battle from afar,
And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
And in a ſtorm of fury ſhakes the ground.
How does his firm, his riſing heart, advance
Full on the brandiſh'd ſword, and ſhaken lance;
While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling ſhield,
Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
He ſinks the ſenſe of pain in gen'rous pride,
Nor feels the ſhaft that trembles in his ſide;
But neighs to the ſhrill trumpet's dreadful blaſt
Till death; and when he groans, he groans his laſt.
But, fiercer ſtill, the lordly *Lion* ſtalks,
Grimly majeſtic in his lonely walks;
When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
He clears the deſart with his rolling eye.

Say, mortal, does he rouſe at thy command,
And roar to Thee, and live upon thy hand?
Doſt thou for him in foreſts bend thy bow,
And to his gloomy den the morſel throw,
Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
And, couch'd in dreadful ambuſh, pant for blood;
Or, ſtretch'd on broken limbs, conſume the day,
In darkneſs wrapt, and ſlumber o'er their prey?
* By the pale moon they take their deſtin'd round,
And laſh their ſides, and furious tear the ground.
Now ſhrieks, and dying groans, the deſart fill;
They rage, they rend; their rav'nous jaws diſtil
With crimſon foam; and, when the banquet's o'er,
They ſtride away, and paint their ſteps with gore;
In flight alone the ſhepherd puts his truſt,
And ſhudders at the talon in the duſt.

Mild is my *Behemoth*, though large his frame;
Smooth is his temper, and repreſt his flame,
While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
Lifts his broad foot, and puts aſhore for food;
Earth ſinks beneath him, as he moves along
To ſeek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
See with what ſtrength his harden'd loins are bound,
All over proof and ſhut againſt a wound.
How like a mountain cedar moves his tail!
Nor can his complicated ſinews fail.
Built high and wide, his ſolid bones ſurpaſs
The bars of ſteel; his ribs are ribs of braſs;
His port majeſtic, and his armed jaw,
Give the wide foreſt, and the mountain, law.

* Purſuing their prey by night is true of moſt wild beaſts, particularly the lion. *Pſ.* cvi. 20. The *Arabians* have one among their 500 names for the lion, which ſignifies *the hunter by moonſhine*.

The mountains feed him; there the beaſts admire
The mighty ſtranger, and in dread retire;
At length his greatneſs nearer they ſurvey,
Graze in his ſhadow, and his eye obey.
The fens and marſhes are his cool retreat,
His noontide ſhelter from the burning heat;
Their ſedgy boſoms his wide couch are made,
And groves of willows give him all their ſhade.
His eye drinks *Jordan* up, when fir'd with drought,
He truſts to turn its current down his throat;
In leſſen'd waves it creeps along the plain:
* He ſinks a river, and he thirſts again.
† Go to the *Nile*, and, from its fruitful ſide,
Caſt forth thy line into the ſwelling tide:
With ſlender hair *Leviathan* command,
And ſtretch his vaſtneſs on the loaded ſtrand.
Will he become Thy ſervant? Will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at Thy frown?
Or with his ſport amuſe thy leiſure day,
And, bound in ſilk, with thy ſoft maidens play?
Shall pompous banquets ſwell with ſuch a prize?
And the bowl journey round his ample ſize?

* *Cephesi glaciale caput quo ſuetus anhelum*
Ferre ſitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto.
Stat. Theb. v. 349.
Qui ſpiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
Flumina, &c. Claud. Pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole ſeem too much for an eaſtern poet, though ſome commentators of name ſtrain hard in this place for a new conſtruction, through fear of it.

† The taking the crocodile is moſt difficult. *Diodorus* ſays, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When *Auguſtus* conquered *Egypt*, he ſtruck a medal, the impreſs of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inſcription, *Nemo antea religavit.*

Or

Or the debating merchants ſhare the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Thro' his firm ſkull what ſteel its way can win?
What forceful engine can ſubdue his ſkin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchleſs might:
The braveſt ſhrink to cowards in his ſight;
* The raſheſt dare not rouſe him up: Who then
Shall turn on Me, among the ſons of men?
Am I a debtor? Haſt thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts that are on Me conferr'd?
My laviſh fruit a thouſand vallies fills,
And Mine the herds, that graze a thouſand hills:
Earth, ſea, and air, All nature is my own;
And ſtars and ſun are duſt beneath my throne.
And dar'ſt Thou with the World's great Father vie,
Thou, who doſt trembſe at my creature's eye?
At full my huge *Leviathan* ſhall riſe,
Boaſt all his ſtrength, and ſpread his wond'rous ſize.
Who, great in arms, e'er ſtripp'd his ſhining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a ſingle ſcale?
Whoſe heart ſuſtains him to draw near? † Behold,
Deſtruction yawns; his ſpacious jaws unfold,
And, marſhal'd round the wide expanſe, diſcloſe
Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either ſide ariſe!
And what a deep abyſs between them lies!

* This alludes to a cuſtom of this creature, which is, when ſated with fiſh, to come aſhore and ſleep among the reeds.

† The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, ſays *Pliny*, *ſit totum os.* *Martial* ſays to his old woman,

Cùm comparata rictibus tuis ora
Niliacus habet crocodilus anguſta.

So that the expreſſion there is barely juſt.

Mete

Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet ſound,
The one how long, the other how profound.
His bulk is charg'd with ſuch a furious ſoul,
That clouds of ſmoke from his ſpread noſtrils roll,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
* Fate iſſues from his jaws in ſtreams of fire.
The rage of tempeſts, and the roar of ſeas,
Thy terror, this thy great Superior pleaſe;
Strength on his ample ſhoulder ſits in ſtate;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of ſolid fleſh are ſlow to part;
As ſteel his nerves, as adamant his heart.
When, late awak'd, he rears him from the floods,
And, ſtretching forth his ſtature to the clouds,
Writhes in the ſun aloft his ſcaly height,
And ſtrikes the diſtant hills with tranſient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror ſpread,
The Mighty fear, nor bluſh to own their dread.
† Large is his front; and, when his burniſh'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning ſeems to riſe.

In

* This too is nearer truth than at firſt view may be imagined. The crocodile, ſay the naturaliſts, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repreſt is hot, and burſts out ſo violently, that it reſembles fire and ſmoke. The horſe ſuppreſſes not his breath by any means ſo long, neither is he ſo fierce and animated; yet the moſt correct of poets ventures to uſe the ſame metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens *volvit ſub naribus* ignem.

By this and the foregoing note I would caution againſt a falſe opinion of the eaſtern boldneſs, from paſſages in them ill underſtood.

† *His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would expreſs, as can enter the thought

In vain may death in various ſhapes invade,
The ſwift-wing'd arrow, the deſcending blade;
His naked breaſt their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
Shut in himſelf, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempeſt of their rattling ſpears;
The cumber'd ſtrand their waſted vollies ſtrow;
His ſport, the rage and labour of the foe.
His paſtimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the riſing mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footſteps ſhine along the ſea;
The foam high-wrought, with white divides the green,
And diſtant ſailors point where death has been.

thought of man. It is not improbable that the *Egyptians* ſtole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this paſſage, though no commentator, I have ſeen, mentions it. It is eaſy to conceive how the *Egyptians* ſhould be both readers and admirers of the writings of *Moſes*, whom I ſuppoſe the author of this poem.

I have obſerved already that three or four of the creatures here deſcribed are *Egyptian*; the two laſt are notoriouſly ſo, they are the river-horſe and the crocodile, thoſe celebrated inhabitants of the *Nile*; and on theſe two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than *Moſes*, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largeſt works of his hand, *viz.* the elephant and the whale. This is ſo natural an expectation, that ſome commentators have rendered *behemoth* and *leviathan*, the elephant and whale, though the deſcriptions in our author will not admit of it; but *Moſes* being, as we may well ſuppoſe, under an immediate terror of the *hippopotamos* and crocodile, from their daily miſchiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he ſhould permit them to take place.

His

His like earth bears not on her ſpacious face:
Alone in nature ſtands his dauntleſs race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around:
Makes ev'ry ſwoln, diſdainful heart, ſubſide,
And holds dominion o'er the ſons of pride.
Then the *Chaldæan* eas'd his lab'ring breaſt,
With full conviction of his crime oppreſt.
" Thou can'ſt accompliſh All things, Lord of Might:
" And ev'ry thought is naked to Thy ſight.
" But, oh! Thy ways are wonderful, and lie
" Beyond the deepeſt reach of mortal eye.
" Oft have I heard of Thine Almighty Pow'r;
" But never ſaw Thee till this dreadful hour.
" O'erwhelm'd with ſhame, the Lord of life I ſee,
" Abhor myſelf, and give my ſoul to Thee.
" Nor ſhall my weakneſs tempt Thine anger more;
" Man is not made to *queſtion*, but *adore*."

OCEAN.

OCEAN,

AN

ODE.

O C E A N.

A N

O D E.

Let the ſea make a noiſe, let the floods clap their hands.
Pſal. xcviii.

I.

SWEET rural ſcene!
Of *flocks* and *green!*
At careleſs eaſe my limbs are ſpread;
All nature ſtill,
But yonder rill;
And liſt'ning pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In proſpect wide,
The boundleſs *tide!*
Waves ceaſe to foam, and winds to roar;
Without a breeze,
The curling ſeas
Dance on, in *meaſure* to the ſhore.

III. Who

III.

Who ſings the *ſource*
Of *wealth* and *force*?
Vaſt field of commerce, and big *war*,
Where *wonders* dwell!
Where *terrors* ſwell!
And *Neptune* thunders from his car?

IV.

Where? Where are they,
Whom *Pæan*'s ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?——
What! none aſpire?
I ſnatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave reſounds!
The rock rebounds!
The *Nereids* to my ſong reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conſpire,
With voice and ſhell, to lift it high.

VI.

They ſpread in air
Their boſoms fair,
Their verdant treſſes pour behind:
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant ſwell the wind.

VII. Who

VII.

Who love the ſhore,
Let thoſe adore
The God *Apollo*, and his *Nine*,
Parnaſſus' hill,
And *Orpheus'* ſkill;
But let *Arion*'s harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
Is *Britain*'s reign;
Her ſtrength, her glory, is her *fleet*:
The main! the main!
Be *Britain*'s ſtrain;
As *Tritons* ſtrong, as *Syrens* ſweet.

IX.

Thro' nature wide
Is nought deſcry'd
So rich in pleaſure or ſurprize;
When all-ſerene,
How *ſweet* the ſcene!
How *dreadful*, when the billows riſe;

X.

And ſtorms deface
The fluid glaſs,
In which ere-while *Britannia* fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like *Ocean*'s bride,
Adjuſting her majeſtic air!

XI.

When tempeſts ceaſe,
And, huſh'd in peace,
The flatten'd ſurges ſmoothly ſpread,
Deep ſilence keep,
And ſeem to ſleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance,
The level glance,
Unbroken, ſhoots along the ſeas!
Which tempt from ſhore
The painted oar;
And every canvas courts the breeze!

XIII.

When ruſhes forth
The frowning *north*
On black'ning billows, with what dread
My ſhuddering ſoul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head!

XIV.

With terror, mark
Yon flying *bark!*
Now center-deep deſcend the brave;
Now, toſs'd on high,
It takes the ſky,
A feather on the tow'ring wave!

XV. Now

XV.

Now ſpins around
In whirls profound:
Now whelm'd; now pendant near the clouds;
Now ſtunn'd, it reels
Midſt thunders peals:
And now fierce lightning fires the ſhrouds.

XVI.

All Ether burns!
Chaos returns!
And blends, once more, the ſeas and ſkies;
No ſpace between
Thy boſom green,
O deep! and the blue concave, lies.

XVII.

The northern blaſt,
The ſhatter'd maſt,
The fyrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking ſpout,
The ſtars gone out,
The boiling ſtreight, the monſters ſhock,

XVIII.

Let others fear;
To *Britain* dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
Thoſe terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chace of honeſt gain, or fame.

XIX.

The ſtars are bright
To chear the night,
And ſhed, thro' ſhadows, temper'd fire;
And *Phœbus'* flames,
With burniſh'd beams,
Which ſome *adore*, and all *admire*.

XX.

Are then the ſeas
Outſhone by *theſe?*
Bright *Thetis!* thou art not outſhone;
With kinder beams,
And ſofter gleams,
Thy boſom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, ſet in *green*,
Gold-ſtars are ſeen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the ſun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Thoſe *clouds*, whoſe dyes
Adorn the ſkies,
That ſilver *ſnow*, that pearly *rain*,
Has *Phœbus* ſtole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII. The

XXIII.

The gaudy *bow*,
Whoſe colours glow,
Whoſe arch with ſo much ſkill is bent,
To *Phœbus'* ray,
Which paints ſo gay,
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters ſleep,
What unknown treaſures pave the floor!
The *pearl*, in rows,
Pale luſtre throws;
The *wealth* immenſe, which ſtorms devour.

XXV.

From *Indian* mines,
With proud deſigns,
The merchant, ſwoln, digs golden ore;
The tempeſts riſe,
And ſeize the prize,
And toſs him breathleſs on the ſhore.

XXVI.

His ſon complains
In pious ſtrains,
" Ah cruel thirſt of gold!" he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet ſwelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou wat'ry waſt!
What mounds are caſt
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er!
Thy proudeſt foam
Muſt know its home;
But rage of gold diſdains a ſhore.

XXVIII.

Gold *pleaſure* buys;
But pleaſure dies,
Too ſoon the groſs fruition cloys;
Tho' *raptures* court,
The *ſenſe* is ſhort;
But virtue kindles living joys.

XXIX.

Joys felt *alone!*
Joys aſk'd of none!
Which time's and fortune's arrows miſs!
Joys that ſubſiſt,
Tho' fates reſiſt,
An unprecarious, endleſs bliſs!

XXX.

The ſoul *refin'd*
Is moſt inclin'd
To every *moral* excellence;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool;
And *virtue* is the child of *ſenſe*.

XXXI. The

XXXI.

The virtuous mind,
Nor *wave*, nor *wind*,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
The ſhaken ball,
Nor planet's fall,
From its firm baſis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This *Britain* knows,
And therefore glows
With gen'rous paſſions, and expends
Her *wealth* and *zeal*
On public weal,
And brightens both by god-like ends.

XXXIII.

What end ſo great
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the *main*;
Which tow'ring roſe
With GEORGE to cloſe,
And rival great ELIZA's reign?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
From *Britain*'s throne
To re-inflame a grand deſign;
That voice ſhall rear
Yon * *fabric fair*,
As nature's roſe at the *divine*.

* A new fund for *Greenwich* hoſpital, recommended from the throne.

XXXV.

When nature ſprung,
Bleſt angels ſung,
And ſhouted o'er the riſing ball;
For ſtrains as high
As man's can fly,
Theſe ſea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boiſt'rous ſeas,
The lap of eaſe
Receives our *wounded*, and our *old*;
High *domes* aſcend!
Stretch'd *arches* bend!
Proud *columns* ſwell! wide *gates* unfold!

XXXVII.

Here, ſoft-reclin'd,
From wave, from wind,
And fortune's tempeſt ſafe aſhore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleaſing *ſhadows* o'er.

XXXVIII.

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails;
In tales the lenitives of *age* flow:
And o'er the bowl,
They fire the ſoul
Of liſt'ning *youth*, to martial rage.

XXXIX. Unhappy

XXXIX.

Unhappy they!
And falſly gay!
Who baſk for ever in ſucceſs;
A conſtant feaſt
Quite palls the taſte,
And long *enjoyment* is *diſtreſs*.

XL.

When, after toil,
His native ſoil
The panting *mariner* regains,
What *tranſport* flows
From bare *repoſe!*
We reap our pleaſure from our pains.

XLI.

Ye warlike ſlain!
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a wat'ry winding ſheet;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's * *full-blown glory* greet.

XLII.

What pow'rful charm
Can death diſarm?
Your long, your iron ſlumbers break?
By *Jove*, by *Fame*,
By GEORGE's name,
Awake! awake! awake! awake!

* Written ſoon after King George the firſt's acceſſion.

XLIII. With

XLIII.

With ſpiral ſhell,
Full blaſted, tell,
That all your wat'ry realms ſhould ring;
Your *pearl*-alcoves,
Your *coral*-groves,
Should echo *theirs*, and *Britain*'s king.

XLIV.

As long as ſtars
Guide mariners,
As CAROLINA's virtues pleaſe,
Or ſuns invite
The raviſh'd ſight,
The *Britiſh* flag ſhall ſweep the ſeas.

XLV.

Peculiar both!
Our ſoil's *ſtrong growth*,
And our bold natives' *hardy mind*;
Sure heaven beſpoke
Our *hearts* and *oak*,
To give a maſter to mankind.

XLVI.

That nobleſt birth
Of teeming earth,
Of foreſts fair, that daughter proud,
To foreign coaſts
Our grandeur boaſts,
And *Britain*'s pleaſure ſpeaks aloud:

XLVII.

Now big with *war*,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand;
Now, ſumptuous ſpoils
Of foreign *ſoils*
Pours in the boſom of our land.

XLVIII.

Hence, *Britain* lays
In ſcales, and weighs
The fate of kingdoms, and of kings;
And as ſhe frowns,
Or ſmiles, on crowns
A night, or day of *glory*, ſprings.

XLIX.

Thus *Ocean* ſwells
The ſtreams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high;
Or elſe withdraws
The mighty cauſe,
And leaves their famiſh'd channels dry.

SEA-PIECE:

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING,

I. The BRITISH Sailor's *Exultation.*

II. His *Prayer* before Engagement.

THE

DEDICATION.

TO

MR. VOLTAIRE.

I.

MY muſe, a bird of paſſage, flies
From frozen climes to milder ſkies;
From chilling blaſts ſhe ſeeks thy chearing beam,
A beam of favour, *here* deny'd;
Conſcious of faults, her bluſhing pride
Hopes an aſylum in ſo great a name.

II.

* To dive full deep in *antient days*,
The *warrior*'s ardent deeds to raiſe,
And *monarchs* aggrandize;—the glory, Thine;
Thine is the *drama*, how renown'd!
Thine, *Epic*'s loftier trump to ſound;——
But let ARION's ſea-ſtrung harp be Mine:

* Annals of the emperor CHARLES XII, Lewis XIV.

III. But

III.

But where's his *dolphin?* Know'ſt thou, where?—
May that be found in Thee, VOLTAIRE!
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave:
How will thy name illuſtrious raiſe
My ſinking ſong! Mere *mortal* lays,
So patroniz'd, are reſcu'd from the grave.

IV.

"Tell me," ſay'ſt thou, "who courts my ſmile?
"What ſtranger ſtray'd from yonder iſle?"—
No ſtranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;
On *Dorſet* downs, when MILTON's page,
With *Sin* and *Death*, provok'd thy rage,
Thy rage provok'd, *who* ſooth'd with gentle rhymes?

V.

Who kindly couch'd thy cenſure's eye,
And gave thee clearly to deſcry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy ſtrong?
Who half inclin'd thee to confeſs,
Nor could thy modeſty do leſs,
That MILTON's blindneſs lay not in his ſong?

VI.

But ſuch debates long ſince are flown;
For ever ſet the ſuns that ſhone
On airy paſtimes, ere our brows were grey:
How ſhortly ſhall we Both forget,
To thee my patron, I my debt,
And thou to thine, for *Pruſſia's* golden key.

VII.

The preſent, in oblivion caſt,
Full ſoon ſhall ſleep, as ſleeps the paſt;
Full ſoon the wide diſtinction die between
The frowns, and favours of the great;
High-fluſh'd ſucceſs, and pale defeat;
The *Gallic* gaiety, and *Britiſh* ſpleen.

VIII.

Ye wing'd, ye rapid moments! ſtay:—
Oh friend! as deaf as rapid, they;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls!——
Doſt thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing ſtrikes the liſtening ear;
Time groans his laſt! ETERNAL loudly calls!

IX.

Nor calls in vain; the call inſpires
Far other counſels, and deſires,
Than once prevail'd; we ſtand on higher ground:
What ſcenes we ſee!——Exalted aim!
With ardors *new*, our ſpirits flame;
Ambition bleſt! with more than *laurels* crown'd.

A

SEA-PIECE.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

I.

IN lofty ſounds let thoſe delight,
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight;
And bold in word, of arms decline the ſtroke:
'Tis mean to boaſt; but great to lend
To foes the counſel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

II.

From whence ariſe theſe loud alarms?
Why gleams the *ſouth* with brandiſh'd arms?
War, bath'd in blood, from curſt ambition ſprings:
Ambition, mean! ignoble pride!
Perhaps their ardors may ſubſide,
When weigh'd the wonders *Britain*'s ſailor ſings.

III.

Hear, and revere.—At *Britain*'s nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Haſtes the huge *oak*, or ſhadeleſs foreſt leaves;
The mountain *pines* aſſume new forms,
Spread canvas-wings, and fly through ſtorms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

IV.

She *nods* again: The labouring earth
Diſcloſes a tremendous birth;
In ſmoaking rivers runs her molten ore;
Thence, monſters of enormous ſize,
And hideous aſpect, threat'ning riſe,
Flame from the deck, from trembling baſtions roar.

V.

Theſe miniſters of fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an *iſland*'s will,
When thrones unjuſt wake vengeance: Know, ye pow'rs!
In ſudden night, and ponderous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempeſt falls,
When brav'd *Britannia*'s awful ſenate low'rs.

VI.

In her * grand council ſhe ſurveys,
In patriot picture, what may raiſe,
Of inſolent attempts, a warm diſdain;
From hope's triumphant ſummit thrown,
Like darted lightning, ſwiftly down
The wealth of *Ind*, and confidence of *Spain*.

* Houſe of Lords.

VII.

Britannia ſheaths her courage keen,
And, ſpares her nitrous magazine;
Her *cannon* ſlumber, till the proud aſpire,
And leave all law below them; then *they* blaze!
They thunder from reſounding ſeas,
Touch'd by their injur'd maſter's ſoul of fire.

VIII.

Then furies riſe! the battle raves!
And rends the ſkies! and warms the waves!
And calls a tempeſt from the peaceful deep,
In ſpite of nature, ſpite of JOVE,
While all-ſerene, and huſh'd above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers ſleep.

IX.

A thouſand deaths the burſting bomb
Hurls from her diſembowel'd womb;
Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance, join'd,
Red-wing'd by ſtrong, ſulphureous blaſts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and maſts;
And leave ſing'd, naked, blood-drown'd, decks behind.

X.

Dwarf laurels riſe in tented fields;
The wreath immortal *ocean* yields;
There war's whole ſting is ſhot, whole fire is ſpent,
Whole glory blooms: How pale, how tame,
How lambent is BELLONA's flame;
How her ſtorms languiſh on the continent!

XI. From

XI.

From the dread front of *antient* war
Leſs terror frown'd; her ſcythed car,
Her caſtled elephant, and batt'ring beam,
Stoop to thoſe engines which deny
Superior terrors to the ſky,
And boaſt their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

XII.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the ſea of blood,
Hoſts whirl'd in air, the yell of ſinking throngs,
The graveleſs dead, an *ocean* warm'd,
A firmament by mortals ſtorm'd,
To patient *Britain*'s angry brow belongs.

XIII.

Or do I dream? Or do I rave?
Or ſee I VULCAN's ſooty cave,
Where JOVE's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
Thoſe ſwarthy gods of *toil* and *heat*,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempeſts rouze the roaring flame.

XIV.

Ye ſons of *Ætna!* hear my call;
Unfiniſh'd let thoſe baubles fall,
Yon ſhield of MARS, MINERVA's helmet blue:
Your ſtrokes ſuſpend, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my ſong,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

XV.

Begin: * And, firſt, take rapid *flight*,
Fierce *flame*, and clouds of thickeſt *night*,
And ghaſtly *terror*, paler than the dead;
Then, borrow from the north his *roar*,
Mix *groans*, and *deaths*; one *phial* pour
Of wrong'd *Britannia*'s wrath; and it is made;
Gaul ſtarts, and trembles,—at your dreadful trade.

* Alluding to VIRGIL's deſcription of thunder.

ODE

ODE THE SECOND.

IN WHICH IS

THE SAILOR'S *PRAYER* BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

I.

SO form'd the bolt, ordain'd to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and *Bourbon* ſhake;
If *Britain*'s crimes ſupport not *Britain*'s foes,
And edge their ſwords: O Pow'r Divine!
If bleſt by Thee the bold deſign,
Embattled hoſts a ſingle arm o'erthrows.

II.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In *Britain*'s cauſe, by fame enroll'd
In deathleſs annal! deathleſs deeds inſpire;
From oozy beds, for *Britain*'s ſake,
Awake, illuſtrious chiefs! awake;
And kindle in your ſons paternal fire.

III.

The day commiſſion'd from Above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full ſhock too *feeble* to ſuſtain;
Or *firm* to ſtand its final blow,
When vital ſtreams of blood ſhall flow,
And turn to crimſon the diſcolour'd main;

IV.

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour! ——
" Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r!
" Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight!
" Now war's important die is thrown,
" If left the day to man alone,
" How blind is wisdom, and how weak is might!

V.

" Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
" And deep remorse, and sighs sincere
" For *Britain's* guilt, the wrath divine appease;
" A wrath, more formidable far
" Than angry nature's wasteful war,
" The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

VI.

" From out the deep, to Thee we cry,
" To Thee, at nature's helm on high!
" Steer Thou our conduct, dread OMNIPOTENCE!
" To Thee for succour we resort;
" Thy favour is our only port;
" Our only rock of safety, thy defence.

VII.

" O Thou, to whom the lions roar,
" And, not unheard, thy boon implore!
" Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke:
" Thou canst arrest the flying ball;
" Or send it back, and bid it fall
" On those, from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

VIII.

" *Britain*, in vain, extends her care
" To climes * remote, for aids in war;
" Still farther muſt it ſtretch to cruſh the foe;
" There's one alliance, one alone,
" Can crown her arms, or fix her throne;
" And that alliance is not found below.

IX.

" ALLY SUPREME! we turn to Thee;
" We learn obedience from the ſea;
" With ſeas, and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil;
" 'Tis Thine our blood to freeze, or warm;
" To rouze, or huſh, the martial ſtorm;
" And turn the tide of conqueſt, at thy will.

X.

" 'Tis Thine to beam ſublime renown,
" Or quench the glories of a crown;
" 'Tis Thine to doom, 'tis Thine from death to free;
" To turn aſide his levell'd dart,
" Or pluck it from the bleeding heart:——
" *There* we caſt anchor, we confide in THEE.

XI.

" THOU, who haſt taught the *north* to roar,
" And ſtreaming † lights nocturnal pour
" Of frightful aſpect! when proud foes invade,
" Their blaſted pride with dread to ſeize,
" Bid *Britain*'s flags, as meteors, blaze;
" And GEORGE depute to thunder in thy ſtead.

* Ruſſia. † Aurora Borealis.

XII. " The

XII.

" The *right* alone is bold, and ſtrong;
" Black, hovering clouds appall the *wrong*
" With dread of vengeance: Nature's awful Sire!
" Leſs than one moment ſhouldſt Thou frown,
" Where is puiſſance, and renown?
" Thrones tremble, empires ſink, or worlds expire.

XIII.

" Let GEORGE the juſt chaſtiſe the vain:
" THOU, who doſt curb the rebel main,
" To mount the ſhore when boiling billows rave!
" Bid GEORGE repel a bolder tide,
" The boundleſs ſwell of *Gallic* pride;
" And check *ambition's* overwhelming wave.

XIV.

" And when (all milder means withſtood)
" *Ambition*, tam'd by loſs of blood,
" Regains her reaſon; then, on angels wings,
" Let *peace* deſcend, and ſhouting greet,
" With peals of joy, *Britannia's* fleet,
" How richly freighted! It, triumphant, brings
" The poiſe of kingdoms, and the fate of kings."

BUSIRIS,

BUSIRIS,

KING OF EGYPT.

A

TRAGEDY.

ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL IN DRURY-LANE.

1719.

O triſte planè acerbumque funus! O morte ipſâ mortis tempus indignius! Jam deſtinata erat egregio juveni, jam electus nuptiarum dies; quod gaudium, quo mœrore mutatum eſt? PLIN. Epiſt.

PROLOGUE.

BY A FRIEND.

SPOKEN BY MR. BOOTH.

LONG have you ſeen the Greek *and* Roman *name,*
Aſſiſted by the muſe, renew their fame,
While yet unſung thoſe heroes ſleep, from whom
Greece *form'd her* Plato's, *and her* Cæſars Rome.
Such, Egypt, *were thy ſons! divinely great*
In arts, in arms, in wiſdom, and in ſtate.
Her early monarchs gave ſuch glories birth,
Their ruins are the wonders of the earth.
Structures ſo vaſt by thoſe great kings deſign'd,
Are but faint ſketches of their boundleſs mind:
Yet ne'er has Albion's *ſcene, though long renown'd,*
With the ſtern tyrants of the Nile *been crown'd.*
The tragic muſe in grandeur ſhould excel,
Her figure blazes, and her numbers ſwell.
The proudeſt monarch of the proudeſt age,
From Egypt *comes to tread the* Britiſh *ſtage:*

Old

Old Homer's *heroes, moderns are to thoſe*
Whom this night's venerable ſcenes diſcloſe.
Here pomp and ſplendor ſerves but to prepare:
To touch the ſoul is our peculiar care;
By juſt diſtreſs ſoft pity to impart,
And mend your nature, while we move your heart;
Nor would theſe ſcenes in empty words abound,
Or overlay the ſentiment with ſound.
When paſſion rages, eloquence is mean;
Geſtures and looks beſt ſpeak the moving ſcene.
Ye ſhining Fair! when tender woes invite
To pleaſing anguiſh and ſevere delight,
By your affliction you compute your gain,
And riſe in pleaſure as you riſe in pain.
If then juſt objects of concern are ſhown,
And your hearts heave with ſorrows not your own,
Let not the grateful impulſe be withſtood,
Strive not with nature; bluſh not to be good:
Sighs only from a nobler temper riſe,
And 'tis your virtue ſwells into your eyes.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

BUSIRIS, King of *Egypt*,		Mr. ELRINGTON.
MYRON, the Prince,		Mr. BOOTH.
NICANOR, Father of *Mandane*,		Mr. MILLS.
MEMNON,	Conſpirators,	Mr. WILKS.
RAMESES,		Mr. WALKER.
SYPHOCES,		Mr. THURMOND.
PHERON,		Mr. WILLIAMS.
AULETES, a Courtier,		Mr. W. MILLS.

WOMEN.

MYRIS, Queen of *Egypt*,	Mrs. THURMOND.
MANDANE,	Mrs. OLDFIELD.

SCENE, a Temple at MEMPHIS, in *Old Egypt*.

BUSIRIS,

KING OF EGYPT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter PHERON *and* SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

IF glorious ſtructures, and immortal deeds,
Enlarge the thought, and ſet our ſouls on fire,
My tongue has been too cold in *Egypt*'s praiſe,
The queen of nations, and the boaſt of times,
Mother of ſcience, and the houſe of gods!
Scarce can I open wide my lab'ring mind
To comprehend the vaſt idea, big
With arts and arms, ſo boundleſs in their fame.

PHERON.

Thrice happy land! did not her dreadful king,
Far-fam'd *Buſiris*, whom the world reveres,
Lay all his ſhining wonders in diſgrace,
By cruelty and pride?

SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

By pride indeed;
He calls himſelf The *Proud*, and glories in it,
Nor would exchange for *Jupiter's Almighty*.
Have we not ſeen him ſhake his ſilver reins
O'er harneſs'd monarchs to his chariot yok'd?
In ſullen majeſty they ſtalk along,
With eyes of indignation and deſpair,
While he aloft diſplays his impious ſtate,
With half theſe rifled kingdoms o'er his brow,
Blazing to heaven in diamonds and gold.

PHERON.

Nor leſs the tyrant's cruelty than pride;
His horrid altars ſtream with human blood,
And piety is murder in his hands. [*A great ſhout.*

SYPHOCES.

There roſe the voice of twice two hundred thouſand,
And broke the clouds, and clear'd the face of day;
The king, who from his temple's airy height,
With heart dilated, that great work ſurveys,
Who ſhall proclaim what can be done by man,
Has ſtruck his purple ſtreamer, and deſcends.

PHERON.

Twice ten long years have ſeen that haughty pile,
Which nations with united toil advance,
Gain on the ſkies, and labour up to heaven.

SYPHOCES.

The king——or proſtrate fall, or diſappear. [*Exeunt.*

Enter BUSIRIS, *attended.*

BUSIRIS.

This antient city, *Memphis* the renown'd,
Almoſt coæval with the Sun himſelf,
And boaſting ſtrength ſcarce ſooner to decay,

How

How wanton ſits ſhe amid nature's ſmiles;
Nor from her higheſt turret has to view,
But golden landſcapes and luxuriant ſcenes;
A waſte of wealth, the ſtorehouſe of the world!
Here, fruitful vales, far-ſtretching, fly the ſight;
There, ſails unnumber'd whiten all the ſtream;
While from the banks full twenty thouſand cities
Survey their pride, and ſee their gilded towers
Float on the waves, and break againſt the ſhore:
To crown the whole, this riſing pyramid
[*Shews the plan.*
Lengthens in air, and ends among the ſtars;
While every other object ſhrinks beneath
Its mighty ſhade, and leſſens to the view,
As kings compar'd with me.

Enter AULETES. *He falls proſtrate.*

AULETES.

O live for ever,
Buſiris, firſt of men!

BUSIRIS.

Auletes, riſe.

AULETES.

Embaſſadors from various climes arrive,
To view your wonders, and to greet your fame;
Each loaden with the gifts his country yields,
Of which the meaneſt riſe to gold and pearl:
The rich *Arabian* fills his ample vaſe
With ſacred incenſe; *Ethiopia* ſends
A thouſand courſers fleeter than the wind;
And their black riders darken all the plain:
Camels and elephants from other realms,
Bending beneath a weight of luxury,

Bring the beſt ſeaſons of their various years,
And leave their monarchs poor.

BUSIRIS.

What from the *Perſian?*

AULETES.

He bends before your throne, and far outweighs
The reſt in tribute, and outſhines in ſtate.

BUSIRIS.

Away; he ſees me not; I know his purpoſe;
A ſpy upon my greatneſs, and no friend:
Take his Embaſſador, and ſhew him *Egypt*;
In *Memphis* ſhew him various nations met,
As in a ſea, yet not confin'd in ſpace,
But ſtreaming freely through the ſpacious ſtreet,
Which ſend forth millions at each brazen gate,
Whene'er the trumpet calls; high over-head
On the broad walls the chariots bound along,
And leave in air a thunder of my own:
Jove too has pour'd the *Nile* into my hand,
The prince of rivers, Ocean's eldeſt ſon:
Rich of myſelf, I make the fruitful year,
Nor aſk precarious plenty from the ſky——
Throw all my glories open to his view,
Then tell him, in return for trifles offer'd,
I give him *this*, and when a *Perſian* arm

[*Gives him a bow.*

Can thus with vigour its reluctance bend,
And to the nerve its ſtubborn force ſubdue;
Then let his maſter think of arms—but bring
More men than yet e'er pour'd into the field;
Mean time, thank heaven, our tide of conqueſt drives
A different way, and leaves him ſtill a king:
This to the *Perſian*.——I receive the reſt.

And

And give the world an anſwer. [*Exit* Buſiris.

MANDANE, *attended by prieſts and her virgins, is ſeen ſacrificing at a diſtance.*

An hymn to ISIS *is ſung. The prieſts go out.*

MANDANE, *attended by her maids, advances.*

MANDANE.

My morning duty to the gods is over,
Yet ſtill this terror hangs upon my ſoul,
And ſaddens every thought——I ſtill behold
The dreadful image; ſtill the threat'ning ſword
Points at my breaſt, and glitters in mine eye. ——
But 'twas a dream; no more. My virgins, leave me:
And thou, great Ruler of the World, be preſent!
O kindly ſhine on this important hour!
This hour determines all my future life,
And gives it up to miſery or joy. [*She advances,*
Theſe lonely walks, this deep and ſolemn gloom,
Where noon-day ſuns but glimmer to the view,
This houſe of tears, and manſion of the dead,
For ever hides him from the hated light,
And gives him leave to groan.

Back ſcene draws, and ſhews MEMNON *leaning on his father's tomb.*

Was ever ſcene
So mournful! If, my lord, the dead alone
Are all your care, life is no more a bleſſing.
How could you ſhun me for this diſmal ſhade,
And ſeek from love a refuge in deſpair?

MEMNON.

Why haſt thou brought thoſe eyes to this ſad place,
Where darkneſs dwells, and grief would ſigh ſecure

In welcome horrors and beloved night?
Thy beauties drive thy friendly ſhades before them,
And light up day e'en here. Retire, my love;
Each joyful moment I would ſhare with thee,
My virtuous maid, but I would mourn alone.

MANDANE.

What have you found in me ſo mean, to hope
That while you ſigh, my heart can be at peace?
Your ſorrows flow from your *Mandane*'s eyes.

MEMNON.

O my *Mandane!*

MANDANE.

Wherefore turn you from me?
Have I offended, or are you unkind? ——
Ah me! a ſight as ſtrange, as pitiful!
From this big heart, o'ercharg'd with gen'rous ſorrow,
See the tide working upward to his eye,
And ſtealing from him in large ſilent drops,
Without his leave!—can thoſe tears flow in vain?

MEMNON.

Why will you double my diſtreſs, and make
My grief my crime, by diſcompoſing you.——
And yet I can't forbear! Alas, my father!
That name excuſes all; what is not due
To that great name, which life or death can pay?

MANDANE.

Speak on, and eaſe your lab'ring breaſt: It ſwells
And ſinks again; and then it ſwells ſo high,
It looks as it would break. I know 'tis big
With ſomething you would utter. Oft in vain
I have preſum'd to aſk your mournful ſtory;
But ever have been anſwered with a frown.

MEMNON.

O my *Mandane!* did my tale concern

Myſelf alone, it would not lie conceal'd;
But 'tis wrapt up in guilt, in royal guilt,
And therefore 'tis unſafe to touch upon it:
To tell my tale is to blow off the aſhes
From ſleeping embers, which will riſe in flames
At the leaſt breath, and ſpread deſtruction round.
But thou art faithful, and my other ſelf;
And, O! my heart this moment is ſo full,
It burſts with its complaints; and I muſt ſpeak.
Myris, the preſent queen, was only ſiſter
Of great *Artaxes*, our late royal lord:
Buſiris, who now reigns, was firſt of males
In lineal blood, to which this crown deſcends.
Not with long circumſtance to load my ſtory,
Ambitious *Myris* fir'd his daring ſoul,
And turn'd his ſword againſt her brother's life:
Then mounting to the tyrant's bed and throne,
Enjoy'd her ſhame, and triumph'd in her guilt.

MANDANE.

So black a ſtory well might ſhun the day.

MEMNON.

Artaxes' friends (a virtuous multitude)
Were ſwept away by baniſhment or death,
In throngs, and ſated the devouring grave.
My father!——Think, *Mandane*, on your own,
And pardon me!—— [*Weeps.*
The tyrant took me, then of tender years,
And rear'd me with a ſon (a ſon ſince dead).
He vainly hop'd, by ſhews of guilty kindneſs,
To wear away the blackneſs of his crime,
And reconcile me to my father's fate;
Hence have I long been forc'd to ſtay my vengeance
To ſmooth my brow with ſmiles, and curb my tongue,
While the big woe lies throbbing at my heart. ——

Enter PHERON *at a diſtance.*

PHERON. [*Aſide.*]

So cloſe! ſo loving!—Here I ſtand unſeen,
And watch my rival's fate.

MEMNON.

But thou, my fair;
Thou art my peace in tumult, life in death;
Thou yet canſt make me bleſs'd,

MANDANE.

As how, my lord?

MEMNON.

Ah! why wilt thou inſult me?

MANDANE.

Memnon——

MEMNON.

Speak!

MANDANE.

Nature forbids; and when I would begin,
She ſtifles all my ſpirits, and I faint:
My heart is breaking, but I cannot ſpeak.
O let me fly.——

MEMNON.

You pierce me to the ſoul. [*Holding her.*

MANDANE.

O! ſpare me for a moment, till my heart
Regains its wonted force, and I will ſpeak——
Pheron, you know, is daily urgent with me,
Breaks through reſtraints, and will not be refuſed.
[Pheron *ſhews a great concern.*
Yet more: The prince, the young impetuous prince,
Before his father ſent him forth to war,
And gave the *Mede* to his deſtructive ſword,
Has often taught his tongue a ſilken tale,

Deſcended

Deſcended from himſelf, and talk'd of love.
Since laſt I ſaw thee, his licentious paſſion
Has haunted all my dreams———
This day the court ſhines forth in all its luſtre,
To welcome her returning warrior home;
Alas, the malice of our ſtars!

MEMNON.

To place it
Beyond the power of fate to part our loves;
Be this our bridal night, my life!—my ſoul! [*Embrace.*

PHERON.

Perdition ſeize them both! and have I lov'd
So long, to catch her in another's arms!
Another's arms for ever! O the pang!
Heart-piercing ſight!—but rage ſhall take its turn—
It ſhall be ſo—and let the crime be his
Who drives me to the black extremity;
I fear no farther hell than that I feel. [*Exit.*

MEMNON.

Trembling I graſp thee, and my anxious heart
Is ſtill in doubt if I may call thee mine.
O bliſs too great! O painful ecſtaſy!
I know not what to utter.

MANDANE.

Ah, my lord!
What means this damp that comes athwart my joy,
Chaſtiſing thus the lightneſs of my heart?——
I have a father, and a father too,
Tender as nature ever fram'd. His will
Should be conſulted. Should I touch his peace,
I ſhould be wretched in my *Memnon*'s arms.

MEMNON.

Talk not of wretchedneſs.

MANDANE.

Alas! this day
Firſt gave me birth, and (which is ſtrange to tell)
The fates e'er ſince, as watching its return,
Have caught it as it flew, and mark'd it deep
With ſomething great; extremes of good or ill.

MEMNON.

Why ſhould we bode misfortune to our loves?
No; I receive thee from the gods, in lieu
Of all that happineſs they raviſh'd from me;
Fame, freedom, father, all return in thee.
Had not the gods *Mandane* to beſtow,
They never would have pour'd ſuch vengeance on me;
They meant me thee, and could not be ſevere.
Soon as night's favourable ſhades deſcend,
The holy prieſt ſhall join our hands for ever,
And life ſhall prove but one long bridal-day.
Till then, in ſcenes of pleaſure loſe thy grief,
Or ſtrike the lute, or ſmile among the flowers,
They'll ſweeter ſmell, and fairer bloom for thee.—
Alas! I'm torn from this dear tender ſide,
By weighty reaſons, and important calls;
Nay, e'en by love itſelf—I quit thee now,
But to deſerve thee more. [*They embrace.*

MANDANE.

Your friends are here. [*Exit* Mand.

MEMNON.

Excellent creature! how my ſoul pants for thee!
But other paſſions now begin their claim;
Doubt, and diſdain, and ſorrow, and revenge,
With mingling tumult, tear up all my breaſt:
O how unlike the ſoftneſſes of love!

Enter

Enter SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

Hail, worthy *Memnon.*

MEMNON.

Welcome, my *Sophocet.*
And much I hope thou bring'ſt a bleeding heart;
A heart that bleeds for others miſeries,
Bravely regardleſs of its own, though great;
That firſt of characters.

SYPHOCES.

And there's a ſecond,
Not far behind; to reſcue the diſtreſs'd,
Or die.

MEMNON.

Yes, die; and viſit thoſe brave men,
Who, from the firſt of time, have bath'd their hands
In tyrants' blood, and graſp'd their honeſt ſwords
As part of their own being, when the cauſe,
The public cauſe demanded. O my friend!
How long ſhall *Egypt* groan in chains? How long
Shall her ſons fall in heaps without a foe?
No war, plague, famine, nothing but *Buſiris,*
His people's father! and the ſtate's defence!
Yet but a remnant of the land ſurvives.

SYPHOCES.

What havock have I ſeen? Have we not known
A multitude become a morning's prey,
When troubled reſt, or a debauch, has ſour'd
The monſter's temper? Then 'tis inſtant death;
Then fall the brave and good, like ripen'd corn
Before the ſweeping ſcythe; not the poor mercy
To ſtarve and pine at leiſure in their chains.——
But what freſh hope, that we receive your ſummons
To meet you here this morning?

MEMNON.

MEMNON.

Know, *Syphoces*,
'Twas on this day my warlike father's blood,
So often laviſh'd in his country's cauſe,
And greatly ſold for conqueſt and renown;
'Twas on this execrable day it flow'd
On his own pavement, in a peaceful hour,
Smok'd in the duſt, and waſh'd a ruffian's feet.
This guilty day returning, rouſes all
My ſmother'd rage, and blows it to a flame.
Where are our friends?

SYPHOCES.

At hand. *Rameſes*,
Laſt night, when gentle reſt o'er nature ſpread
Her ſtill command, and care alone was waking,
Like a dum, lonely, diſcontented, ghoſt,
Enter'd my chamber, and approach'd my bed:
With burſts of paſſion, and a peal of groans,
He recollects his godlike brother's fate,
The drunken banquet, and the midnight murder,
And urges vengeance on the guilty prince.
Such was the fellneſs of his boiling rage,
Methought the night grew darker as he frown'd.

MEMNON.

I know he bears the prince moſt deadly hate;
But this will enter deeper in his ſoul; [*Shews a letter.*
And rouſe up paſſions, which till now have ſlept:
Murder will look like innocence to this.

SYPHOCES.

How, *Memnon?*

MEMNON.

This reminds me of thy fate;
The queen has courted thee with proffer'd realms,
And ſought by threats to bend thee to her will;

She languiſhes, ſhe burns, ſhe waſtes away
In fruitleſs hopes, and dies upon thy name.

SYPHOCES.

O fatal love! which, ſtung by jealouſy,
Expell'd a life far dearer than my own,
By curſed poiſon—Ah divine *Apame!*
And could the murd'reſs hope ſhe ſhould inherit
This heart, and fill thy place within theſe arms?—
But grief ſhall yield—Revenge, I'm wholly thine!

MEMNON.

The tyrant too is wanton in his age,
He ſhews that all his thoughts are not in blood;
Love claims its ſhare; he envies poor *Rameſes*
The ſoftneſs of his bed; and thinks *Amelia*
A miſtreſs worthy of a monarch's arms.

SYPHOCES.

But ſee, *Rameſes* comes; a ſullen gloom
Scowls on his brow, and marks him through the duſk.

Enter RAMESES, PHERON, *and other conſpirators.*

MEMNON.

To what, my friend, ſhall *Memnon* bid you welcome?
To tombs, and melancholy ſcenes of death?
I have no coſtly banquets, ſuch as ſpread
Prince *Myron*'s table, when your brother fell.
[*To* Rameſes.
I have no gilded roof, no gay apartment,
Such as the queen prepar'd for thee, *Syphoces.*
Yet be not diſcontent, my valiant friends,
Buſiris reigns, and 'tis not out of ſeaſon
To look on aught may mind us of our fate:
His ſword is ever drawn, and furious *Myris*
Thinks the day loſt that is not mark'd with blood.

RAMESES.

RAMESES.

And have we felt a tyrant twenty years,
Felt him as the raw wound the burning ſteel;
And are we murmuring out our midnight curſes,
Drying our tears in corners, and complaining?
Our hands are forfeited—Gods! ſtrike them off.
No hands we need to faſten our own chains,
Our maſters will do that; and we want ſouls
To raiſe them to an uſe more worthy men.

MEMNON.

Ruffles your temper at offences paſt?
Here then, to ſting thee into madneſs.

[*Gives the Letter.* Rameſes *reads.*]

RAMESES.

Oh!

SYPHOCES.

See how the ſtruggling paſſions ſhake his frame!

RAMESES.

My boſom joy, that crowns my happy bed
With tender pledges of our mutual love,
Far dearer than my ſoul! and ſhall my wife,
The mother of my little innocents,
Be taken from us! Torn from me, from mine,
Who live but on her ſight! And ſhall I hear
Her cries for ſuccour, and not ruſh upon him?
My infant hanging at the neck upbraids me,
And ſtruggles with his little arms to ſave her.—
Theſe veins have ſtill ſome gen'rous blood in ſtore,
The dregs of thoſe rich ſtreams his wars have drain'd;
I'll giv't in dowry with her.

PHERON.

Well reſolv'd:
A tardy vengeance ſhares the tyrant's guilt.

RAMESES.

RAMESES.

Let me embrace thee, *Pheron*; thou art brave,
And doſt diſdain the coldneſs of delay.
Curſe on the man that calls *Rameſes* friend,
And keeps his temper at a tale like this;
When rage and rancour are the proper virtues,
And loſs of reaſon is the mark of men.

MEMNON.

Thus I've determin'd: When the midnight hour
Lulls this proud city, and her monarch dreams
Of humbler foes, or his new miſtreſs' love,
Then we will ruſh at once, let looſe the terrors
Of rage pent in, and ſtruggling twenty years
To find a vent, and at one dreadful blow
Begin and end the war.
A more auſpicious juncture could not happen.
The *Perſian*, who for years has join'd our counſels,
Stirr'd up the love of freedom, and in private
Long nurs'd that glorious appetite with gold,
This morn with tranſport ſnatch'd the wiſh'd occaſion
Of throwing his reſentment wide, and now
He frowns in arms, and gives th' event to fate.

RAMESES.

This hand ſhall drag the tyrant from the throne,
And ſtab the royal victim on this altar.

[*Pointing to the tomb.*

MEMNON.

O juſtly thought! Friends, caſt your eyes around;
All that moſt awful is, or great in nature,
This ſolemn ſcene preſents; the gods are here,
And here our fam'd forefathers' ſacred tombs;
Who never brook'd a tyrant in this land.
Let us not act beneath the grand aſſembly!
The ſlighted altars tremble, and theſe tombs

Send

Send forth a peal of groans to urge us on.
Come then, ſurround my father's monument,
And call his ſhade to witneſs to your vows.

RAMESES.

Nor his alone. O all ye mighty dead!
Illuſtrious ſhades! who nightly ſtalk around
The tyrant's couch, and ſhake his guilty ſoul;
Whether already you converſe with gods,
Or ſtray below in melancholy glooms,
From earth, from air, from heav'n, and even hell,
Come, I conjure you, by the pris'ner's chain,
The widow's ſighing, and the orphan's tears,
The virgin's ſhrieks, the hero's ſpouting veins,
By gods blaſphem'd, and free-born men enſlav'd.

MEMNON.

Hear, *Jove!* and you moſt injur'd heroes, hear,
While we o'er this thrice-hallow'd monument
Thus join our hands, and, kneeling to the gods,
Faſt bind our ſouls to great revenge!

ALL.

We ſwear——

MEMNON.

This night the tyrant and his minions bleed.

PHERON. [*Aſide.*]

So, now my foe is taken in the toil,
And I've a ſecond caſt for this proud maid——
It is an oath well ſpent, a perjury
Of good account in vengeance, and in love.

MEMNON.

We wrong the mighty dead, if we permit
Our eyes alone to count this grand aſſembly:
A thouſand unſeen heroes walk among us;
My father riſes from his tomb; his wounds
Bleed all afreſh, and conſecrate the day:

He

He waves his arm, and chides our tardy vengeance:
More than this world ſhall thank us. O my friends!
Such our condition, we have nought to loſe;
And great may be our gain, if this be great,
To cruſh a Tyrant, and preſerve a State;
To ſtill the clamours of our fathers blood,
To fix the baſis of the Public good,
To leave a fame eternal; then to ſoar,
Mix with the gods, and bid the world adore.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Palace.

A magnificent throne diſcovered, and ſeveral courtiers walking to and fro.

Enter SYPHOCES *and* RAMESES. *Shouts at a diſtance.*

RAMESES.

WHAT means this duſt and tumult in the court,
Theſe ſtreamers fooling in the wind, theſe ſhouts,
The tyrant blazing in full inſolence,
And all his gaudy courtiers baſking round him,
Like pois'nous vermin in a dog-day ſun?

SYPHOCES.

Your father and prince *Myron* are arriv'd,
And with one peal of joy the nation rings.

RAMESES.

Long has my father ſerv'd this tyrant king,
With zeal well worthy of a better cauſe.
Though with his helm he hides a hoary brow,
Long vers'd in death, the father of the field,
At the ſhrill trumpet he throws off the weight
Of fourſcore years, and ſprings upon the foe.
The tranſport danger gives him, conquers nature,
And a ſhort youth boils up within his veins.

SYPHOCES.

Behold this way they paſs to meet the king.

MYRON

MYRON *and* NICANOR *paſs the ſtage with attendants.*

RAMESES. [*Looking on* Myron.]
What pity 'tis that one ſo loſt in guilt,
Should thus engage the fight with manly charms,
And make vice lovely!

SYPHOCES.
Pardon me, *Rameſes:*
Though to my *foe*, I muſt be ever juſt.
He's gen'rous, grateful, affable, and brave:
But then he knows no limit to his paſſion;
The tempeſt beaten bark is not ſo toſs'd
As is his reaſon, when thoſe winds ariſe:
And though he draws a fatal ſword in battle,
And kindles in the warm purſuit of fame,
Pleaſure ſubdues him quite; the ſparkling eye,
And gen'rous bowl, bear down his graver mind,
While fiery ſpirits dance along his veins,
And keep a conſtant revel in his heart.

RAMESES.
But here the tyrant comes!—With what exceſs
Of idle pride will he receive his ſon!
How with big words will he ſwell out this conqueſt,
And into grandeur puff his little tales!

Enter KING, *and aſcends the throne; on the other ſide,*
Enter MYRON *and* NICANOR.

KING.
Welcome, my ſon; great partner of my fame;
I thank thee for th' encreaſe of my dominions,
That now more mountains riſe, more rivers flow,
And more ſtars ſhine in my ſtill-growing empire.
The ſun himſelf ſurveys it not at once,
But travels for the view, whilſt far disjoin'd
My ſubjects live unheard-of by each other;

Theſe wrapt in ſhades, whilſt thoſe enjoy the light;
Their day is various, but their king the ſame.

MYRON.

Here, Sir, your thanks are due; to this old arm,
Whoſe nerve not threeſcore winter camps unbend,
You owe your victory, and I my life.
When my fierce courſer, with a jav'lin ſtung,
Firſt rear'd in air, then tearing with a bound
The trembling earth, plung'd deep amidſt the foe;
And now a thouſand deaths from ev'ry ſide,
Had but one mark, and on my buckler rung;
Through the throng'd legions, like a tempeſt, ruſh'd
This friend, o'er gaſping heroes, rolling ſteeds,
And ſnatch'd me from my fate.

BUSIRIS.

I thank thee, general;
Thou haſt a heart that ſwells with loyalty,
And throws off the infection of theſe times;
But thy degenerate boy———

NICANOR.

No more my ſon;
I cut him off; my guilt, my puniſhment.
Look not, dread Sir, on me, through his offence;
O let not that diſcolour all my ſervice,
And ruin thoſe who blame him for his crimes.

BUSIRIS.

Old man, I will not wear the crown in vain;
Subjects ſhall work my will, or feel my pow'r;
Their diſobedience ſhall not be *my* guilt.
Who is their welfare, glory, and defence?
The land that yields them food, and ev'ry ſtream
That ſlakes their thirſt, the air they breathe, is mine.
And is concurrence to their own enjoyment
By due ſubmiſſion, a too great return?

Death

Death and deſtruction are within my call——
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in thy maſter's ſmile.
A faithful miniſter adorns my crown,
And throws a brighter glory round my brow.

NICANOR.

Take but one more, one ſmall one, to your favour,
And then my ſoul's at peace—I have a daughter,
An only daughter, now an only child,
Since her loſt brother's folly; ſhe deſerves
The moſt a father can for ſo much goodneſs:
Her mother's dead, and we are left alone;
We two are the whole houſe; nor are we two;
In her I live, the comfort of my age;
And if the king extend his grace ſo far,
And take that tender bloſſom into ſhelter,
Then I have all my monarch can beſtow,
Or heav'n itſelf; but this, that I may wear
My life's poor remnant out in your command;
Stretch forth my being to the laſt in duty,
And, when the fates ſhall ſummon, die for you.

BUSIRIS.

Nicanor, know, thy daughter is our care.

MYRON.

O, Sir, be greatly kind, exert your pow'r,
And with the monarch furniſh out the friend!——
Art thou not he, that gallant-minded chief, [*To* Nic.
Who would not ſtoop to give me leſs than life?
And ſhall I prove ungrateful? Shocking thought!
He that's ungrateful, has no guilt but one;
All other crimes may paſs for virtues in him.

NICANOR.

What joy my daughter's promis'd welfare gives me,
My lips I need not open to diſcover——
Thus humbly let me thank you.

BUSIRIS.

Dry thy tears,
And follow us; thy daughter's near our queen,
And longs, no doubt, to ſee thee: Bleſs the maid,
And then attend us on affairs of ſtate.——
I hear, there's treaſon near us: Though the ſlaves
Fall off from their obedience, and deny
That I'm their monarch, I'm *Buſiris* ſtill:
Collected in myſelf, I'll ſtand alone,
And hurl my thunder, though I ſhake my throne:
Like death, a ſolitary king I'll reign
O'er ſilent ſubjects, and a deſart plain;
Ere brook their pride, I'll ſpread a gen'ral doom,
And ev'ry ſtep ſhall be from tomb to tomb. [*Exit.*

[Myr. *and* Aul. *who talk'd aſide, advance.*

MYRON.

Her abſent beauties glow'd upon my mind,
And ſparkled in each thought. She never left me—
Would'ſt thou believe it? In the field of battle,
In the mid terror, and the flame of fight.
Mandane, thou haſt ſtol'n away my ſoul,
And left my fame in danger.—My rais'd arm
Has hung in air, forgetful to deſcend,
And, for a moment, ſpar'd the proſtrate foe—
O that her birth roſe equal to my own!
Then I might wed with honour, and enjoy
A lawful bliſs——And why not now? Methinks
Abſence has plac'd her in a fairer light,
Enrich'd the maid, and heighten'd ev'ry charm.

AULETES.

She comes!

MYRON.

That modeſt grace ſubdu'd my ſoul:

That chaſtity of look, which ſeem to hang
A veil of pureſt light o'er all her beauties,
And by forbidding, moſt inflames, deſire.

[*Enter* MANDANE.

What tender force! what dignity divine!
What virtue conſecrating ev'ry feature!
Around that neck, what droſs are gold and pearl!
Mandane! pow'rful being, whoſe firſt ſight
Gives me a tranſport not to be expreſs'd;
And with one moment over-pays a year
Of danger, toil, and death, and abſence from thee.

MANDANE.

My lord, I ſought my father.

MYRON.

Leave me not;
I've much to ſay! much more than you conceive;
Yes, by the gods, much more than I can utter:
My breath is ſnatch'd; I tremble; I expire. [*Aſide.*
Nay, here I'll offer tender violence— [*Takes her hand.*
May I not breathe my ſoul upon this hand?
When your eyes triumph, and inſult my pain,
Permit me here to take a ſmall revenge.

MANDANE.

My lord, I am not conſcious of my fault.

MYRON.

'Tis falſe—I know the language of thoſe eyes;
They uſe me ill—See my heart beat, *Mandane*;
Believe not me, but tell yourſelf my paſſion—
Is it in art to counterfeit within?
To drive the ſpirits, and inflame the blood?
Each nerve is pierc'd with light'ning from your eye,
And every pulſe is in the throbs of love.

MANDANE.

My lord my duty calls; I muſt not ſtay.

MYRON.

Give me a moment: I have that to ſpeak
Will burſt me, if ſuppreſs—O heavenly maid!
Thy charms are doubled,—ſo is thy diſdain—
Who is it; tell me, who enjoys thy ſmile?
There is a happy man, I ſwear there is;
I know it by your coldneſs to your friend——
That thought has fix'd a ſcorpion on my heart,
That ſtings to death——And is it poſſible
You ever ſpoke of *Myron* in his abſence,
Or caſt at leiſure a light thought that way?

MANDANE.

I thought of you, my lord, and of my father,
And pray'd for your ſucceſs; nor muſt I now
Neglect to give him joy.

MYRON.

Yet ſtay; you ſhall not go——Ungrateful woman!
I would not wrong your father; but, by heav'n,
His love is hatred, if compar'd with mine.
I underſtand whence this unkindneſs flows;
Your heart reſents ſome licence of my youth,
When love had touch'd my brain.. You may forgive me
Becauſe I never ſhall forgive myſelf;
But that you live, I'd ruſh upon my ſword.
If you forgive me, I ſhall now approach,
Not as a lover only, but a wretch
Redeem'd from baſeneſs to the ways of honour,
And to my paſſion join my gratitude:
Each time I kneel before you, I ſhall riſe,
As well a better, as a happier, man,
Indebted to your virtue, and your love.

MANDANE.

I muſt not hear you,

MYRON.

O torment me not!
Hear me you muſt, and more—Your father's valour,
In the late battle, reſcu'd me from death:
And how ſhall I be grateful! Thou'rt a princeſs;—
Think not, *Mandane*, this a ſudden ſtart;
A flaſh of love, that kindles and expires:
Long have I weigh'd it; ſince I parted hence,
No night has paſs'd but this has broke my reſt,
And mix'd with ev'ry dream. My fair, I wed thee
In the matureſt counſel of my ſoul.

MANDANE. [*Aſide.*]

O gods! I tremble at the riſing ſtorm;
Where can this end?

MYRON.

And do you then deſpiſe me?

MANDANE.

My lord, I want the courage to accept
What far tranſcends my merit, and for ever
Muſt ſilently upbraid my little worth.

MYRON.

Have I forſook myſelf, forgone my temper
Headlong to all the gay delights of youth,
And fall'n in love with virtue moſt ſevere;
Turn'd ſuperſtitious, to make thee my friend?
Gods! have I ſtruggled through the pow'rful reaſons
That ſtrongly combated my fond reſolves?
Was wealth o'erlook'd, and glory of no weight;
My parent's crown forgot, and my own conqueſts;
And all to be refus'd to ſooth your pride,
And make my rival ſport?

MANDANE. [*Kneels.*]

With patience hear me—

Nor let my truſt in *Myron* prove my ruin.

MYRON.

Diſtraction! Art thou marry'd?

MANDANE.

Oh!

MYRON.

My heart foretold it.—Ah my ſoul! *Auletes.* [*Swoons.*

AULETES.

Madam, 'tis prudent in you to withdraw— [*Exit* Mand.

MYRON.

I do not live—I cannot bear the light!
Where is *Mandane?* But I would not know.
She is not mine.—Yet, though not mine in love,
Revenge, my juſt revenge, may overtake her.
O how I hate her! Let me know her faults:
Did the proud maid inſult me in diſtreſs,
And ſmile to ſee me gaſping? Speak, *Auletes.*
Did ſhe not ſigh? Sure ſhe might pity me,
Though all her love is now another's right.

AULETES.

She ſigh'd, and wept; but I remov'd her from you.

MYRON.

It was well done—Yet I could gaze for ever.
And *did* ſhe ſigh? And *did* ſhe drop a tear?
The tears ſhe ſhed for me are ſurely mine;
And ſhall another dry them on thoſe cheeks,
And make them an excuſe for greater fondneſs?
Shall I aſſiſt the villain in his joys?
No; I will tear her from him——
I'd grudge her beauties to the gods that gave them.

AULETES.

My lord, have temper.

MYRON.

And another's paſſion
Warm

Warm on that lip! another's burning arms
Strain'd round the lovely waiſt for which I die,
And ſhe conſenting, wooing, growing to him!
What golden ſcenes, when abſent, did I feign!
What lovely pictures did I draw in air!
What luxury of thought! And ſee my fate!
Shall then my ſlave enjoy her; and I languiſh
In my triumphal car, my foot on purple,
And o'er my head a canopy of gold,
Fate in my nod, and monarchs in my train!
What if I ſtab him? No—She will not wed
His murderer—I never form'd a wiſh,
But full fruition taught me to forget it.
And am I leſſen'd by my late ſucceſs?
And have I loſt my conqueſt? Fly, *Auletes*,
And tell her ——

AULETES.

What, my lord?

MYRON.

No, bid her ——

AULETES.

Speak!

MYRON.

I know not what—My heart is torn aſunder.

AULETES.

Retire, my lord, and re-compoſe yourſelf:
The queen approaches—Ha! her boſom ſwells;

[*Exit* Myron.

Her pale lip trembles; a diſorder'd haſte
Is in her ſteps; her eyes ſhoot gloomy fires ——
When *Myris* is in anger, happy they
She calls her friends.

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN.

Auletes, where's the king?

AULETES.

AULETES.

At council, madam.

QUEEN.

Let him know I want him.

[*Exit* Auletes.

Baſe! to forget to whom he owes a crown!
Fool! to provoke *her* rage, whoſe hand is red
In her own brother's blood!

Enter KING *and* PHERON.

KING.

Horrid conſpiracy!

PHERON.

This night was deſtin'd for the bloody deed.

KING.

Miſtaken villains! if they wiſh my death,
They ſhould in prudence lay their weapons by:
So jealous are the gods of *Egypt*'s glory,
I cannot die whilſt ſlaves are arm'd againſt me.
Haſte, *Pheron*, to the dungeon; plunge them down
Far from the hopes of day; there let them lie
Baniſh'd this world while yet alive, and groan
In darkneſs, and in horror—Let double chains
Conſume the fleſh of *Memnon*'s loaded limbs,
'Till death ſhall knock them off—A king's thy friend;
Nay, more; *Buſiris*.——Go; let that ſuffice—

[*Exit* Pher.

QUEEN.

My lord, your thought's engag'd.

KING.

Affairs of ſtate
Detain'd me from my queen.

QUEEN.

The world may wait:
I've a requeſt, my lord.

KING.

KING.

Oblige me with it.

QUEEN.

Will you comply?

KING.

My queen, my pow'r is yours.

QUEEN.

Your queen?

KING.

My queen.

QUEEN.

Indeed, it ſhould be ſo —
Then ſign theſe orders for *Amelia's* death.——
He ſtarts, turns pale, he's ſinking into earth.——
Enough; be gone, and fling thee at her feet;
Doat on my ſlave, and ſue to her for mercy.
Go; pour forth all the folly of thy ſoul;
But bear in mind, thou giv'ſt not of thy own:
Thou giv'ſt that kindneſs, which I bought with blood,
Nor ſhall I loſe unmov'd.

KING.

I wiſh, my queen,
This ſtill had ſlept a ſecret for thy ſake;
But ſince thy reſtleſs jealouſy of ſoul
Has been ſo ſtudious of its own diſquiet,
Support it as you may—I own I've felt
Amelia's charms, and think them worth my love.

QUEEN.

And dar'ſt thou bravely own it too? O inſult!
Forgetful man! 'tis I then owe a crown!
Thou hadſt ſtill grovell'd in the lower world,
And view'd a throne at diſtance, had not I
Told thee, thou waſt a man, and (dreadful thought!)
Through my own brother cut thy way to empire;

But

But thou might'ſt well forget a crown beſtow'd;
That gift was ſmall; I liſten'd to thy ſighs,
And rais'd thee to my bed.

KING.

I thank you for it:
The gifts you made me were not caſt away:
I underſtand their worth: Huſband and King
Are names of no mean import; they riſe high
Into dominion, and are big with pow'r.——
Whate'er I was, I now am king of *Egypt*,
And *Myris'* lord.

QUEEN.

I dream: Art thou *Buſiris?*
Buſiris, that has trembled at my feet?
And art thou now my Jove, with clouded brow
Diſpenſing fate, and looking down on *Myris?*
Doſt thou derive thy ſpirit from thy crimes?
'Cauſe thou haſt wrong'd me, therefore doſt thou threaten,
And roll thine eye in anger? Rather bend,
And ſue for pardon!—O deteſtable!
Burn for a ſtranger's bed!

KING.

And what was mine,
When *Myris* firſt vouchſaf'd to ſmile on me?

QUEEN.

Diſtraction! death! upbraided for my love!——
Thou art not only criminal, but baſe:
Mine was a godlike guilt: Ambition in it;
Its foot in hell, its head above the clouds;
For know, I hated when I moſt careſs'd:
'Twas not *Buſiris*, but the crown, that charm'd me,
And ſent its ſparkling glories to my heart:
But thou canſt ſoil thy diadem with ſlaves.

KING.

KING.

Sypboces is a king then.

QUEEN.

Ha!

KING.

Let fair *Amelia* know the king attends her. [*Exit.*

QUEEN.

Go, tyrant, go, and wiſely, by thy ſhame,
Prepare thy way to ruin: I'll o'ertake thee,
Living or dead; if dead, my ghoſt ſhall riſe,
Shriek in thy ears, and ſtalk before thine eyes:
In death, I'll triumph o'er my rival's charms,
And chill thy blood, when claſp'd within her arms;
Alone to ſuffer is beneath the Great;
Tyrant, thy torment ſhall ſupport my State. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

SCENE, *The General's Houſe.*

Enter the KING.

KING.

HERE dwells my ſtubborn fair: I'll ſooth her pride,
And lay an humbled monarch at her feet:
But let her well conſider; if ſhe's ſlow
To welcome bliſs, and dead to glory's charms,
Then my reſentment riſes in proportion
To this high grace extended to my ſlave,
And turns the force of her own charms againſt her:
Monarchs may court, but cannot be deny'd.
[*Enter the* QUEEN, *veiled.*
Amelia, dry thy tears, and lay aſide
That melancholy veil.——Ha! *Myris!*

QUEEN.

Myris!
A name that ſhould like thunder ſtrike thine ear,
And make thee tremble in this guilty place:
But wherefore doſt thou think I meet thee here?
Not with mean ſighs, and deprecating tears,
To humble me before thee, and increaſe
The number of thy ſlaves, in hope to break
Thy reſolution, and avert thy crime;
But to denounce, if thou ſhalt dare perſiſt,

The

The vengeance due to injur'd heav'n and me:
And by this warning double thy offence:
Think, think of vengeance; 'tis the only joy
Which thou haſt left me; I'm no more thy wife,
Nor queen; but know I am a woman ſtill.

Enter AULETES.

AULETES.

May all the gods watch o'er your life and empire,
And render omens vain! So fierce the ſtorm,
Old *Memphis* from her deep foundations ſhakes,
And ſuch unheard-of prodigies hang o'er us,
As make the boldeſt tremble: See the moon
Robb'd of her light, diſcolour'd, without form,
Appears a bloody ſign, hung out by *Jove*,
To ſpeak peace broken with the ſons of men;
The *Nile*, as frighted, ſhrinks within its banks;
And as this hour I paſs'd great *Iſis'* temple,
A ſudden flood of light'ning ruſh'd upon it,
And laid the ſhrine in aſhes.

KING.

O mighty *Iſis!*
Why all theſe ſigns in nature? Why this tumult
To tell me I am guilty? If my crown
The fates demand, why, let them take it back:
My crown, indeed, I may reſign; but O!
Who can awake the dead?———
'Tis hence theſe ſpectres ſhock my midnight thoughts,
And nature's laws are broke to diſcompoſe me;
'Tis I that whirl theſe hurricanes in air,
And ſhake the earth's foundations with my guilt.
O *Myris!* give me back my innocence.

QUEEN.

I bought it with an empire.

KING.

I would remind thee of my late commands.

AULETES.

Madam, 'tis needleſs to remind your ſlave—
At dead of night I ſet the pris'ners free.

QUEEN.

Yes, ſet the pris'ners free—'tis great revenge;
Such as my ſoul pants after—It becomes me,
O it will gall the tyrant! ſtab him home;
And if one ſpark of gratitude ſurvives,
Soften *Sypbocs* to my ſoft deſire:
The tyrant's torment is my only joy;
Ye gods! or let me periſh, or deſtroy;
Or rather both; for what has life to boaſt
When vice is taſteleſs grown, and virtue loſt?
Glory and wealth I call upon in vain,
Nor wealth, nor glory, can appeaſe my pain;
My every joy upbraids me with my guilt,
And triumphs tell me ſacred blood is ſpilt. [*Exit* Qu.

Enter MYRON.

MYRON.

The ſhining images of war are fled,
The fainting trumpets languiſh in mine ear,
The banners furl'd, and all the ſprightly blaze
Of burniſh'd armour, like the ſetting ſun,
Inſenſibly is vaniſh'd from my thought:
No battle, ſiege, or ſtorm, ſuſtain my ſoul
In wonted grandeur, and fill out my breaſt:
But ſoftneſs ſteals upon me, melting down
My rugged heart in languiſhments and ſighs,
And pours it out at my *Mandane*'s feet——
I ſee her e'en this moment ſtand before me,
Too fair for ſight, and fatal to behold:
I have her here; I claſp her in my arms;

And in the madneſs of exceſſive love,
Sigh out my heart, and bleed with tenderneſs.

AULETES.

My lord, too much you cheriſh this deluſion:
She is another's.

MYRON.

Do not tell me ſo:
Say rather ſhe is dead: each heav'nly charm
Turn'd into horror! O the pain of pains
Is when the fair one, whom our ſoul is fond of,
Gives tranſport, and receives it from another!
How does my ſoul burn up with ſtrong deſire;
Now ſhrink into itſelf! Now blaze again!
I'll tear and rend the ſtrings that tie me to her:
If I ſtay longer here, I am undone.

As he is going, Enter NICANOR.

NICANOR.

My prince, and, ſince ſuch honours you vouchſafe,
My *friend!* I have preſum'd upon your favour;
This is my daughter's birth-day, and this night
I dedicate to joys, which ever languiſh,
If you refuſe to crown them with your preſence.

MYRON.

Nicanor, I was warm on other thoughts——

NICANOR.

I am ſtill near you in the day of danger,
In toilſome marches, and the bloody field,
When nations againſt nations claſh in arms,
And half a people in one groan expire;
Why am I, with your helmet, thrown aſide,
Caſt off, and uſeleſs, in the hour of peace?

MYRON.

Since then you preſs it, I muſt be your gueſt.——
Methinks I labour, as I onward move, [*Aſide.*
As under check of ſome controuling pow'r.
What can this mean? Wine may relieve my thoughts,
And mirth and converſe lift my ſoul again. [*Exeunt.*

The back ſcene draws, and ſhews a banquet.

Enter MANDANE, *richly dreſſed.*

MANDANE.

It was this day that gave me life; this day
Should give much more, ſhould give me *Memnon* too:
But I am rival'd by his chains; they claſp
The hero round (a cold, unkind, embrace!);
And but an earneſt of far worſe to come:
While he, my ſoul, in dungeon darkneſs clos'd,
Breathes damp unwholeſome ſteams, and lives on poiſon,
I am compell'd to ſuffer ornaments,
To wear the rainbow, and to blaze in gems;
To put on all the ſhining guilt of dreſs,
When 'tis almoſt a crime that I ſtill live:
Theſe eyes, which can't diſſemble, pouring forth
The dreadful truth, are honeſt to my heart;
Theſe robes, O *Memnon!* are *Mandane*'s chains,
And load, and gall, and wring, her bleeding heart.
[*Exit* Mandane.

Enter MYRON, NICANOR, AULETES, *&c. They take their places.*

NICANOR.

Sound louder, ſound, and waft my wiſh to heav'n.
Hear me, ye righteous gods, and grant my pray'r;
For ever ſhine propitious on my daughter:

Protect her, prosper her; and when I'm dead,
Still bless me in *Mandane*'s happiness!

[*The bowl goes round. Music.*

Haste, call my daughter; none can taste of joy
Till she, the mistress of the feast, is with us.

A servant brings NICANOR *a letter: He reads it.*

The king's commands at any hour are welcome.

MYRON.

Not leave us, general?

NICANOR.

Ha! the king here writes me,
The discontented populace, that held,
O'er midnight bowls, their desperate cabals,
Are now in bold defiance to his power:
Amid the terrors of this stormy night,
Ev'n now they deluge all yon western vale,
And form a war, impatient for the day:
The spreading poison too has caught his troops,
And the revolting soldiers stand in arms
Mix'd with seditious citizens.

MYRON,

Your call is great.

Enter MANDANE. MYRON *starts from his seat in disorder.*

MANDANE. [*Aside.*]

O *Memnon!* how shall I become a banquet,
Suppress my sorrows, and comply with joy?
Severest fate! Am I deny'd to grieve?

NICANOR.

Be comforted, my child: I'll soon return.
Why dost thou make me blush? I feel my tears
Run trickling down my cheek.

MYRON. [*Aside to* Auletes.]

I muſt away:
Her ſmiles were dreadful, but her tears are death.
I can no more: I ſink beneath her charms,
And feel a deadly ſickneſs at my heart.

NICANOR.

Your cheek is pale: I dare not let you part:
You are not well——

MYRON.

A ſmall indiſpoſition:
I ſoon ſhall throw it from me—Farewel, general;
Conqueſt attend your arms.

NICANOR.

You ſhall not leave
Your ſervant's roof; 'tis an unwholeſome air,
And my apartment wants a gueſt.

MYRON.

Nicanor,
If health returns, I ſhall not preſs my couch,
And hear of diſtant conqueſts; but o'ertake thee,
And add new terror to the front of war.

NICANOR.

Mean time, you are a guardian to my child:
Let her not miſs a father in my abſence:
She's all my ſoul holds dear.

BOTH. [*Embracing.*]

Farewel. Farewel.

NICANOR *waits on* MYRON *off the ſtage, and returns.*

NICANOR.

My child, I feel a tenderneſs at heart
I never felt before: Come near, *Mandane*;
Let me gaze on thee, and indulge the father——
Thy dying mother with her clay-cold hand

Preſs'd

Preſs'd mine; then, turning on thee her faint eye,
Let fall a tear of fondneſs, and expir'd——
I cannot love thee well enough; her grace
Softens thy cheek, and lives within thine eye.
Let me embrace you *both*—My heart o'erflows—
If I ſhould fall—Thy mother's monument—
But I ſhall kill thy tenderneſs—No more:
Nay, do not weep; I ſhall return again,
And with my deareſt child ſit down in peace,
And long enjoy her goodneſs.

MANDANE.

If the gods
Regard your daughter's fervent vows, you will.

NICANOR.

Farewel, my only care; my ſoul is with thee;
Regard *yourſelf*, and you remember *me*. [*Exit.*

Enter MYRON *and* AULETES.

MYRON.

No place can give me eaſe; my reſtleſs thought,
Like working billows in a troubled ſea,
Toſſes me to and fro; nor know I whither.
What am I, who, or where?—Ha! where indeed!
But let me pauſe, and aſk myſelf again,
If I am well awake—Impetuous bliſs!
My heart leaps up; my mounting ſpirits blaze;
My ſoul is in a tempeſt of delight!

AULETES.

My lord, you tremble, and your eyes betray
Strange tumults in your breaſt.

MYRON.

What hour of night?

AULETES.

My lord, the night's far ſpent.

MYRON.

The gates are barr'd,

And all the houſhold is compos'd to reſt.

AULETES.

All: And the great *Nicanor*'s own apartment,
Proud to receive a royal gueſt, expects you.

MYRON.

Perdition on thy ſoul for naming him!
Nicanor! O I never ſhall ſleep more!
Defend me! Whither wander'd my bold thoughts!
Broke looſe from reaſon, how did they run mad!
And now they are come home all arm'd with ſtings,
And pierce my bleeding heart——
I beg the gods to diſappoint my crime;
Yet almoſt wiſh them deaf to my deſire:
I long, repent; repent, and long again;
And ev'ry moment differs from the laſt.
I muſt no longer parley with deſtruction:
Auletes, ſeize me; force me to my chamber;
There chain me down, and guard me from myſelf:
Hell riſes in each thought; 'tis time to fly. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MANDANE *and* RAMESES.

RAMESES.

I hope your fears have giv'n a falſe alarm.

MANDANE.

You've heard my frequent viſions of the night;
You know my father's abſence, *Myron*'s paſſion:
Juſt now I met him; at my ſight he ſtarted;
Then with ſuch ardent eyes he wander'd o'er me,
And gaz'd with ſuch malignity of love,
Sending his ſoul out to me, in a look
So fiercely kind, I trembled, and retir'd.

RAMESES.

No more; my friends (which, as I have inform'd you,
The queen to gall the tyrant has ſet free)

Are

Are lodg'd within your call: th' appointed ſignal,
If danger threatens, brings them to your reſcue.

MANDANE.

Where are they?

RAMESES.

In the hall beneath your chamber:
Memnon alone is wanting; he's providing
For your eſcape before the morning dawn:
The reſt in viſors, fearing to be known,
Have ventur'd thro' the ſtreets for your protection.

MANDANE.

Auſpicious turn! then I again am happy.

RAMESES.

Auſpicious turn indeed! and what compleats
The happineſs, the baſe man that betray'd us
This arm laid low: I watch'd him from the king;
I took him warm, while he, with lifted brow,
Confeſs'd high thought, and triumph'd in his mien:
I thank'd him with my dagger in his heart.
'Tis late; refreſh yourſelf with ſleep, *Mandane.*

[*Exit* Mandane.

So, 'tis reſolv'd, if *Myron* dares attempt
So black a crime, it juſtifies the blow:
He dies; and my poor brother's ghoſt ſhall ſmile.
This way he bends his ſteps: I hate his ſight;
And ſhall till death has made it lovely to me. [*Exit.*

Enter MYRON *and* AULETES.

MYRON.

O how this paſſion, like a whirlpool, drives me,
With giddy, rapid motion, round and round,
I know not where, and draws in all my ſoul!
I reaſon much; but reaſon about her;
And where ſhe is, all reaſon dies before her;

And

And arguments but tell me I am conquer'd.——
So black the night, as if no ſtar e'er ſhone
In all the wide expanſe; the light'ning's flaſh
But ſhews the darkneſs; and the burſting clouds
With peals of thunder ſeem to rock the land:
Not beaſts of prey dare now from ſhelter roam,
But howl in dens, and make the foreſt groan.
What then am I? A monſter, yet more fell,
Than haunts the wilds?—I am, and threaten more:
My breaſt is darker than this dreadful night,
And feels a fiercer tempeſt rage within.——
I muſt—I will—This leads me to her chamber—
Did not the raven croak? [*Starting.*

AULETES.

I hear her not.

MYRON.

By heav'n, methinks earth trembles under me.—
Awake, ye furies, you are wanting to me;
O finiſh me in ill; O take me whole;
Or gods confirm me good, without allay,
Nor leave me thus at variance with myſelf;
Let me not thus be daſh'd from ſide to ſide—
The old man wept at parting, kneel'd before me,
Confided in me, gave her to my care,
Nor long ſince ſav'd my life—And doubt I ſtill?
I'm guilty of the fact; here let me lie,
And rather groan for ever in the duſt,
And float the marble pavement with my tears,
Than riſe into a monſter. [*Flings himſelf down.*

MANDANE, *paſſing at a diſtance, ſpeaks to a ſervant.*

MANDANE.

Well, obſerve me.
Before the riſing ſun my lord arrives,

To

To ſeal our vows; the holy prieſt is with him:
Watch to receive them at the weſtern gate,
And privately conduct them to my chamber. [*Exit.*

MYRON. [*Starting up.*]

O torment! racks! and flames! then ſhe expects him
With open arms! Am I caſt out for ever;
For ever muſt deſpair, unleſs I ſnatch
The preſent moment? She is all prepar'd;
Her wiſhes waking, and her heart on fire!
That pow'rful thought ſweeps heav'n and hell before it,
And lays all open to the prince of *Egypt*;
Born to enjoy whatever he deſires,
And fling fear, anguiſh, and remorſe, behind him.
I ſee her midnight dreſs, her flowing hair,
Her ſlacken'd boſom, her relenting mien,
All the forbidding forms of day flung off
For yielding ſoftneſs—O I'm all confuſion!
I ſhiver in each joint! Ah! ſhe was made
To juſtify the blackeſt crimes, and gild
Ruin and death with her deſtructive charms.

AULETES.

You'll force her then?

MYRON.

Thou villain but to think it.
No; I'll ſolicit her with all my pow'r;
Conqueſt and crowns ſhall ſparkle in her ſight:
If ſhe conſent, thy prince is bleſs'd indeed,
Takes wings, and tow'rs above mortality;
If ſhe reſiſt, I put an end to pain,
And lay my breathleſs body at her feet.

MANDANE, *paſſing at a diſtance to her chamber,* MYRON *meets her.*

MANDANE.

Is this well done, my lord?

MYRON.

MYRON.

Condemn me not
Before you hear me: Let this poſture tell you,
I'm not ſo guilty as perhaps your fears,
Your commendable, modeſt fears, ſuſpect:
Nay, do not go; you know not what you do;
I wou'd receive a favour, not conſtrain it;
Return, or good *Nicanor*, beſt of fathers,
Shall charge you with the murder of his friend.

MANDANE.

And dare you then pronounce that ſacred name,
And yet perſiſt! Were you his mortal foe,
What could your malice more?

MYRON.

O, fair *Mandane!*
I know my fault; I know your virtue too;
But ſuch the violence of my diſorder,
That I dare tempt e'en you: Methinks that guilt
Has ſomething lovely which proclaims your pow'r—
But touch me with your hand, I die with bliſs.
Why ſwells your eye? By heav'n, I'd rather ſee
All nature mourn, than you let fall a tear.
I own I'm mad; but I am mad of love:
You can't condemn me more, than I myſelf;
In that we are agreed; Agree in all.
Condemn, but pity me; reſent, but yield;
For, O, I burn, I rave, I die, with love!

MANDANE.

O Sir!——

MYRON.

Nay, do not weep ſo; it will kill me:
This moment, while I ſpeak, my eyes are darken'd;
I cannot ſee thee; and my trembling limbs
Refuſe

Refuſe to bear their weight; all left of life
Is that I love: If love was in our pow'r,
The fault were mine; ſince not, you muſt comply.
How godlike to beſtow more heav'nly joys
Than you can think, and I ſupport, and live!

MANDANE.

O, how can you abuſe your ſacred reaſon,
That particle of heav'n, that ſoul of *Jove*,
To varniſh o'er, and paint, ſo black a crime!
O prince!——

MYRON.

What ſays *Mandane?*

MANDANE.

Sir, obſerve me:
My burſting ſighs, and ever-ſtreaming tears,
Your noble nature has with pity ſeen;
But would they not work deeper in your ſoul,
Were you convinc'd my ſorrows flow for you?
For you, my lord, they flow; for I am ſafe
(I know you are ſurpriz'd): They flow for you;
Myron, my *father's friend*, my *prince*, my *gueſt*—
Myron, my guardian god, attempts my peace,
And need I further reaſon for theſe tears?
Nature affords no object of concern
So great, as to behold a gen'rous mind
Driv'n by a ſudden guſt, and daſh'd on guilt—
'Tis baſe; you ought not: 'Tis impracticable;
You cannot—Make neceſſity your choice;
Nor let one moment of defeated guilt,
Of fruitleſs baſeneſs, overthrow the glory
Your whole illuſtrious life has dearly bought,
In toilſome marches, and in fields of blood.

Enter

Enter AULETES, *and ſervants.*

AULETES.

My lord, your life's beſet; the room beneath
Is throng'd with ruffians, which but wait the ſignal,
To ruſh and ſheath their daggers in your heart.

MYRON.

Betray'd! Curſt ſorcereſs; it was a plot,
Concerted by them all, to take my life,
And this the bait to tempt me to the toil.
She dies———

AULETES.

No; firſt enjoy, then murder her—
Truſt to my conduct, and you ſtill are ſafe.
They all are maſk'd: I have my vizor too;
But time is ſhort: for once confide in me.
You, Sir, for ſafety, fly to your apartment;
[*To the prince.*
You bear *Mandane* to her cloſet—You [*To ſervants.*
Speed to the ſouthern gate, and burſt it open.

[*As the ſervants ſeize* Mandane, *ſhe gives the ſignal. She is borne off.*

Enter RAMESES *and conſpirators, maſk'd.*

RAMESES.

The villain fled? Perdition intercept him!
Diſperſe; fly ſeveral ways; let each man bear
A ſteady point, well levell'd at his heart:
If he eſcapes us now, ſucceſs attend him;
May he for ever triumph!

[*As they paſs the ſtage in confuſion,* AULETES *enters maſk'd among them.*

AULETES.

Ha! Why halt you!

Purſue,

Purſue, purſue; e'en now I ſaw the monſter,
The villain *Myron*, with theſe eyes I ſaw him,
Bearing his prize ſwift to the weſtern gate:
There, there, it burſt. [*A noiſe without.*

ALL.

Away; purſue!

AULETES. [*Without.*]

'Tis done;
Advance the maſſy bar, and all is ſafe:
Stand here, and with your lives defend the paſs.

Enter MYRON.

MYRON.

I ſhall at leaſt have time for vengeance on her.
And then I care not if I die. Barbarians!
Their ſwords are pointed at my life! 'Tis well!
But I will give them an excuſe for murder;
Such, ſuch a cauſe—Off love, and ſoft compaſſion;
Harden each ſinew of my heart to ſteel:
I'll do, what done will ſhock myſelf, and thoſe
Whom time ſets fartheſt from this dreadful hour.

Enter MANDANE, *forc'd in by* AULETES.

MANDANE.

By all the pow'rs that can revenge a falſhood,
I'm innocent from any thoughts of blood.

MYRON.

Why then your champions here in arms? 'Tis falſe.

MANDANE.

Ah! let my life ſuffice you for the wrong
You charge upon me! O my royal maſter!
My ſafety from all ill! my great defender!
Or did my father but inſult my tears,
And give me to your care to ſuffer wrong;

Kill

Kill me, but not your friend, but not my father;
He loves us both, and my ſevere diſtreſs
Will ſcarce more deeply wound him than your guilt.

[Myron *walks paſſionately at a diſtance.*

MYRON.

Slaves, are you ſworn againſt me? Stop her voice,
And bear her to my chamber.

MANDANE.

O Sir! O *Myron!*
Behold my tears—Here will I fix for ever—
I'll claſp your feet, and grow into the earth—
O cut me, hew me—give to ev'ry limb
A ſeparate death—but ſpare my ſpotleſs virtue;—
But ſpare my fame—You wound to diſtant ages—
And thro' all time my memory will bleed.

MYRON. [*As ſervants force in* Mandane.]
Diſtraction! All the pains of hell are on me!

MANDANE. [*She is borne off.*]
O *Memnon!* O my lord!—my life! where art thou?

[Myron *expreſſes ſudden paſſion and ſurprize: Stands awhile fix'd in aſtoniſhment; then ſpeaks.*

MYRON.

As many accidents concur to work
My paſſions up to this unheard-of crime,
As if the gods deſign'd it—be it then
Their fault, not mine—*Memnon!* Said ſhe not *Memnon?*
My heart began to ſtagger; but 'tis over—
Heav'n blaſt me, if I thought it poſſible
I could be ſtill more curſt—That hated dog,
Her lord, her life!—I thank her for my cure
Of all remorſe and pity; this has left me
Without a check, and thrown the looſen'd reins

On

On my wild paſſion, to run headlong on,
And in her ruin quench a double fire;
The blended rage of vengeance and of love.
Deſtruction full of tranſport! Lo, I come,
Swift on the wing, to meet my certain doom:
I know the danger, and I know the ſhame;
But, like our Phœnix, in ſo rich a flame
I plunge triumphant my devoted head,
And doat on death in that luxurious bed.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter MYRON *in the utmoſt diſorder, bare-headed, without light,* &c. *Walks diſturbedly before he ſpeaks.*

MYRON.

HENCEFORTH let no man truſt the firſt falſe ſtep
Of guilt; it hangs upon a precipice,
Whoſe ſteep deſcent in laſt perdition ends.
How far am I plung'd down beyond all thought
Which I this evening fram'd!——But be it ſo:
Conſummate horror! guilt beyond a name!
Dare not, my ſoul, repent; in thee repentance
Were ſecond guilt, and thou blaſphem'ſt juſt heav'n,
By hoping mercy. Ah! my pain will ceaſe
When gods want pow'r to puniſh—Ha! the dawn—
Riſe never more, O ſun! let night prevail;
Eternal darkneſs cloſe the world's wide ſcene,
And hide me from *Nicanor* and myſelf!
Who's there? [*Enter* Auletes.

AULETES.

My lord?

MYRON.

Auletes?

AULETES.

Guard your life.
The houſe is rouz'd; the ſervants all alarm'd;
The gilded tapers dart from room to room;

Solemn

Solemn confuſion, and a trembling haſte,
Mixt with pale horror, glares on ev'ry face;
The ſtrengthen'd foe has ruſh'd upon your guard,
And cut their paſſage thro' them to the gate;
Implacable *Rameſes* leads them on,
Breathing revenge, and panting for your blood.

MYRON.

Why, let them come; let in the raging torrent:
I wiſh the world would riſe in arms againſt me;
For I muſt die; and I would die in ſtate.

The doors are burſt open. Servants paſs the ſtage in tumult: RAMESES, *&c. purſue* MYRON's *guards over the ſtage; then* RAMESES *and* SYPHOCES *enter, meeting.*

RAMESES.

Where is the prince?

SYPHOCES.

The monſter ſtands at bay:
We can no more than ſhut him from eſcape,
Till further force arrive.

RAMESES.

O my *Syphoces!*

SYPHOCES.

This is a grief; but not for words.
Does ſhe ſtill live?

RAMESES.

She lives!—but O how bleſs'd
Are they which are no more! By ſtealth I ſaw her,
Caſt on the ground in mourning weeds ſhe lies;
Her torn and looſen'd treſſes ſhade her round;
Thro' which her face, all pale, as ſhe were dead,
Gleams like a ſickly moon; too great her grief
For words or tears! but ever and anon,
After a dreadful, ſtill, inſidious calm,

Collecting all her breath, long, long ſuppreſs'd,
She ſobs her ſoul out in a lengthen'd groan,
So ſad, it breaks the heart of all that hear,
And ſends her maids in agonies away.

SYPHOCES.

O tale, too mournful to be thought on!

RAMESES.

Hold——

No, let her virgins weep; forbear, *Syphoces*;
Tear out an eye, but damp not our revenge;
Diſpatch your letters; I'll go comfort her.
[*A ſervant ſpeaks aſide to* Rameſes. *Exit* Syphoces.
And has ſhe then commanded none approach her?
I'm ſorry for it; but I cannot blame her.
Such is the dreadful ill, that it converts
All offer'd cure into a new diſeaſe:
It ſhuns our love, and comfort gives her pain.

Re-enter SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

Your father is return'd; redundant *Nile*,
Broke from its channel, overſwells the paſs,
And ſends him back to wait the waters fall.

RAMESES.

And is he then return'd?—I tremble for him.——
I ſee his white head rolling in the duſt:
But haſte; it is our duty to receive him. [*Exit.*

Enter MYRON.

MYRON.

I feel a pain of which I am not worthy;
A pain, an anguiſh, which the honeſt man
Alone deſerves.—Is it not wondrous ſtrange,
That I, who ſtabb'd the very heart of nature,

Should

Should have ſurviving aught of man about me?
And yet I know not how, of gratitude
And friendſhip ſtill the ſtubborn ſparks ſurvive;
And poor *Nicanor*'s torments pierce my ſoul.
Confuſion! he's return'd——— [*Starting.*

Enter NICANOR.

NICANOR. [*Advancing to embrace* Myron.]
My prince——

MYRON. [*Turning aſide, and hiding his face.*]
My friend—

NICANOR.
I interrupt you, Sir———

MYRON. [*Smiting his breaſt.*]
I had thee there:
Before thou cam'ſt, my thoughts were bent upon thee.

NICANOR.
O Sir, you are too kind!

MYRON. [*Aſide.*]
Death! tortures! hell!

NICANOR.
What ſays my prince?

MYRON.
A ſudden pain,
To which I'm ſubject, ſtruck acroſs my heart:
'Tis paſt: I'm well again.

NICANOR.
Heav'n guard your health!

MYRON.
Doſt thou then wiſh it?

NICANOR.
Am I then diſtruſted?
Then, when I ſav'd your life, I did the leaſt
I e'er wou'd do to ſerve you.

MYRON.

Barbarous man!

NICANOR.

What have I done, my prince? which way offended?
Has not my life, my ſoul, been yours?

MYRON.

Oh!—oh!—

NICANOR. [*Takes him by the hand.*]

By heav'n, I'm wrong'd! ſpeak, and I'll clear myſelf.

MYRON.

I'm poiſon and deſtruction; curſe thy gods;
I'll kill thee in compaſſion.——O my brain!
Away, away, away! [*Shoves him from him, going.*

NICANOR.

Do, kill me, prince——
You ſhall not go;—I do demand the cauſe,
Which has put forth thy hand againſt thy father!
For, thus provok'd, I'll do myſelf the juſtice,
To tell thee, youth, that I deſerve that name;
Nor have thy parents lov'd thee more than I.

MYRON.

I hear them; they are on me—Looſe thy hold,
Or I will plant my dagger in thy breaſt.

NICANOR.

Your dagger's needleſs! O ungrateful boy!

MYRON. [*Embrace.*]

Forgive me, father! O my ſoul bleeds for thee!

[*As he is going out,* Auletes *meets him, and ſpeaks to him aſide.*

What, no eſcape? on ev'ry ſide inclos'd?
Then I reſolve to periſh by his hand;
'Tis juſt I ſhou'd; and meaner death I ſcorn:
But how to work him to my fate, to fling
His paſſion up ſo high, will be a taſk

To me ſevere; as difficult as ſtrange.
Support me, cruel heart; it muſt be done. [*Aſide.*

NICANOR.

Now, from my very ſoul, I cannot tell—
But 'tis enchantment all; for things ſo ſtrange
Have happen'd, I might well diſtruſt my ſenſe;
But, if mine eyes are true, I plainly read
A heart in anguiſh; and, I muſt confeſs,
Your grief is juſt—It was inhuman in you—
But tell the cauſe; unravel, from the bottom,
The myſtery that has embroil'd our loves
(For ſtill, my prince, I love, ſince you repent):
What accident depriv'd me of my friend,
And loſt you to yourſelf?

MYRON.

A traitor's ſight!

NICANOR.

Beneath my roof?

MYRON.

Beneath thy very helmet:
Thou art a traitor. Guard thyſelf. [*Draws.*

NICANOR.

Diſtraction!
Traitor!———For ſtanding by your father's throne;
And ſtemming the wild ſtream, that roars againſt it,
Of rebel ſubjects, and of foreign foes?
For training thee to glory and to war?
For taking thee from out thy mother's arms
A mortal child, and kindling in thy ſoul
The noble ardors of a future god?
Farewel; I dare not truſt my temper more.

MYRON.

Grey-headed, venerable, traitor!

Enter RAMESES.

RAMESES.

Ha!
Turn, turn, blaſphemer, and repreſs thy taunts;
All provocation's needleſs, but thy fight.

[*He aſſaults the prince:* NICANOR *hinders him.*

NICANOR.

Forbear, my ſon.

RAMESES.

Forbear?

NICANOR.

If I am calm,
Your rage ſhould ceaſe.

RAMESES.

No; 'tis my own revenge;
Unleſs, Sir, you diſown me for your ſon.

NICANOR.

Thy ſword againſt thy prince?

RAMESES.

A villain!

NICANOR.

Hold!

RAMESES.

The worſt of villains!

NICANOR.

'Tis too much.

RAMESES.

O father!——

NICANOR.

What would'ſt thou?

RAMESES.

Sir, your daughter——

NICANOR.

Rightly thought;
She

She beſt can comfort me in all my ſorrow:
Call, call *Mandane:* To behold my child
Wou'd cheer me in the agonies of death:
Call her, *Rameſes.*——Am I diſobey'd?

RAMESES.

O Sir!——

NICANOR.

What mean thoſe tranſports of concern?

RAMESES.

Though I'm an outcaſt from your love, I weep
To open your black ſcene of miſery.

NICANOR.

Where will this end?—O my foreboding heart!

RAMESES.

Should he, to whom, as to a god, at parting,
You gave, with ſtreaming eyes, your ſoul's delight,
While yet your laſt embrace was warm about him,
Gloomy and dreadful as this ſtormy night,
Ruſh on your child, your comfort, your *Mandane,*
All ſweet and lovely as the bluſhing morn,
Seize her by force, now trembling, breathleſs, pale,
Proſtrate in anguiſh, tearing up the earth,
Imploring, ſhrieking, to the gods and you——
O hold my brain!—Look there, and think the reſt.

The back ſcene opens. A darken'd chamber, a bed, and the curtains drawn. Women paſs out, weeping, &c. NICANOR *falls back on* RAMESES.

NICANOR.

Is't poſſible—my child! my only daughter!
The growth of my own life! that ſweeten'd age
And pain!—O nature bleeds within me.

MANDANE.

Weep not, my virgins; ceaſe your uſeleſs tears;

Kindneſs

Kindneſs is thrown away upon deſpair,
And but provokes the ſorrow it would eaſe.

NICANOR.

Aſſiſt me forwards.

MANDANE.

Moſt unwelcome news!
Is he return'd? The gods ſupport my father.
I now begin to wiſh he lov'd me leſs.

NICANOR.

There, there, ſhe pierc'd the very tend'reſt nerve:
She pities me, dear babe; ſhe pities me:
Through all the raging tortures of her ſoul,
She feels my pain! But hold, my heart, to thank her;
Then burſt at once, and let the pangs of death
Put *Myron* from my thought. [*Goes to her.*

MANDANE.

Severeſt fate
Has done its worſt—I've drawn my father's tears.——

NICANOR.

Forbear to call me by that tender name;
Since I can't help thee, I would fain forget
Thou art a part of me—It only ſharpens
Thoſe pangs, which, if a ſtranger, I ſhould feel.—
O ſpare me, my *Mandane!* To behold thee
In ſuch exceſs of ſorrow, quite deſtroys me,
And I ſhall die, and leave thee, unreveng'd.

MANDANE.

O Sir! there are misfortunes moſt ſevere,
Which yet can bear the light, and, well ſuſtain'd,
Adorn the ſufferer.—But this affliction
Has made deſpair a virtue, and demands
Utter extinction, and eternal night,
As height of happineſs. [*Scene ſhuts on them.*

Enter

Enter SYPHOCES.

RAMESES.

O my *Syphoces!*

SYPHOCES.

And does this move you? does this melt you down,
And pour you out in ſorrow? Then fly far,
Ere *Memnon* comes; he comes with fluſhing cheek,
And beating heart, to bear a bride away,
And bleſs his fate: How dreadfully deceiv'd!

RAMESES.

The melancholy ſcene at length begins.

Enter MEMNON.

MEMNON.

O give me leave to yield to nature,
And indulge my joy———
My friend! my brother! O the ecſtaſy
That fires my veins, and dances at my heart!
You love me not, if you refuſe to join
In all the juſt extravagance and flight
Of boundleſs tranſport on this happy hour.
Where is my ſoul, my bliſs, my lovely bride?
Call, call her forth: O haſte; the prieſt expects us,
And ev'ry moment is a crime to love.

RAMESES. [*To* Syphoces.]

Speak to him:—Pr'ythee ſpeak.

SYPHOCES.

By heav'n I cannot.

MEMNON.

What can this mean?

RAMESES.

Syphoces.

SYPHOCES.

Nay; *Rameſes.*

MEMNON.

MEMNON.

By all the gods, they ſtruggle with their ſorrows,
And ſwallow down their tears to hide them from me:
By friendſhip's ſacred name, I charge you, ſpeak.

[*They look on him with the utmoſt concern, and go out on different ſides of the ſtage.*

Was ever man thus left to dreadful thought,
And all the horrors of a black ſurmiſe!
What woe is this, too big to be expreſs'd?
O my ſad heart! Why bod'ſt thou ſo ſeverely?
Mandane's life's in danger! There indeed;
Fortune, I fear thee ſtill; her beauties arm thee;
Her virtues make thee dreadful to my thought;
But for my love, how I could laugh at fate!

Enter a ſervant, and gives him a paper. He reads.

Enter RAMESES, MEMNON *ſwoons, and falls on* RAMESES.

RAMESES.

'Twere happy if his ſoul wou'd ne'er return:
The gods may ſtill be merciful in this.——
His lips begin to riſe.—How fares my friend?

MEMNON.

Did *Myron* feel my pangs, you'd pity him.

Enter SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

Fainting beneath th' oppreſſion of her grief,
This way *Mandane* ſeeks the freſher air:
Let us withdraw; 'twill pain her to be ſeen,
And moſt of all by you.

MEMNON.

By my own heart
I judge, and am convinc'd.—I dare not ſee her:
The ſight would ſtrike me dead.——

[*As*

[*As* Memnon *is going,* Mandane *meets him: Both ſtart back: She ſhrieks.* Memnon *recovers himſelf, and falls at her knees, embracing them: She tries to diſengage: He not permitting, ſhe raiſes him: He takes her paſſionately in his arms: They continue ſpeechleſs and motionleſs for ſome time.*

RAMESES.

Was ever mournful interview like this?
See how they writhe with anguiſh! hear them groan!
See the large ſilent dew run trickling down,
As from the weeping marble; paſſion choaks
Their words, and they're the ſtatues of deſpair!

MEMNON.

O my *Mandane!*

[*At this ſhe violently breaks from him, and exit.*

But one moment more.

As Memnon *is following,* Rameſes *holds him.*

RAMESES.

Brother—

MEMNON.

Forgive me.—

RAMESES.

You're to blame——

MEMNON. [*Pointing after her.*]

Look there,
My heart is burſting.

RAMESES.

With Revenge?

MEMNON.

And Love.

RAMESES.

Revenge!

MEMNON.

One dear embrace; 'twill edge my ſword.

SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

No, *Memnon*; if our ſwords now want an edge,
They'll want for ever; to this ſpot I charm thee,
By the dread words, Revenge and Liberty!
This is the criſis of our fates; this moment
The guardian gods of *Egypt* hover o'er us;
They watch to ſee us act like prudent men,
And out of ills extract our happineſs.
My friends, theſe dire calamities, like poiſon,
May have their wholeſome uſe: This ſad occaſion,
If manag'd artfully, revives our hopes;
It gives *Nicanor* to our ſinking faction,
And ſtill the tyrant ſhakes.

RAMESES.

My father comes;
Or ſnatch this moment, or deſpair for ever:
While paſſions glow, the heart, like heated ſteel,
Takes each impreſſion, and is work'd at pleaſure.

Enter NICANOR.

NICANOR.

Why have the gods choſe out my weakeſt hours
To ſet their terrors in array againſt me?
This wou'd beat down the vigour of my youth,
Much more grey hairs, and life worn down ſo low.
Vain man! to be ſo fond of breathing long,
And ſpinning out a thread of miſery:
The longer life, the greater choice of evil;
The happieſt man is but a wretched thing,
That ſteals poor comfort from compariſons;
What then am I? Here will I ſit me down,
Brood o'er my cares, and *think* myſelf to death.
Draw near, *Rameſes*; I was raſh erewhile,
And chid thee without cauſe—How many years
Have I been cas'd in ſteel?

RAMESES.

RAMESES.

Full threeſcore years
Have chang'd the ſeaſons o'er your creſted brow,
And ſeen your faulchion dy'd in hoſtile blood.

NICANOR.

How many triumphs ſince the king has reign'd?

RAMESES.

They number juſt your battles, one for one.

NICANOR.

True; I have follow'd the rough trade of war
With ſome ſucceſs, and can without a bluſh
Review the ſhaken fort, and ſanguine plain.
I have thought pain a pleaſure, thirſt and toil
Bleſt objects of ambition. I remember
(Nor do my foes forget that bloody day)
When the barb'd arrow from my gaping thigh
Was wrench'd with labour, I diſdain'd the groan,
Becauſe I ſuffer'd for *Buſiris'* ſake.

RAMESES.

The king is not to blame.

NICANOR.

Is not the prince his ſon?

RAMESES.

But in himſelf——

NICANOR. [*Riſing in paſſion.*]

And has he loſt his guilt,
'Cauſe he has injur'd me? Erewhile thy blood
Was kindled at his name.—Didſt thou not tell me
A ſhameful black deſign on poor *Amelia?*
O *Memnon!* what a glorious race is this,
To make the gods a party in our cauſe,
And draw down bleſſings on us!

MEMNON.

MEMNON.

He that ſupports them
In ſuch black crimes, is ſharer of their guilt.

NICANOR.

Point out the man, and, with theſe wither'd hands,
I'd fly upon his throat, though he were lodg'd
Within the circle of *Buſiris'* arms.

RAMESES.

He that prevents it not when in his power,
Supports them in their courſe of flaming guilt;
And you are he.

NICANOR.

Thou rav'ſt.

SYPHOCES.

The army's yours:
I've ſounded every chief; but wave your finger,
Thouſands fall off the tyrant's ſide, and leave him
Naked of help, and open to deſtruction:
But ſweep his minions, cut a pander's throat,
Or lop a ſycophant, the work is done.

NICANOR. [*Starting.*]

What would you have me do?

MEMNON.

Let not your heart
Fly off from your own thought; be truly great;
Reſent your country's ſufferings as your own:
A generous ſoul is not confin'd at home,
But ſpreads itſelf abroad o'er all the public,
And *feels* for every member of the land.
What have we ſeen for twenty rolling years,
But one long tract of blood! or, what is worſe,
Throng'd dungeons pouring forth perpetual groans;
And free-born men oppreſs'd! Shall half mankind
Be doom'd to curſe the moment of their birth?

Shall all the mother's fondneſs be employ'd
To rear them up to bondage, give them ſtrength
To bear afflictions, and ſupport their chains?

SYPHOCES. [*Kneeling.*]

To you the valiant youth moſt humbly bend,
And beg that nature's gifts, the vigorous nerve,
And graceful port deſign'd to bleſs the world,
And take your great example in the field,
May not be forc'd by lewdneſs in high place,
To other toils, to labour for diſeaſe,
To wither in a loath'd embrace, and die
At an inglorious diſtance from the foe.

RAMESES. [*Kneeling.*]

To you *Amelia* lifts her hands for ſafety.

MEMNON. [*Burſting into tears.*]

To you—To you—

NICANOR.

By heav'n he cannot ſpeak.—I underſtand thee:
Riſe—Riſe—my ſon: Riſe all; your work is done;
They periſh all; theſe creatures of my ſword.
Have I not ſeen whole armies vaulted o'er
With flying jav'lins, which ſhut out the day,
And fell in rattling ſtorms at my command,
To ſlay, and bury, proud *Buſiris'* foe?
He lives and reigns; for I have been his friend:
But I'll unmake him, and plough up the ground
Where his proud palace ſtands. [*Exit.*

MEMNON.

O my *Mandane!*
The gods by dreadful means beſtow ſucceſs,
And in their vengeance moſt ſeverely bleſs:
From thy bright ſtreaming eyes our triumphs flow,
The tyrant falls, *Mandane* ſtrikes the blow:

So the fair moon, when ſeas ſwell high, and pour
A waſteful deluge on the trembling ſhore,
Inſpires the tumult from her clouded throne,
Where ſilent, penſive, pale, ſhe ſits alone,
And all the diſtant ruin is her own.

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The Field.

Enter BUSIRIS *and* AULETES. *An alarum at a diſtance.*

BUSIRIS.

WELCOME the voice of war! Tho' loud the ſound,
It faintly ſpeaks the language of my heart;
It whiſpers what I mean. But ſay, *Auletes*,
What urge theſe forlorn rebels in excuſe
For chooſing ruin?

AULETES.

Various their complaints:
But ſome are loud, that while your heavy hand
Preſſes whole millions with inceſſant toil
(Toils fitter far for beaſts than human creatures)
In building wonders for the world to gaze at,
Weeds are their food, their cup the muddy *Nile*.

BUSIRIS.

Do they not build for me? Let that reward them.
Yes, I will build more wonders to be gaz'd at,
And temper all my cement with their blood.
Whoſe pains and art reform'd the puzzled year,
Thus drawing down the ſun to human uſe,
And making him their ſervant? Who puſh'd off

With mountain dams the broad redundant *Nile*,
Deſcended from the moon, and bid it wander
A ſtranger ſtream in unaccuſtom'd ſhores?
Who from the *Ganges* to the *Danube* reigns?
But virtues are forgot.—Away—To arms!
I call to mind my glorious anceſtry,
Which, for ten thouſand rolling years renown'd,
Shines up into eternity itſelf,
And ends among the gods. [*An alarum.*

Enter MEMNON.

AULETES.

The rebel braves us.

BUSIRIS.

Hold! let our weapons thirſt one moment longer;
And death ſtand ſtill 'till he receives my nod.——
Whom meet I in the midſt of my own realm,
With bold defiance on his brow?

MEMNON.

The ſlave,
Whom dread *Buſiris* lately laid in chains;
An emblem of his country.

BUSIRIS.

Is it thus
You thank my royal bounty?

MEMNON.

Thus you thank'd
The good *Artaxes*; thus you thank'd my father.

BUSIRIS.

What I have done, conclude moſt right and juſt;
For I have done it; and the gods alone
Shall aſk me Why: Thou liv'ſt, altho' they fell;
And, if they fell unjuſtly, greater thanks
Are due from Thee, whom e'en injuſtice ſpar'd.

MEMNON.

MEMNON.

Thy kindneſſes are wrongs; they mean to ſooth
My injur'd ſoul, and ſteal it from revenge.

BUSIRIS.

Turn back thine eye; behold thy troops are thin,
Thy men are rarely ſprinkled o'er the field,
And yet thou carrieſt millions on thy tongue.

MEMNON.

All thy blood-thirſty ſword has laid in duſt
Are on my ſide; they come in bloody ſwarms,
And throng my banners: Thy unequall'd crimes
Have made thee weak, and rob my victory—

BUSIRIS.

Ha!

MEMNON.

Nay, ſtamp not, tyrant; I can ſtamp as loud,
And raiſe as many dæmons at the ſound.

BUSIRIS.

I wear a diadem.

MEMNON.

And I a ſword.

BUSIRIS.

Yet, yet ſubmit, I give thee life.

MEMNON.

Secure your own:
No more, *Buſiris*; bid the ſun farewel.

BUSIRIS.

Buſiris and the ſun ſhould ſet together:
If this day's angry gods ordain my fate,
Know thou, I fall like ſome vaſt pyramid;
I bury thouſands in my great deſtruction,
And thou the firſt.——Slave! in the front of battle;
There thou ſhalt find me.

MEMNON.

Thou ſhalt find me there,
And have well paid that gratitude I owe.

[*Exeunt.*

A continued alarum.

Enter MYRON *and* NICANOR, *meeting.*

NICANOR.

Does not mine eye ſtrike terror through thy ſoul,
And ſhake the weapon from thy trembling arm?
Baſe boy! the foulneſs of thy guilt ſecures thee
From my reproach; I dare not name thy crime.

MYRON.

Old man, didſt thou ſtand up in thy own cauſe,
I then ſhould be afraid of fourſcore years,
And tremble at grey hairs; but ſince thy frenzy
Has lent thoſe venerable locks to caſt
A gloſs of virtue on the blackeſt crime,
Accurſt rebellion! this gives back my heart,
With all its rage, and I'm a man again.

NICANOR.

Come on, and uſe that force of arms I taught thee;
I'll now reſume the life I gave ſo late.

MYRON.

I grieve thou haſt but half a life to loſe,
And doſt defraud my vengeance—At my touch,
Thou moulder'ſt into duſt, and art forgotten:

[*Preparing to fight,* Myron *ſtops ſhort.*

Ah, no, I cannot fight with thee; begone,
And ſhake elſewhere; thou canſt not want a death
In ſuch a field, though I refuſe it to thee:
Rameſes, Memnon, give them to my ſword,
Suſtain'd by thouſands; but to fly from thee,

From

From thee, moſt injur'd man, ſhall be my praiſe,
And riſe above the conqueſt of my foes.

NICANOR.

'Tis not old age, th' avenging gods purſue thee!

[*He retires before* Nicanor *off the ſtage. A loud alarum.*

Enter BUSIRIS *and* AULETES, *in purſuit.*

BUSIRIS.

'Tis well; I like this madneſs of the field:
Let heighten'd horrors, and a waſte of death,
Inform the world, *Buſiris* is in arms:
But then I grudge the glory of my ſword
To ſlaves and rebels; while they die by me,
They cheat my vengeance, and ſurvive in fame.

AULETES.

I panted after in the paths of death,
And could not but from far behold your plume
O'erſhadow ſlaughter'd heaps, while your bright helm
Struck a diſtinguiſh'd terror through the field,
The diſtant legions trembling as it blaz'd.

BUSIRIS.

Think not a crown alone lights up my name;
My hand is deep in fight. Forbid it, *Iſis!*
That whilſt *Buſiris* treads the ſanguine field,
The foremoſt ſpirit of his hoſt ſhould conquer
But by example, and beneath the ſhade,
Of this high-brandiſh'd arm. Did'ſt thou e'er fear?
Sure 'tis an art; I know not how to fear;
'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;
And if death muſt be fear'd before 'tis felt,
Thy maſter is immortal, O *Auletes.*——
But while I ſpeak, they live!
Where fall the ſounding cataracts of *Nile*,
The mountains tremble, and the waters boil;

Like them, I'll ruſh; like them my fury pour,
And give the future world one wonder more.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MYRON, *engaged with a party: His plume is ſmitten off: He drives the foe, and returns.*

MYRON.

When death's ſo near, but dares not venture on us,
'Tis heaven's regard, a kind of ſalutation,
Which to ourſelves our own importance ſhews:—
Faint as I am, and almoſt ſick of blood,
There is one cordial would revive me ſtill;
The ſight of *Memnon*; place that fiend before me.—

[*Exit.*

Enter MEMNON.

MEMNON.

Where, where's the prince? O give him to my ſword!
His tall white plume, which, like a high-wrought foam,
Floated on the tempeſtuous ſtream of fight,
Shew'd where he ſwept the field; I follow'd ſwift,
But my approach has turn'd him into air.———

[*Enter* MYRON.

The fight but now begins!

MYRON.

Why, who art thou?

MEMNON.

Prince, I am—

MYRON. [*Diſdainfully.*]
Memnon!

MEMNON.

No—I'm *Mandane.*

MYRON.

Ha!

MEMNON.

MEMNON. [*Striking his own head and breaſt.*]
She's here, ſhe's here, ſhe's all: Her wrongs and virtues!
Virtues and wrongs! Thou worſe than murderer!

MYRON.
I charge thee name her not; forbear the croak
With that ill-omen'd note.

MEMNON.
Mandane!

MYRON.
Be it ſo.
When I reflect on her mean love for thee,
And plot againſt my life, my pain is leſs.

MEMNON.
'Tis falſe; ſhe meant, ſhe knew it not; *Rameſes,*
He, only he, was conſcious of the thought.

MYRON.
Then I'm a wretch indeed!

MEMNON.
As ſuch I'll uſe thee:
I'll cruſh thee like ſome poiſon on the earth;
Then haſte and cleanſe me in the blood of men.

MYRON.
I thank thee, for this ſpirit which exalts thee
Into a foe I need not bluſh to meet:
Now, from my ſoul, it joys me thou art found;
And found alive: By heav'n, ſo much I hate thee,
I fear'd that thou waſt dead, and hadſt eſcap'd me:
I'll drench my ſword in thy deteſted blood,
Or ſoon make thee immortal by my own.
Villain!

MEMNON.
Myron!

MYRON.
Rebel!

MEMNON.

MEMNON.

Myron! [*They fight.*

MYRON.

Hell!

MEMNON.

Mandane!

MYRON. [*Falls.*]

Juſt the blow, and juſter ſtill,
Becauſe imbitter'd to me by that hand
I moſt deteſt; which gives my ſoul an earneſt
Of vaſt unfathomable woes to come;
That dreadful dowry for my dreadful love.
I leave the world my miſery's example;
If us'd aright, no trivial legacy. [*Dies.*

Enter SYPHOCES.

SYPHOCES.

My lord, I bring you moſt unwelcome news:
As poor *Mandane* wander'd near the field,
In hope to ſee her injuries reveng'd,
Thoughtleſs of any ſufferings but the paſt,
A party of the foe ſaw, ſeiz'd, and bore her off.

MEMNON.

Vengeance and conqueſt now are trivial things;
Love made their prize. 'Tis impious in my ſoul
To entertain a thought but of her reſcue:
Now, now, I plunge into the thickeſt war,
As ſome bold diver, from a precipice
Into mid ocean, to regain a gem
Whoſe loſs impoveriſh'd kings; to bring it back,
Or ſee the day no more. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MANDANE, *priſoner.*

MANDANE.

A gen'rous foe will hear his captive ſpeak;

A benefit

A benefit thus, kneeling, I implore:
Let one of all thoſe ſwords that glitter round me,
Vouchſafe to hide its point within my breaſt.

Enter MEMNON.

MEMNON.

Ah villains! curſed Atheiſts! Can you bear
That poſture from that form? What, what are numbers,
When I behold thoſe eyes! Not mine the glory,
That ſingly thus I quell a hoſt of foes.
Inhuman robbers! O bring back my ſoul!

[*They force her off. He ruſhes in upon them, and is taken.*

Poor comfort to mankind, that they can loſe
Their lives but once—But, oh! a thouſand times
Be torn from what they love.

Enter RAMESES.

RAMESES.

Far have I waded in the bloody field,
Laborious through the ſtubborn ranks of war,
And trac'd thee in a labyrinth of death;
But thus to find thee!—Better find thee dead!
Theſe ſlaves will uſe thee ill.

MEMNON.

Of that no more:
Myron is dead, and by this arm.

RAMESES.

I thank thee:
All my few ſpirits left exult with joy;
I'll chaſe and ſcourge him through the lower world.

MEMNON.

Alas, thou bleed'ſt!

RAMESES.

Curſe on the tyrant's ſword;
I bleed

I bleed to death: But could not leave the world
Without a laſt embrace. Juſt now I met
The poor *Mandane.*

MEMNON.

Quickly ſpeak. What ſaid ſhe?

RAMESES.

Nothing of comfort; ceaſe to aſk me farther:
If you meet more, your meeting will be ſad.—
Your arm! I faint.—Ah! what is human life?
How, like the dial's tardy-moving ſhade,
Day after day ſlides from us unperceiv'd!
The cunning fugitive is ſwift by ſtealth;
Too ſubtle is the movement to be ſeen;
Yet ſoon the hour is up—and we are gone.
Farewel: I pity thee. [*Dies.*

MEMNON.

Farewel, brave friend!
Would I could bear thee company to reſt;
But life in all its terrors ſtands before me,
And ſhuts the gates of peace againſt my wiſhes.—
Do I not hear a peal of diſtant thunder?
And ſee, a ſudden darkneſs ſhuts the day,
And quite blots out the ſun!—But what to me
The colour of the ſky? A death-cold dew
Hangs on my brow, and all my ſlacken'd joints
Are ſhook without a cauſe.—A groan! From whence?
Again! And no one near me? Vain deluſion!—
I fear not vain! I fear ſome ill is tow'rds me,
More dreadful ſure than all that's paſt.—*Mandane?*
I hop'd ſhe was at peace, and paſt the reach
Of this ill news; but ſuch my wayward fate,
I cannot aſk a curſe, but 'tis deny'd me:
And could I wiſh I ne'er could ſee her more?

Enter

Enter MANDANE, *guarded.*

MANDANE.

This is my brother: A ſhort privacy
Is a ſmall favour you may grant a foe.

GUARD.

Let it be ſhort; we may not wait your leiſure.

MEMNON.

'Tis wond'rous ſtrange; there's ſomething holds me from her,
And keeps this foot faſt rooted to the ground.
This is the laſt time I ſhall ever pray. [*Kneeling.*
To me, ye gods, confine your threaten'd vengeance,
And I will bleſs your mercies while I ſuffer!

[Memnon *and* Mandane *advance ſlowly to the front of the ſtage.*

MANDANE.

What didſt thou pray for?

MEMNON.

For thy peace.

MANDANE.

'Twas kind.
But oh! thoſe hands in bonds deny the bleſſing,
For which they earneſtly were rais'd to heav'n—

MEMNON.

I fear ſo too: What we have yet to do
Muſt be ſoon done: This meeting is our laſt.
How ſhall we uſe it?

MANDANE.

How! Conſult thy chains,
And my calamities.

MEMNON.

Sad counſellors,
And cruel their advice—Are there no other?

MANDANE.

MANDANE.

I look around—and find no glimpſe of hope;
A perfect night of horror and deſpair.

MEMNON.

Of horror and deſpair indeed, *Mandane:*
Canſt thou believe me? Nay can I believe
Myſelf? The laſt thing that I wiſh'd for was—'Tis falſe!
The weight of my misfortunes hurts my mind.

MANDANE.

Was what?

MEMNON.

I dare not think; to think is to look down
A precipice ten thouſand fathom deep,
That turns my brain!—Oh! Oh!

MANDANE.

Memnon, no more:
That ſilence, and thoſe tears, need no explaining;
And it is kind, with ſuch ſevere reluctance,
To think upon my death—though neceſſary.

MEMNON.

Ah hold! You plant a thouſand daggers here:
Talk not of dying—I diſown the thought;
Right is not right, and reaſon is not reaſon;
All is diſtraction, when I look on thee.
O all ye pitying gods! daſh out from nature
Your ſtars, your ſun, but let *Mandane* live.

MANDANE.

No; death long ſince was my confirm'd reſolve.

MEMNON.

Myron is dead.

MANDANE.

What joy a heart like mine
Can feel, it feels———Had he been never born,
I might have liv'd—'tis now impoſſible.

MEMNON.

MEMNON.

This even to my miſeries I owe,
That it diſcovers greater virtues ſtill,
In her my ſoul adores.——O my *Mandane!*
O glorious maid! then thou wilt be at peace—
[Memnon *walks thoughtfully, then returns.*
Muſt I ſurvive, and change thy tenderneſs
For a ſtern maſter, and perpetual chains?
Long I may groan on earth to ſate their malice,
Then through ſlow torments linger into death,
No ſteel to ſtab, no wall to daſh my brain!

MANDANE.

Ha!

MEMNON.

Why thus fix'd in thought? What mighty birth
Is lab'ring in your ſoul? Your eyes ſpeak wonders—

MANDANE.

Will not the blood-hounds be content with life?

MEMNON.

Alas, *Mandane!* No; they ſtudy nature,
To find out all her ſecret ſeats of pain,
And carry killing to a dreadful art:
A ſimple death in *Egypt* is for friends.

MANDANE.

O then it muſt be ſo!—and yet it cannot!—

MEMNON.

What means this ſudden paleneſs?

MANDANE. [*Feeling in her boſom, ſhe ſwoons.*]
Heav'n aſſiſt me!

MEMNON.

My love! *Mandane!* hear me, my eſpous'd!
My deareſt heart! the infant of my boſom!
Whom I would foſter with my vital blood.

MANDANE. [*Shews a dagger.*]
'Tis well; and in return, I give thee—This.

MEMNON.
Millions of thanks, thou refuge in deſpair.

MANDANE.
Terrible kindneſs! Horrid mercy! Oh!
I cannot give it thee.

MEMNON.
Full well I know
Thy tender ſoul, and I muſt force it from thee.
[*As he is ſtruggling with her for the dagger, ſhe ſpeaks.*

MANDANE.
My lord! my ſoul! myſelf! you tear my heart:
Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light?
Doſt thou not circulate through all my veins;
Mingle with life, and form my very ſoul?

MEMNON.
Now, monſters, I defy you: Fate forbids
A long farewel: My guard may interpoſe,
And make your favour vain—Thus, only thus. [*Embrace.*
And now—[*Going to ſtab himſelf.*]

MANDANE. [*Holds his arm.*]
Ah no! Since laſt I ſaw thee, thrice I rais'd
My trembling arm, and thrice I let it fall.—
If you refuſe compaſſion to my ſex,
Memnon betrays me, and is *Myron*'s friend.——
As I a poniard, you ſupply an arm,
And I ſhall ſtill be happy in your love.
[*After a pauſe of aſtoniſhment, he ſinks gently on the earth.*

MEMNON.
From dreadful to more dreadful I am plung'd,
And find in deepeſt anguiſh deeper ſtill:
I can't complain in common with mankind——
But am a wretched ſpecies all alone:

Muſt I not only loſe thee, but be curs'd
To ſprinkle my own hands with thy life blood?

MANDANE.

It cannot be avoided.

MEMNON.

Nor perform'd.
Lift up my hand againſt thee as a foe!
I who ſhould ſave thee from thy very father,
And teach thy deareſt friends to uſe thee well,
Make kindneſs kind, and ſoften all their ſmiles?
O, my *Mandane!* think how I have lov'd!
O, my *Mandane!* think upon thy pow'r!
How often haſt thou ſeen me pale with joy,
And trembling at a ſmile? And ſhall I——

MANDANE.

Myron!——

[*At that* MEMNON *ſtarts up ſuddenly.*

MEMNON.

Ah hold! I charge thee hold! One glance that way
Awakes my hell, and blows up all its flames:——
The world turns round; my heart is ſick to death!
O my diſtraction! perfect loſs of thought!

MANDANE.

Why ſtand you like a ſtatue? Are you dead?
What do you fold ſo faſt within your arms?
Why, with fix'd eye-balls, do you pierce the ground?
Why ſhift your place, as if you trod on fire?
Why gnaw your lip, and groan ſo dreadfully?
My lord, if I have ſpent whole live-long nights
In tears, and ſigh'd away the day in private,
Only oppreſs'd with an exceſs of love,
O turn, and ſpeak to me.

MEMNON.

And theſe, no doubt,

Are arguments that I ſhould draw thy blood.—
No child was ever lull'd upon the breaſt
With half that tenderneſs has melted from thee,
And fell like balm upon my wounded ſoul!
And ſhall I murder thee? Yes, thus—thus—thus—
[*Embracing ſome time.*

MANDANE.

Alas! my lord forgets we are to die.
[Memnon *gazes with wonder on the dagger.*

MEMNON.

By heav'n I had; my ſoul had took her flight
In bliſs—Why, is not this our bridal day?

MANDANE.

That way diſtraction lies.

MEMNON.

Indeed it does.

BOTH.

Oh! Oh!

MANDANE.

Thy ſighs and groans are ſharper than thy ſteel.
The guard is on us.

MEMNON.

Then it muſt be done.
Sun, hide thy face, and put the world in mourning.
Though blood ſtart out for tears, 'tis done—But one,
One laſt embrace. [*As he embraces her, ſhe burſts into tears.*
Let me not ſee a tear—I could as ſoon
Stab at the face of heav'n, as kill thee weeping.

MANDANE.

'Tis paſt; I am compos'd.

MEMNON.

And now—and now.

MANDANE.

MANDANE.

Be not ſo fearful; 'tis the ſecond blow
Will pain my heart—indeed this will not hurt me.

MEMNON.

O thou haſt ſtung my ſoul quite through and through,
With thoſe kind words: I had juſt ſteel'd my breaſt,
[*Daſhing down the dagger.*
And thou undo'ſt it all——I could not bear
To raze thy ſkin to ſave the world from ruin.

MANDANE. [*Stabs herſelf.*]

If you're a woman, I'll be ſomething more.—
I ſhall not taſte of heaven till you arrive. [*Dies.*

MEMNON.

Struck home—and in her heart—She's dead already;
And now with me all nature is expir'd.———
My lovely bride, now we again are happy, [*Stabs himſelf.*
And better worlds prepare our nuptial bow'r.—
Now every ſplendid object of ambition,
Which lately, with their various gloſſes, play'd
Upon my brain, and fool'd my idle heart,
Are taken from me by a little miſt,
And all the world is vaniſh'd. [*Dies.*

A march ſounded. Enter NICANOR *and* SYPHOCES, *victorious.*

The guards, which are advancing to the bodies, fly.

NICANOR.

The day's our own; the *Perſian*'s angry pow'rs
Have well repaid this morning inſolence,
And turn'd the deſperate fortune of the field,
By ſure, though late, relief.

SYPHOCES.

Nicanor, friend,

I from the city bring you welcome news:
My guilty letter from the amorous queen
I ſpread amongſt the multitude; while yet
Their blood was warm with reading the black ſcroll,
Myris, to view the fortune of the fight,
Leaving her palace for the weſtern tow'r,
Was ſeiz'd, torn, ſcatter'd, on the guilty ſpot,
Where her great brother fell.

NICANOR.

The gods are juſt.

SYPHOCES.

See where *Buſiris* comes; your royal captive,
In his misfortune great; an awful ruin!
And dreadful to the conqueror!

NICANOR. [*Advancing, ſees the bodies.*]

Sad ſight!
A ſight that teaches triumph how to mourn,
And more than juſtifies theſe ſtreaming tears,
Even on the moment that my country's ſav'd
From ſore oppreſſion, and inglorious chains.

[*He falls on his attendants.*

A great ſhout. Enter BUSIRIS, *wounded.*

BUSIRIS.

Conquer'd? 'Tis falſe; I am your maſter ſtill;
Your maſter, though in bonds: You ſtand aghaſt
At your good fate, and, trembling, can't enjoy.
Now, from my ſoul, I hug theſe welcome chains
Which ſhew you all *Buſiris*, and declare
Crowns and ſucceſs ſuperfluous to my fame.——
You think this ſtreaming blood will lower my thought;
No, ye miſtaken men, I ſmile at death;
For living here, is living all alone;
To me a real ſolitude, amid

A throng of little beings groveling round me;
Which yet uſurp one common ſhape and name.
I thank theſe wounds, theſe raging pains, which promiſe
An interview with equals ſoon elſewhere.
[*He ſees* Memnon.]
Ha! dead? 'Tis well: He roſe not to my ſword;
I only wiſh'd his fate, and there he lies.
Some, when they die, die all; their mould'ring clay
Is but an emblem of their memories;
The ſpace quite cloſes up thro' which they paſs'd:
That I have liv'd, I leave a mark behind,
Shall pluck the ſhining age from vulgar time,
And give it whole to late poſterity:
My name is writ in mighty characters,
Triumphant columns, and eternal domes,
Whoſe ſplendor heighten our *Egyptian* day,
Whoſe ſtrength ſhall laugh at time, till their great baſis,
Old earth itſelf, ſhall fail: In after-ages,
Who war or build, ſhall build or war from me;
Grow great in each as my example fires:
'Tis I of art the future wonders raiſe;
I fight the future battles of the world. ——
Great *Jove*, I come! *Egypt*, thou art forſaken; [*Sinks.*
Aſia's impoveriſh'd by my ſinking glories;
And the world leſſens, when *Buſiris* falls. [*Dies.*

SYPHOCES.

Bear the dead monarch to his pyramid;
And for what uſe ſoe'er it was deſign'd
By that high-minded, but miſtaken, man,
There let him lie magnificent in death;
Great was his life, great be his monument;
And on *Buſiris*' nephew, young *Arſaces*,
Of gentler ſpirit, let the crown devolve.

From

From this day's vengeance, let the nations know,
Jove lays the pride of haughtieſt monarchs low;
And they, who, kindled with ambitious fire,
In arts and arms with moſt ſucceſs aſpire,
If void of virtue, but provoke their doom,
Graſp at their fate, and build themſelves a tomb.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

BY A FRIEND.

SPOKEN BY MRS. OLDFIELD.

THE race of critics, dull, judicious rogues,
To mournful plays deny briſk Epilogues:
Each gentle ſwain, and tender nymph, ſay they,
From a ſad tale ſhould go in tears away;
From hence quite home ſhould ſtreams of ſorrow ſhed,
And, drown'd in grief, ſteal ſupperleſs to bed.
This doctrine is ſo grave the Sparks won't bear it;
They love to go in humour to their claret.
The Cit, who owns a little ſun worth buying,
Holds half-a-crown too much to pay for crying:
Beſides, who knows, without theſe healing arts,
But Love might turn your heads, and break your hearts;
And the poor Author, by imagin'd woes,
Might people Beth'lem *with our Belles and Beaux?*
Hence I, who lately bid adieu to pleaſure,
Robb'd of my ſpouſe, and my dear virgin treaſure;
I, whom you ſaw, deſpairing, breathe my laſt,
Am free and eaſy, as if nought had paſt;
Again put on my airs, and play my fan,
And fear no more that dreadful creature, Man.

—*But*

—But whence does this malicious mirth begin?
I know, ye beaſts, you reckon it no ſin.
'Tis ſtrange that crimes the ſame, in diff'rent plays,
Should move our horror, and our laughter raiſe.
Love's Jove ſecure the comic Actor tries;
But, if he's wicked, in blank verſe he dies.
The farce, where wives prove frail, ſtill makes the beſt;
And the poor cuckold is a ſtanding jeſt:
But our brave bard, a virtuous ſon of Iſis,
Counts a bold ſtroke in Love among the vices;
In blood and wounds a guilty land he dips ye,
And waſtes an empire for one raviſh'd gypſy.
What muſty morals fill an Oxford *head,*
To notions of pedantic virtue bred!
There each ſtiff Don at gallantry exclaims,
And calls fine men and ladies filthy names;
They tell you Rakes and Jilts corrupt a nation;
—Such is the prejudice of education!
You, who know better things, will ſure approve
Theſe ſcenes, that ſhew the boundleſs power of Love.
Let, when they will, th' Italian *Things appear,*
This play, we truſt, ſhall throng an audience here.
Bold Myron's *paſſion, up to phrenzy wrought,*
Would ill be warbled through an Eunuch's throat:
His part, at leaſt, his part requires a Man;
Let Nicolani *act it, if he can.*

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.